#### THE

## Comical History

OF

# FRANCION;

Satirically exposing

### FOLLY and VICE

In Variety of

Humours and Adventures.

#### Vor. II.

Written in French by the Sieur de Parc; Translated by several Hands, and Adapted to the Humour of the present Age.

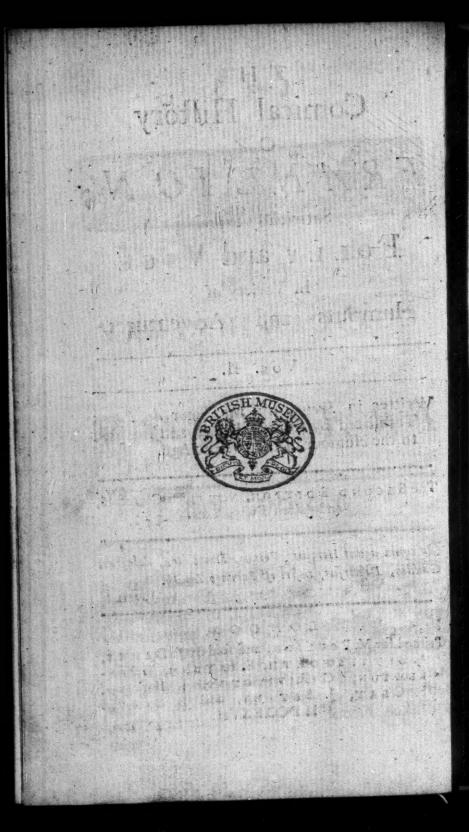
The SECOND EDITION, very much Corrected, and Adorn'd with Cuts.

Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas, Gaudia, Discursus, nostri est Farrago Libelli.

Juven.

#### LONDON,

Printed for M. Poulson, and fold by J. Darby,
A. Bettesworth, F. Fayram, J. PemBerton, C. Rivington, J. Hooke,
F. Clay, J. Batley, and E. Symon.
M.DCC.XXVII.





#### THE

#### COMICAL HISTORY

OF

## FRANCION.

#### BOOK VIII.



RANCION himself having related the Adventures of his younger Years, in the foregoing Books, 'tis time now for his Historian to speak for him, and go on with the rest in order.

and this I shall do without concerning my elf with the cavils of the Criticks, or the nistaken Fancies of other splenetick Men,

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who wou'd discard all Mirth, as if it were inconfistent with Vertue and good Sense. Let who will play the Part of Heraclitus, fit whining in a Corner at the Follies of the Age: for my part I had rather be of Democritus's Party, and turn all the gravest Transactions into matter of Laughter. And I'll maintain it, that in this way of Satyr, I shall sooner gain my point too, by mixing Pleasure with Profit, like the Apothecary that gilds the Preparation to make it go down the easier. I affect not much the uncertain Reputation of an Author, all that I pretend to is in a careless way of writing to reprehend Vice, and expose Folly. But to return to my Story.

Francion, you must know, was forc'd to let Raymond's Valet de Chambre attire him in a very rich Habit, after the Fashion of the Antients, which was provided for him. Why, who the Devil (fays he) are ye making me now? And why must I not be dress'd Ala mode Francoife? He receiv'd no Answer, but that 'twas his master's Commands, and he was oblig'd to perform 'em. The Butler having told him too, that for certain Raymond intended to dispatch him out of this wicked World, Francion said, he suppos'd they dress'd him up in these Theatrical Habits to make him act his own Tragedy, and that he was to represent the death of some illustrious Person in days of Yore, and die himself in good earnest. It may be so, says the Butler, I have told you all that I know, in pure Compassion, that you may prepare for your

Change.

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Change, But with submission, Sir, I shou'd advise you to leave off your Jesting, for I'm afraid you're nearer your End than you are aware of. If I were going to be hang'd faid Francion, and the Rope about my Neck, I cou'd not quit my humour, for I'll affure you I am not much frighted at a Journey, which I must take sooner or later, and for ought I know the present time may be as good as any. All that vexes me is, to die like a Poltron here I don't known how; and not in the bed of Honour, and service of my Country, like a Hero: Ods Life! If the King chance to hear on't, Raymond had best look to himfelf, I can tell him that. As he was speaking these words, they clap'd him a Chain of Diamonds about his Neck, and a Hat on his Head with a Pearl Hat-band of inestimable value. So then, fays Francion, this is like the Custom of the old Romans, that crown'd their Victims with Garlands, when they led them to the Sacrifice: A Plague on't, fay I, and if I must be knock'd i'th' Head, what occasion is there for all these taudry Trappings? When his drefs was compleat; they told him he must go whether they wou'd lead him; lead on then, faid he, but refolv'd with himfelf to lay hold on the first Weapon that he found in his way, that he might be ready to welcome those who shou'd attack him, and (before he went the way of all Flesh) give 'em a taste of his Valour.

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our ge. In this Resolution he went out of his Chamber, with a Countenance no more dejected than if he had been going to a Feast:

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Socrates

Socr ates himself cou'd not have shew'd a more heroick Constancy. He sollowed his Conductors thro' several Galleries and Antichambers; and as he pass'd, heard a Voice pretty near him singing this Song of his own making:

> The young Beliza has a Face Full of sweet attractive Grace; Yet the he has beheld it, I Believe that Francion will not Die.

Amen, faid Francion, with all my Heart! I hope there's no great danger of dying this bout, for Beliza or any Body elseand hearkning to the Voice again, he thought he had heard it formerly, but cou'd not tell where, when behold Collinet, Clerantes's Fool, came finging in before him; and falling down on his Marrow-bones, embrac'd his Legs and Thighs with incredible demonstrations of Affection: My dear Master, (says he) where have you been? I have been searching for you a long, long time - and now I have found you, let's fing Old Rose, and be as merry as Pedlars! Francion was surpriz'd to see Collinet there, yet, without so much as smiling at his Buffoonry, made him withdraw, telling him he wou'd talk with him at a more convenient time. When he came to the door of the great Hall, he saw an Ornament over it hung round with Garlands and Flowers, and this inscription in the middle in Letters of Gold.

Let none presume to enter here, that has not A truly generous Soul, Averse from vulgar Opinions, and dispos'd to The Pleasures of Love.

Francion enter'd (con Licentia) and found four Gentlemen and five Damsels sitting together in a corner of the Room, as motionless as Statues. At last one of the females open'd her Mouth, and very gravely commanded him to repose himself on a Chair that was brought to him: Friend, faid she, you have offended Raymond, and we are alfembl'd here in order to proceed against you. With submission Madam, said Francion, (being amaz'd at these strange proceedings) let me first know my Crime. Hold your Tongue (reply'd one of the Gentlemen) you have nothing to do to speak here, and your pretended Ignorance shan't save you. After this the nine Judges confulted about the Sentence, and she that spoke first, pronounced it.

In Consideration of the Offences, that Francion the most ungrateful and persidious Knight that ever rambled in quest of Adventure, has committed against Raymond, who treated him with all the Courtesy possible; we ordain that he shall be deliver'd into the hands of the most rigorous Lady upon Earth, to be punish'd ac-

cording to his Deferts.

Judgment being past, a Closet-door was open'd; and who shou'd come out but Lauretta. Francion was surrender'd to her Mercy; but never was Man more amaz'd; he stood A 4 staring

staring like one that's wak'd out of a Dream. and cou'd not tell for's Life, whether he should be merry or sad. But Raymond entering at that instant, put him out of his Confusion, Embracing him heartily, and saying, "Tis now my dear Friend, that I will give you a Testimony of the unbounded Affection I bear you, by giving you a free en-4 joyment of all the delights that I can pos-· fibly contrive. I have fent to procure your · Lauretta, that if you're still a Lover, her Company may compleat your Joy, and I have brought hither besides, these five Ladies, one of which is my lovely Helen, that if you please you may take your · Choice of 'em. The four Gentlemen you ' fee, are the bravest in all the Country, and · most worth your Acquaintance. One of 'em is Signior Dorini the Italian, of whom I spoke to you before, and for the rest you'll foon be sensible of their worth. beg your Pardon heartily, for my pretended Quarrel with you; I know you to be of · fuch an unshaken Constancy of Soul, that the apprehensions of Death cou'd not difturb you; and what I did then, was only to give you a greater relish to these enojoyments and Fruits of my Affection; befides, I made it a pretence to confine you to your Bed, that I might have an opportunity without your knowledge of making all this preparation, to entertain you with perfect Pleasure.'

Francion said he was very much his humble Servant, but he always suspected that he had no bloody design against him, as he pretended; and several compliments pass'd on both sides, in token of a most inviolable friendship betwixt them.

Raymond promis'd no more than he made good, for their revels were the most extravagant that can be imagin'd: Francion was no longer surpriz'd at his habit, when he faw that Raymond and the other Gentlemen were drefs'd much after the same manner. The Ladies too, who had their usual dreffes. were conducted into a Chamber where Habits were provided for them after the fashion of the Antients; and indeed, there is nothing makes them appear more beautiful or majestick. Agatha came to make her compliments to Francion, and told him the had been in Valentine's Castle, and had made the old Fellow believe that she would carry her Niece about thirty Miles off, in a pilgrimage of Devotion; and by this stratagem, had conducted her to Raymond's House, according to the plot contriv'd betwixt them.

In the midst of her discourse, some body told her she must go and habit her self like the rest of the Ladies: she was heartily pleafed with the Message, and desiring nothing more than to appear in fine feathers once before her death, she withdrew from Francion. A little after she came running in again, all in a transport of Mirth, and bid the Men sollow her immediately, and she would shew them a sight. One of the Damsels was retir'd from the rest into another Chamber, that she might dress herself with greater li-

Ag

berty. She was going to shift herself, when Agatha, who had flily got the Key of the Room, unlock'd the door, and bounc'd in upon her. The poor Lady hearing the voice of Men, was scar'd almost out of her wits. and hunted after something to wrap herself in (for she was as naked as ever she was born) but that unlucky Devil, Agatha, had hid her Clothes: She fat upon a Bed that had neither Teer nor Curtains, and nothing was left but the Mat and Bolfter; which, in her furprize, she made use of to hide her head, that she might not be known; and catching fast hold of the Bed-posts, she trus'd herself up as round as a Hedg-hog, in such a manner that nothing was to be feen but her blind cheeks; at which the whole Company fell a-laughing, and ask'd Agatha who'twas-Nay, mum for that, (fays she) for fince she has the wit to conceal herself, in troth I shan't betray her - She conceals herself (fays Raymond) only as some Birds do, that if they can but hide their head, never take any care for the rest of their body. That's another case, tho (says Dorini) for we may know those Birds by what we see of their feathers; but the Devil's in him that can guess at the piece here by the pattern, unless he has been very well acquainted with it before. Francion came up, like an unlucky dog as he was, and began to handle her like a Butcher buying his Sheep, and would have pull'd her from the Bed-post to have seen her Face; but he lost his labour, for she kept her hold, and continued in that posture, exposing to

to view a bouncing pair of Flesh cushions, well sed, and in better case than the plump cheeks of an over-benesic'd Chaplain. Deliver me! (cry'd a squeamish Spark in the Company) what an odious object is there? But Raymond reprov'd him for being shock'd at the sight of one of the comlist and most beautiful parts of the Body; 'tis only the vulgar (says he) that make it appear disagreeable; for there's no reason to be given why it should be so: I appeal to honest Charron, who tells you as much in his Book of Wisdom. Come, Sir, o'my word, you are too nice—Let's every one, I say, do homage

to them, and do you begin the first.

The scandalous Chronicle adds, that Raymond having spoke these words, determin'd toput them in execution; and that Francion being pleas'd with the hint, bow'd, and made: an eloquent oration to those goodly demiglobes; after which, every one in his turns very reverently kis'd them. But I beg my Readers pardon, for some perhaps may be: offended at what I have here related, therefore I shall not enter into all the particulars. of so slovenly an Entertainment; nor will F swear to the truth of all that I heard about it; but only tell you that a great many arch-Compliments and waggish Jokes were said tohave pass'd upon so fair and ample a subject. I would be cautious of difgusting the scrupulous, yet let them consider, if they please, that there are some grains of allowance due to him that writes a merry History, and rakes into the actions of loofe and extravagant

gant People; and that we may be permitted to laugh at their expence, provided we take warning at their folly: besides, I must needs tell you by the way, that all these Debauches are true; and I give you them for all such, that you may the better excuse my relating them; and I think any body will see that I do it in such a style, as does by no means recommend them, but the contrary; for I declare my self a profess'd Enemy to all actions that are inconsistent with Virtue: and so I

return to my Story.

Be pleas'd then to know, that after our drolling Sparks had ended their pastime with this Lady of invisible Face, they were for going into the Chamber where the others were; but the cunning Baggages would not open their door to them, left by feeing all the rest, they should come to know who that Damsel was that turn'd up trumps in the next room: so that they return'd without making any discovery. Francion meeting Collinet, ask'd Raymond how he got thither? Your Servants brought him here (Raymond answer'd) from the Village where you left them, and from whence I fent for them. Why (fays Francion) I'm fure he did not come out of Paris with me. As he was speaking so, his Servants came to wait on him, and inform'd him, that this poor Idiot was concern'd at the loss of his Company, which he lov'd better than that of Clerantes, and had trac'd him upon the Road out of Paris, enquiring from place to place till he found him out. I'll tell you (faid Raymond); one of his pranks this

this Morning. Seeing Helen alight out of the Coach, he cocks his Beaver, and begins to strut about the Hall with a grand Air, as if he were a Man of some great Authority here; and as she came in, put his hand carelefly to the brim of his Hat, and cry'd, goodmorrow, Lady! Pray, who would you speak with? She answer'd him very civilly, that the would speak with me; and so saying, fat down in a chair pretty near him: they had some common discourse, in which Collinet did not in the least betray his weakness. He ask'd her whence she came? what Countrywoman she was? whether she was married. or if she had a good Fortune, and wanted a Husband? And all this fo gravely, that Helen, feeing him in good Clothes, begun to take him for some Person of figure, and was almost afraid to look him in the Face. The Rogue could no longer contain himself within the bounds of Civility and Sense, but began to shew his disposition. You come to fee Raymond (fays he) I'm glad of it; he's my first Cousin, you must know, and the best I have too: he gave me a good supper last night, God bless him, as soon as I came within his doors; and treated me with a dish of the best Pea-soup I ever tasted in my life. Bless me, Monsieur (says she) why you're very grateful fure, to love your Relations fo well, only for giving you Soup-----Come, Madam, (fays he) we'll talk of something else; what say you to a game of topsy turvy?

D'ye love tumbling? for as I hope to be knighted, you shall have it presently. The

World must be peopled, and we do all proceed from Generation, and fo forth, every mother's child of us, tho we look older than Cato himself. What-you grow uncivil, Sir, (fays she) who would have expected this from you? Nay, what need you make any words about (fays he) and why are you fo unsociable? And with that he laid hands on her, and would have proceeded, but that she cry'd out, and I came to her relief. She ask'd me, in a passion, if I had sent for her to be used like a common Strumpet? But I soon appeas'd her, when I let her know what Collinet was. Yet be you not discourag'd by this, my gallant Francion, you will not find her fo refractory, nor any of her Companions; they are all ready to hearken to Reason, I'll say that for them, provided 'tis offer'd in a civil way. Let me alone to take care for your diversion, and see if I don't recompence you a hundred-fold, for the Silver I took. from you.

Francion thank'd him very humbly for his courtefy, and began to talk of Collinet—
Why, now, (says he) here's this poor Simpleton, hang me if I han't more esteem for him, than a whole tribe of conceited Puppies, that toss up their Noses, and who but they for knowledge and wisdom, and yet at the same time have more folly than he. That which generally passes in the World for Wisdom, is no better than downright Sottishness, Error, and defect of Judgment; and second prove it too, if there was occasion.

Nay, Lam assaid that we our selves, who are

#### Book VIII. of FRANCION. 15

apt to think our time fo well employ'd in amorous intrigues, feafting, and masquerading, shall find our selves mistaken in the end, and shall confess that we have been as arrant Fools as any. Difeafes will come upon us, or Age at least will quickly overtake us; and at the rate we live, we shall find our Limbs fail us before we are Fifty. Prithee (fays Raymond) no more of this discourse: I am in no humour for hearing Sermons at present, whatever you may be for making them. And so saying he left him, and went to receive some topping Blades, who, upon his invitation, were come from the neighbouring Towns to dine with him; together with some handsome Women, something more chaste than those that were there already, who were now come from their Dreffingroom into the Hall; and Francion going up to them, asked which of them was the Lady that had display'd the beautiful Back-side? Looking them all in the face, to fee who blush'd; but they all kept the same countenance, and no body answer'd him, so that the Lady remain'd still undiscover'd.

Soon after this a table was spread, and cover'd in a moment with dishes of several sorts, in such abundance, that it seem'd as if all kinds of creatures upon Earth were to be devour'd in one day. When the edge of their hunger was pretty well taken off, Raymond told them that they must all observe the Laws that were written over the Portal, and dismiss all nice scrupulosity and affected coyness, and give themselves up with freedom

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and mirth, and revelling with all the extravagance possible. Immediately the Shutters were clapp'd before the Windows to keep out Day, which is no friend to such Debauches, and Flambeaus were lighted instead of it. Every one sung his Song and told his Tale, with his Glass in his hand, like true Bacchanalians: 'twould require a Volume to repeat them. The Women too having tippled the good Liquor pretty freely, forgot their Modesty, and told a hundred smutty Stories, re-

solving not to baulk their fancies.

Come (fays a Gentlemen in the Company) I'll tell you a tale shall make you all laugh. of the most comical Adventure in the World - and with that he hemm'd, and began: There was, you must know, a certain Curate in our Village that was Flesh and Blood, and loved a pretty Wench better than his Prayer-book and Beads—Hold there-Sir, (fays Raymond) and let the Gown alone. If the Clergy are found transgreffing, 'tis the Bishop's business to look to it, and not ours. To flander them, is the way to be excommunicated, and reckon'd an Atheist or a Libertine: therefore, whatever you do, meddle no more with that subject. The Gentleman was filent, and all the Company, being fenfible that there were stories enough of that kind already, agreed to talk no more of Priests, than if there were never a Priest in the World: and indeed there are People enough of other professions to be lash'd and. expos'd, who have increas'd the Wickedness of the Age. The folly of the Clergy has been.

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been an old Theme, and the time was, when a Story was not worth a straw, without a Priest at one end on't. Erasmus, Rablais, Chaucer, the Queen of Navarre, Marot, and several others, have a fling at them, and abound in this fort of raillery; and before them, feveral ungodly Italians, However, this does by no means disparage the Christian Faith to any fensible Man; and tho they tell us our Priests are wicked, it does not follow that our Religion is bad. Boccace, I remember, who was a very witty Fellow, tells ye a Story of a Jew that lived at Rome; and tho he was a witness to the lewd Lives of the Priests and Monks, yet that did not hinder him from turning Christian: for (says he) I am sure that Religion is the best, because it subsists, and is propagated every day, in spight of the Irregularities of its Professors; a fign that Providence takes especial care of Raymond had these prudent considerations, and alledg'd moreover, that weak Judgments are led aside by every thing they hear, without fearthing into the reason of things; and therefore 'tis best to avoid Scandal, and not to meddle one way or another, with those that administer holy things. have always been of the same opinion my felf; you may observe, if you please, that in all" this History, I do not concern my self with the Priefts. And fo, as I was faying, the Gentleman's Story being interrupted, they fell into variety of other discourse.

There was a Gentleman that fat next to Francion, whisper'd him in the Ear, looking towards

towards Agatha, at the lower end of the table: For Heaven's sake, Sir, can you tell me the reason why Raymond has seated that old Deformity there, like a dusty statue of Antiquity in some Painter's Collection? Here we are invited to all forts of Pleasure, and yet he provides us an antidote against Love. in placing before our Eyes that hideous spectacle, that looks as if she were dug out of her Grave on purpole to fill us with Horror. Here are, 'tis true, pretty Women enough, who might otherwise afford us sufficient delight; but why the Devil is this Cumean Sybil mingled among them? Sir, (fays Francion) I'll answer for Raymond, that he is a Man of too much wit, to do any thing incongruous. Why, I'll tell you now -He admonishes us by that dreadful object, to follow the Pleasures the World can afford us. and advises the Ladies to gather their Rosebuds while they may. Pray, have you never heard that the Egyptians used always at their Banquets to clap a Death's-head upon the board, which was as much as to fay ---Look you, Gentlemen! here's what you must all come to; therefore make the most of your Lives while you have them: and that's the meaning of the dead Carcass plac'd yonder. I don't know what fort of dead Carcass (fays the Gentleman) our Friend Raymond has procur'd; but I'll be fworn, it has devour'd as much as four living ones: If all the dead have as plaguy Stomachs, Pluto has a fine Family to maintain. It may be (fays Francion) that's the reason why some are so loth. to

### Book VIII. of FRANCION.

to die, because they are apprehensive of going into a place of eternal hunger and

thirst, and eternal famine.

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Many other discourses were held at table, too long to be recited. After dinner, Francion, who had no leisure before to entertain Lauretta, accosted her, and told her what a grief it had been to him, that he could not make use of the opportunity she had afforded him; yet fince he had not the curiofity to enquire what was the obstacle that had interrupted their designs. She changed the difcourse, after she had told him 'twas in her power to make him large recompence now;

with which he was very well pleas'd.

Raymond interrupting them, took Francion aside, and ask'd him if he was not perfectly fatisfy'd in enjoying the company of his ador'd? That I may make you my Confesfor (fays Francion) and conceal nothing from you; I believe I have more defires than there are fands in the Sea, and I doubt they will never let me be at rest. I love Lauretta, 'tis true, and I think my felf happy in poffessing her; but betwixt you and I, there are twenty other Ladies that I wish, and figh, and languish for, and love every whit as well. There's the lovely Diana, the accomplish'd Flora, the attractive Beliza, the gentle Clarinda, the incomparable Octavia, and I know not how many others that I could name, appear continually to my fancy, all bright and gay, and adorn'd with a thousand charms, which they have, and ten thousand which they have not. — Why now (fays Raymond)

mond) we'll suppose you lock'd in a chamber with all these Damsels, yet I'm mistaken, if you did not find that one of them would be too many for you. It may be so (says Francion) but I'd take them in turn, as the Great Turk does his Mistresses, one this day, and another the next: and if that would not satisfy them, let them cater for themselves

where they pleas'd.

A very hopeful Youth this! (cry'd Agatha) who over-heard him, if all the World were of your mind, there would be no such thing as Matrimony. Very true (reply'd Francion) and 'twould be a bleffed Deliverance; for there's no such plague upon Earth, as to be caught in that wicked noofe, and to be a flave to Honour, that cruel tyrant of our defires. If your Wife's handsome, all the Fops in the town will be fluttering about her, help your felf how you can; and the common People, who love scandal better than a good meal, and judge from the flightest appearance, will conclude you a Cuckold; nay, and fwear to it, the your Spoule were as chafte as Diana. If, to avoid this, you marry a homely Puss, the Lord have mercy on t'other fide; you shall never know joy nor comfort, and you had better stand moping all your life in a pond, with an old blind Mare, than be haunted at bed and board with the company of a Fury, enough to distract you: therefore Libera nos Domine! Let us all enjoy Liberty, and be chained no longer like slaves in a Galley; let every one chuse his mate where he please, and when he can love her longer, leave

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leave her for another: this would restore the golden Age, and banish the Devil of Tea-And when you were told your Miffres jilted you, and had granted the fayour to several others, 'twould be no offence to you at all; for the chimera's of honour would not be in your Brain, and you might go and carefs all their Miftreffes in your turn. and welcome. The World would be fill'd with Bastards, and consequently you'd have nothing but Heroes every where; for Bastards have always fomething above the vulgar mould, and the great Men of Antiquity have had Whores for their Mothers; such as, Hercules, Thefeus, Romulus, Alexander the Great. and several more. But you'll say, if Women were thus in common, as in Pluto's republick, how would you know who were Fathers to the Children? - Why, what does that fignify, provided they were taken care of? What is Lauretta the worse, I pray, for not knowing who were her Parents, for long as she does not trouble her head with it? Such a foolish curiosity would never take place, where 'twas impossible to be satisfy'd. This would be the way to abolish all preheminence and nobility; the World would be reduc'd to an equality, and all the fruits of the Earth in common. The laws of nature only would be had in reverence, and all things would flourish, as in the golden Age, as I told you before. I could say a great deal more upon this subject, but must refer it to another opportunity.

Whether Francion spoke this in jest or earnest, 'tis certain that Raymond and Agatha

approv'd

approv'd his Reasons; but told him, that for the present he must content himself with Lauretta. Just as the Musick came into the Hall, all the handsome Women in the Neighbourhood were there, with some Gentlemen, who danc'd to perfection. The corants, jigs, and farabands, warm'd their Blood, and stirr'd up the wanton Devil within them; so that every one was hugging and kiffing his partner like mad. At night the table was cover'd with a magnificent Collation, compos'd of the most exquisite dishes, and sweat-meats in such abundance, that every one stuffed both his belly and his pockets as much as they could hold; and began a pleasant war with the remainder, throwing them at one another a-cross the table: the drums, trumpets and hautboys, struck up in the the Court, and the fiddles in the Hall; which being accompanied with voices too, made a most glorious din. The conclusion that follow'd was so extravagant and diverting, that I know not how to represent it; and it were a harder task, I'm fure, to tell you how many Maidenheads were lost that night, or how many Husbands commenc'd Cuckolds. Several withdrew with their Mistresses about private affairs; for amidst such a tumult, they were not easily mis'd; and several Wenches came there on purpose to meet their Sweethearts. and get an opportunity to fin more fecurely: and indeed Raymond, who was for dedicating his House for Love and Pleasure, had all his Rooms left open for their accommodations. which you may be fure did not want customers.

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vers. The fix Gentlemen, with their Ladies. did not stir out of the Hall, (because they had opportunity enough at other times) but play'd a thousand frolicksome tricks in it; especially Francien, who tumbled all the Women he could lay hands on: He took Terefa, one of the fix Damfels afore-mention'd, and throwing her along a form on her Face, in an instant slipp'd up her Clothes behind, and kis'd where there was room enough. Just over the form hung a Lamp, by the help of which he spy'd a certain Mole on her Skin, very remarkable; at which he burft out into laughter: and is it you, then, my fair Terefa, that have play'd the cunning Diffembler? I'faith I have discover'd you, thanks to this honest Mole here — D'ye hear, Gentle-men (says he?) — And with that, he went and told them all in what manner he had found out who own'd the blind Cheeks they all did homage to that Morning: every one remember'd the mark, and laugh'd heartily. Teresa was not much out of countenance, but with a brisk humour, agreeable to the time and place, rally'd it carelelly off. Well, Genlemen (fays she) pray what are you the better for your fight now; or, what will you give me to fee it again? I'd fain know who's he Fool, I that shew'd what I could not help? or you that kis'd what you might here et alone?

This Discourse being over, Raymond like sworn Champion for Bacchus challeng'd'em ill at the Glass and call'd for the richest Wines in the World, to make a merry Bout, and

and try the courage of some jolly Fellows who defy'd him. Here's celestial Liquor, my Lads, fays he, the feign'd Nectar of the Gods is but Small Beer to it, and he that drinks deep of it will be a Demi-God himself. It raises us above the pitch of groveling Mortality and extinguishes all slavish fears and melancholy Impressions, which Error and Ignorance have brought upon us. 'Tis by thee, thou fource of Courage and Sincerity; that the Orator makes his speeches boldly, and dares utter the most severe and honest Truths: 'tis by thee, that the whining Lover is restor'd into a Man, and encourag'd to discover his Malady, with freedom to his proud Mistress, or quit her with disdain. Thou giv'st an Edge to the Soldiers Sword, and most of our successful Duellists owe their Valour and Victories to thee. Therefore let us drink, my Boys, let us drink without ceafing; and wish to die like George Earl of Clarence, who being fentenc'd to Death by the King of England, made himself be put into a Cask of Wine, and swill'd till the Liquor burst him. Here Francion— Why where the Devil are you? Excuse me Sir, says Francion, I had rather Lauretta shou'd overcome me than Bacchus. If I get but a little Wine too much, I'm just like a drunken Toast in Ale, that's e'en good for nothing, and I shou'd be quite spoil'd for better sport. 'Tis enough says Raymond, every one has his Freedom here; fo chuse that sport that pleases you best.

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Just then the Brethren of the String struck up a new, and begun to chant forth several new Airs, accompanying their Voices with their Lutes and Viols. Ah! (fays Francion, leaning his head on Lauretta's Bosom) there's nothing after the fight of a fine Woman, fo charming to me as foft Mulick. My Heart beats time at every Note, and methinks I am no more my felf; each shake of the Voice shakes my very Soul with Rapture: And I do not wonder at it, for my natural Temper is full of Spirits, and the flightest thing in the World fets 'em in motion, and makes me tremble like a Poppet hung upon Wires. Do but see here (for Example) how my Hand shakes, that I can scarce hold this Glass of Wine without spilling. The best thing I can perform on the Lute is the shake, which is purely natural to me: And you may observe, Madam, when I touch your fair Breaft, how I am fill'd with trembling. In short, I am always in motion, like the Heavins. And so saying, he leaps out of his place, fnatches a Lute from one of the Mulicians, and trickling over the strings, at the request of the Ladies begun to give 'em tafte of his skill, finging a Song with it. which I don't much care if I fet down; for I m so faithful an Historian, that I make a Conscience of omitting the smallest partiulars, and cou'd e'en find i'my heart to give ou the Tune too: And, for ought I know, I'twere the Fashion in Romances, to print lotes with their Songs, 'twou'd help off' he Sale of 'em better than the gaudy Cuts VOL. II. B which

which the Booksellers trick 'em out with. But why shou'd I be for Innovations? Therefore for the present, suppose the Tune, and take the Words as follows.

Be wife my Friends! and while you may, The fleeting Hours employ; Nor mind what formal Blockheads Cay, To fright you from your Joy: Such who with Wisdom's vain Pretence, All Pleasures Vices call: And stupid to Delights of Sense. In Life scarce live at all: Laugh at such melancholy Fancies, Your Days and Nights improve In Soft Caresses, Kisses, Glances, And all the sports of Love. On his kind Nymph's alluring Breaft Let each his care beguile, While the confents to make him bleft, And answers with a Smile. None here bely their Hearts, or use Affected coy behaviour; But rather than their Joys refuse, They'd ask of you the Favour.

This Song, which the Musicians play'd upon their Lutes, after Francion had sung the first Stanza, ravish'd all the Hearers. The Notes were so airy and pleasant, as well as the Words, that every one was excited to the transports of Love, and all breath'd forth their very Souls after Pleasure. The Torches too that were gently sann'd by some wanton Air, seem'd to breathe like Men, as if

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if posses'd with some passionate desire: And thus being feiz'd as it were with a foft Fury, they call'd for Sarabands and Jigs, to which the greatest part danc'd confusedly,

with variety of Motions and Poltures.

Some Lasses that had kept their Modesty hitherto, now let it slip, and followed the example of the rest. Raymond who had quitted the Bottle, was got among the Women, talking lewdly, and in fuch broad terms, that you must excuse me if I do not repeat 'em. Francion observing it, reprov'd him; Fye, Sir! indeed I must blame you, and all such who defile their Mouths with fuch Expressions. Pox o'your niceness, says Raymond, must we be asham'd to speak, what we are not asham'd to do? Or is it fuch a reverend business I pray, that we ought no so much as name it? Not for that, (reply'd Francion) you may talk of it as much as you please, but use clearer Phrases then. and not the gross Language of Porters and Watermen. For my part I cou'd break the heads of some saucy, rhyming Sons of Whores, who scribble Songs, and think they are pestilent witty if they have but a smack of Baudy in them. The publishers of the last Miscellany, I wou'd have them set i'th' Pillory for't, and for printing moreover, a number of senseless insipid Ballads, which they have rank'd together for Pills to purge Melancholy, fit to be fung by none but Tapters in Tippling-houses, and the Blackguard in the Louvre. Such coarse stuffindeed may make the Mob laugh, but Gentlemen B 2 shou'd

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our felves by clothing our diviner and more

exalted Passions, in their beastly Dialect. Every one was pleas'd with Francion's Argument, the Women especially, wou'd have been glad with a new fet of Phrases to express what they love best, that they might talk freely of it without reproach, and not be censur'd by the ill-natur'd World. Francion therefore was intreated to invent new Names, agreeable to his own Rules, and this they told him wou'd fpread his Fame, especially all over France; for every one that heard them, wou'd be curious to know the Author, and People wou'd never talk of one without thinking of t'other. Francion excus'd himself for the present, but said, that he wou'd advise with all his most knowing Friends about it, and gave them his

### Book VIII. of FRANCION. 29

word too, that at his leifure he won'd com-

pole a Book of the Art of Love.

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After this, several Men and Women, who did not care for lying at Raymond's Castle, took their leaves and went home. Those who stay'd, withdrew in couples to their Chambers, Francion with Lauretta, and Raymond with Helen, and the others with such as they lik'd best. For six Days following they indulg'd themselves in all manner of Luxury; but Francion confidering with himself that if he shou'd lose his Lauretta. the Picture of the beautiful Nais, which Raymond had shew'd him, wou'd possess him with a new Disquiet, he resolv'd to enquire of Signior Dorini, how he came by fo valuable a Piece? And whether it were really drawn after the life, or only the Painter's Fancy? Dorini told him 'twas the Picture of one of the finest Women in Italy, yet living, and thus he continu'd his Discourse.

In the Confines of Romania there is a young Lady call'd Nais, the Relict of a brave Marquess, who dy'd about a Year ago, after he had liv'd with her but six Months. Her Riches and her Perfections you may be sure cou'd not fail of humble Servants enough and to spare. She had so many, that she might have sold half a score of 'em by Auction, or distributed 'em among her Acquaintance, and have been never a jot the poorer; yet not one of 'em all can obtain any Favour or Encouragement from her, for she cou'd never endure any Italian but her dear deceas'd Lord: she has more inclination for

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30 The Comical History Book VIII. the French; so that having seen the Picture

of a young Gentleman of this Country. nam'd Floriander, exceeding handsome, she conceiv'd immediately as great a passion for him, as if the had feen his Person, especially having heard an extraordinary Character of his Virtue, good Humour, and Accomplishments. To obtain a Remedy for her Grief. the freely disclos'd it to me, as her Relation and faithful Friend. I bid her not despair, but trust to my Conduct and Assistance; so I procur'd that Picture to be drawn, which you have feen, with intention to carry it to young Floriander, and persuade him to go and make his Addresses to her. I have indeed had a long defire to fee this Kingdom, which made me the more ready to offer her my Service. After my Arrival at Court, I made it my business to get the Acquaintance of this Gentleman, and found him to be of a fost Disposition, and very easy to the impressions of Love, so that I made no question of performing my Embassy with Success: I had once determin'd, after shewing him the Picture, to have given him an account of her Riches, and the Nobility of her Birth, and of the generous Affection she had conceiv'd for him, notwithstanding their Distance; but I was forc'd to change my defign a little, because he was taken ill with a flight Indisposition, or which the Physicians advis'd him to go and drink some medicinal Waters, which are in a Village not very remote from our Country. I fent my Cousin word that she shop'd meet him there and foread

#### Book VIII. of FRANCION.

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foread the Net for him: But if she's come. she's lost her labour, for Floriander is since dead. I writ her the bad News, but know not whither my Letter came to her hands before the fet out for her Journey, and I defign to haften home with all convenient speed to comfort her in this Affliction. With your leave, Sir, fays Francion, I'll wait on you, and feel her out, be she where she will, for I think the fight of so exquisite a Beauty is richly worth a Voyage. I have always been in love with all the handsome Women I've feen, and even with those that I have only heard of, and I will not now degenerate from my ancient and laudable Custom. Belides, I have long'd for many Years to have a light of Italy, that charming Garden of the World, and am glad of so happy an occafion. But first, I'll away directly to the Waters to see if I can meet with her there; and Signior, won't you do me the honour to take the same Road, and savour me with your Company: Sir, fays Dorini, if you intend to go look for her there, you must be gone very early in the Morning, and make all the hafte you can, or 'twill be too late. For my part I must beg you to excuse me, I'd wait upon you with all my Heart, but I have a mind to stay a Month or two with Raymond, about a defign which I wou'd accomplish. I hope to find you at Rome, whither I suppose you'll return with the Lady, who I do not doubt will be taken with your Person and Merits, as soon as she lees you. And if she had not the Picture of B 4

her deceas'd Lover in her possession, I would advise you to take his Name at first, for the easier Acquaintance. No, says Francion, I have too much Vanity for that; for to assume the Person of another, is a sort of acknowledgment that one has no merit of one's own. Raymond hearing this Resolution, said he'd be for Italy too, for he was weary of France, and cou'd take no plusture at the Court; but having an Affair that wou'd detain him for some Days, he determin'd to stay a while and set out with Dorini.

This Journey being thus agreed upon, Francion immediately gave charge to one of Raymond's Servants, to carry Collinet back to his Master Clerantes, with Letters which he writ to him, to inform him that he was going to take a Tour into foreign Parts, to divert himself a little, in compliance with an Inclination he had often heard him express. He writ to his Mother too, much to the same

effect.

Somebody ask'd him, how he cou'd bear the thoughts of parting with Lauretta? He reply'd, That truly he did not find much concern about that, he thought he had diverted himself sufficiently with her, to satisfy any reasonable Man; that she begun to grow something stale, so that he was for seeking out fresh Game, and the Cuckold might take his Goods again. Just as he spoke these Words, they saw thro' one of the Chamber Windows, an old Fellow come riding into the Court-yard, upon a haggard broken-winded Mare, whose best Days (like her

her Master's) were past long ago. The Wight that bestrid her had a hideous black Cloke sasten'd with points about his Neck, his Legs were cas'd in a huge pair of Gambadoes, and an old rusty Toledo hung dangling by his side. This very reverend Figure was notes than Valentine in Person, who was come to look for the Spouse of his Bosom, wondering she stay'd so long in her Pilgrimage: He cou'd not imagine what was become of her, and had been making hue and cry in several places, till a tell-tale Rogue, that had earry'd Poultry to Raymond's, inform'd him

that he had feen her there.

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He was no sooner enter'd into the Courtyard, but he faw her in the Porch with Terefa: Immediately he dismounted from his Beaft of Burden but not without some pains and difficulty. His Wife perceiving him. fcour'd away with her Companion up stairs. and lock'd her felf into a Chamber. Old Jealoufy hobbl'd after her in a terrible Fury. and finding the Door shut, began to vomit forth his indignation against it. Oh ! thou vile Daughter of Iniquity, and feed of the Serpent! is this your Pilgrimage, with a Pox? Bitch as thou art! I've heard what a religious Life thou hast led in this place-But by the Bones of St. Christopher, when I have laid hands on thee, I'll chastise thee as thou deserv'st; I'll mortify thee, I'll make thee repent in Sack-cloth and Ashes; I'll have a Priest shall curse thee to the Devil. Et non condonabitur tibi in Secula Seeulorum. Here you have taken your fill of filthy Pleasures; and I'll lay my Life there's BS not

not a Groom or Shoe-cleaner about the House, but has had thee in a corner. But I'll make thee keep Lent hereaster. Concupiscence shall starve for't, and thy pamper'd Carcass shall learn to saft. What! I must be abus'd and nick-nam'd for you! And every saucy stutting Rascal can cry Cuckold at me, and tell me how tamely I wear Horns. In a word, thou hast ruin'd my Honour! Oons! that a Man's Honour shou'd lie in so slippery a place as under his Wive's Apron! that so precious a Jewel shou'd be lodg'd in a Cupboard that has no Lock nor Key! But I'll make thee pay the Damages, with a

Vengeance.

The noise which the old Fellow made, brought Raymond, and feveral others about him, who observing that Lauretta answer'd him not a Word, began to persuade him that for certain there was no such person in the House, and that 'twas only his mistake, or an Apparition. They prevail'd so far as the wheedle him down to the lower end of the Garden, where they got him into a game at Nine-pins, and afterwards drown'd his Melancholy with the all-potent juice of the Grape, which they drank in an Arbour. But neither at play nor at drinking, wou'd he lay by his Cloke or Sword, because he thought 'twou'd lessen his state and gravity before this honourable Company; and in truth 'twas a very diverting Figure he made in that equipage; for he had hung his broad shoulder Belt over his neck, like a Collar of S'S, and forgot to pass it under his left Arm, so that his Sword wou'd be always playing

playing before him, to his great inconvenience. He had enough to do to put it by, and to gather up his Cloke on every fide, which encumber'd him no less. When he had drank off his Bottle, his Legs begun to quarrel as he walk'd, and his Spurs tangling together at every step, had like to have tripp'd up his worshipful Heels, and laid his Body politick on the ground. Raymond gave him his hand, to lead him back into the House; but he return'd not with the same ease he came, for the Wine was too mighty for him. When he came to the Door he could get no further; for his Rapier was of the longest. and hanging a cross his Knees, struck against the two parts and barr'd his way. Thrice he drew back like a butting Ram, to renew the attack. But still entrance was deny'd; then he push'd forward with all his Force; but in vain, for he only bent the Blade a little in the Scabbard - Why, what the Devil, fays he, I think 'tis an enchanted Castle, and Spirits guard the entrance. The Gentlemen that stood by, had sport enoughs. yet they let him alone till his Sword falling. aside clear'd his way, and he follow'd them in. He told 'em to excuse himself, that in Truth he was ne'er bred a Souldier, and had! not been us'd to lug cold Iron about at hisheels, and that his Maid had help'd him put it on when he came out, for the knew howto do it better than himself. And for my Spurs, Gentlemen, fays he, pray don't laugh at 'em, I never wore any before. I had em out of my Corn-loft all cover'd with dust and chaff, and indeed I would have fasten'd 'em

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vays ving to my Toes, but my Maid wou'd not let me, because she said 'twas not the Fashion; why Hussey, says I, if I wou'd give you a kick now for your Impertinence, shou'd I do it with my Toe or my Heel? And how d'ye think I shall spur my Horse then—unless you make a Horse of me, to kick backward; in spight of these Reasons, she wou'd have her own way, for she's an obstinate Jade; but I'll be judg'd by you, Gentlemen, if she has put 'em on right. As for the rest of my dress, I manag'd it my self, as it pleas'd the Stars.

This honest Monsieur, after his diverting speech, was conducted into the Hall, where they detained him a little longer, because Francion in the mean time having taken leave of Lauretta, had order'd the Coach-man, to clap fix Horses into the Coach, and whisk away with her and Agatha, to her own House as fast as possible, that Spoule might find her at home at his return. Valentine having made his Reverences to the Company, went away, but did not overtake the Coach, for he took another Road. Mrs. Santtity was got to bed after her Pilgrimage, and feign'd her felf fick: When her Husband told her he had been three Days out upon the search after her ; she protested to him that she had been at home more than two. and had languish'd for his Companyfo all was well, the old Spark's Choler was abated, and he verily believ'd 'twas the Devil had deluded him at Raymond's.

Francion all this while was preparing for his Journey, and having express'd his regret for being forc'd, for some time, to lose Ray

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mond's Company, he took his leave the next Morning, and fet out with all his train; which by the affistance of his good Friend he had encreas'd, and which consisted of a Vales de Chambre, three Lacquies, and a Groom.

When he came into any Inn, his whole Diversion was to contemplate his Mistresses Picture, which was the cause of his Journey. And he often pull'd it out upon the Road. and gaz'd upon it as he rode, with a world of Diversion, offering to it a thousand fighs and amorous Ejaculations. The first Day nothing happen'd to him remarkable, but the fecond Day he met with an Adventure which

ought to be recorded.

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About Noon he came into a Village, where he determin'd to alight, and refresh himself. He made choice of the best Inn he cou'd find, and while they were putting their Horfes in the Stable, he follow'd the advice of his Stomach into the Kitchin to fee what they had to eat. There was Provision good store, but not a Soul to look after it, or give him an answer: He heard a devilish Noise in the Room above, and went up stairs directly to see what was the matter. Door being open, he faw a Fellow upon a Bed, with nothing but a sheet over him! grinning like a Fury at a Woman that fat at some distance, upon a Chest; and callingher ten thousand Whores and Bitches. His rage was so rampant, that, at that very infant, naked as he was, he was just going to thrash her, with a good Cudgel he had in his reach. But Francion interpos'd, and

made him return to his Bed. Sir, fays the Fellow, for Heaven's fake, and if you have any Compassion, assist my just Revenge. I have a Wife here (confound her !) that's worse than an African Dragon; so impudently wicked, that fhe makes nothing of playing the Whore before my Face. Dear Sir. fays the Woman, (dropping a Curtiv to Francion) let us fly with speed from this dreadful place—Ah! I dare not stay a mo-ment longer, I'm so frighted—'tis not my Husband speaks, but an evil Spirit that's enter'd into his Corps, for he (poor Man !) has been dead thefe fix hours. Blood and Furies! (says the Husband) was ever such a pickl'd l'ade known? She'd have it believ'd that I'm dead, that she may be pillaging my Goods, and take her swing with the Rascals the has debauch'd. At these Words came out of the next Room, a fmooth-fac'd young Lad and a grave Matron, who both folemnly affirm'd that the Innkeeper was dead, and they had no more to do but to bury him. Why how now, (fays mine host) you saucy young Whore's-bird! how dare you shew your Rogue's-face here? Go your ways Sirrah, I shall live to see you hang'd-for punishment thou shalt have, I promise thee. Thou worse than a Cut-throat ! that wou'd'st have a Man buried alive. Befides, thou art a villanous Adulterer! and haft polluted my Bed with vonder she-Wolf.

The oddness of this Controversy, made. Francion curious to enquire into the Original of it; and making them all hold their

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ii ce, Peace, he desir'd the Inn-keeper to give him the whole story, which he did as follows. Sir, I have been wedlock'd to this female Devil which you fee, about three tedious Years. I had better by half been hang'd, or have taken a leap with a Log about my neck into the Sea: For from that cursed hour I have never enjoy'd a moment's quiet. She's always quarreling with me about nothing, and has such a hellish Scream, that once when it rain'd hard, and I cou'd not run out into the Street to avoid her, I was forc'd to stop my Ears close, and swaddle up my head in a foul Table-cloath, and yet she hollow'd fo loud, and rung me fuch a peal of Rogue and Rascal, that I was as deaf as an Adder, for at least eight Days: But this is but pastime with us. And that I may give you an instance of her Impudence, your must know, she catch'd me tattling one day with a Wench in the Village; what does she presently, but snatches a Knife in the bitterness of her Malice, and when we were going to Bed --- As I live, fays the, I'll spoil you for making Bastards. I was at that time as meek as a Lamb, and why fo furious my Honey? (faid I) come, lay by that wicked Weapon, Child! and have a care of doing that in hafte, which you'll be the first to repent of hereafter. I repent, crys she, your Scoundrel! why I'd have you to know, Sirrah, I can have twenty lustier Fellows than you every Day in the Week; I'll foon be provided, I'll warrant ye. Now Sir, did you ever hear of such a Vixen? and yet I forbore

The Comscal History Book VIII the strappade, and gave her nothing but suggar'd words; nay, I was so very tame and patient, that if her Choler had not abated, I believe I had e'en let her make me a Eunuch. Troth in a few Days she had got her a Rogue to her purpole, (for the made a Conscience of keeping her word) this young Whipster here, de'ye fee how the Dog leers at her !-But did ever any poor Fellow pay so dear for his Horns as I? Other Cuckolds can have a good Fee sometimes for Connivance, but I've a filly Whore of a Wife, that instead of taking Prefents, is always bestowing 'em. She maintains him Back and Belly; nay, I've feen him wear my very Clothes; he's always finelling i'th' Kitchin, like a Dog at the Dripping-pan, and if there's ever a bit choicer than the rest, which I wou'd preserve for my Guefts, 'tis odds if it can escape his Maw: I believe he expects I shou'd allow him Wages, and pay him by the Day or the Week, like a Labourer that works in my House.

I'll tell you how I was serv'd once;—when I first suspected their familiarity, like other Cuckolds, I was for certainty; so pretending to go several Miles, I went out, but slipp'd in again at the back Gate, and convey'd my self into a necessary House, next to the Room where they were, and over-heard their Discourse, which grew warmer by degrees, and provok'd me almost to Madness. But in the midst of it, an unlucky defluxion of rheum fell upon my Throat, and tickl'd me, as if I had swallow'd a Feather; I was asraid to

Book VIII. of FRANCION. et 'em hear me cough, and held my breath s long as I cou'd, but when I cou'd hold no onger I was forc'd to bethink my felf of puting my head thro' the hole of the Seat, and oughing beneath, that the noise might be tifled. I did so, and fell a barking and spit-ing Phlegm, as if I shou'd have thrown up ny Lungs, for I am very Pituitous, as our Apothecary fays. You can't imagine what rumbling my Voice made in this subteraneous Cavern; it rattl'd like an Eccho in Mountain, tho I made as little noise as cou'd: But a Curse on all ill Luck, when try'd to withdraw my Head, in favour of ny Nose, I found my felf hamper'd by the Neck, like a Thief in the Pillory, or a Weeel in a Trap, (for 'twas with some difficuly I got it in) and every time I pull'd upvards, my Chin caught hold by the way, ke a Hook. Had any unlucky Rogue furris'd me in that posture, he might have s'd me as he pleas'd, for I cou'd make no Relistance; and I think 'twould be a good ingine for Malefactors, when they are to reeive the Lash. In short, I tugg'd so hard, hat at last I drew up the Board with me, which was old and loose; I was but half a risoner now; and whereas before I was conn'd to one place, I had now the Privilege of arrying my Prison about with me. I did all hat I cou'd to free my self quite, but in ain; yet I cou'd not forbear laughing somemes at my new-fashion'd Spanish Ruff. I as afraid of being caught by this Jade of

Wife, who wou'd have desir'd no better

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42 The Comical History Book VIII. sport. All that I cou'd do in this distress, was to steal as privately as possible to a Joyner hard by, (my old Pot Companion) and get him to faw it off. It was my misfortune to meet one of the Village, and present-ly I had a whole Tribe at my heels, as if I had been a Mad-man, who all very civilly waited upon me to the Place. At last I got free from my unfavoury Yoke, but the story was blown all about the Neighbourhood, fo that the very Boys jeer me about it, whenever I pass the Street; and for this, I may thank my dear and loving Wife. - Yet nothing plagu'd me so much, as to be left in suspence about the Conclusion of their Amour, and not to know whether I was a Cuckold or not. But I kept not my doubts long, for foon after returning suddenly out of the Country, I had but too plain a proof of it, for I caught them as I may fay almost ipfo facto. 'Twas a heart-breaking-fight, Heaven knows. I took hold of my Gentleman, as he was fneaking off-Why how now Mr. Rogue! Pray who fent for you? Let me catch you fauntring here again, and by the Lord Harry, I'll cut you into minc'd Meat, and fend your Soul to the Devil What you think I don't know your business, Mr. Smell-smock! You are for angling in other Men's Fishing-ponds! d'ye think your felf better furnish'd for a Sportsman? If you do-produce your Tackle as I do mine-He durst not stand the Comparison, but troop'd away in Confusion; yet has impudently haunted the House ever since. I

caught

caught him once a Bed with the Whore, and yet — a pies on me for a patient Grizel— I only rated him a little, and let him march off without so much as treading upon his Clothes, or hurling his Shoes out at the Window; I think I had lost my Wits at the

fight.

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These things affected me to that degree, that I swore to her she'd break my Heart, in less than a Twelve-month, and that Death must be my Deliverance. She grew but more wicked upon't, and long'd for nothing fo much as to fee me carry'd out of Door with my Heels foremost: She'd be twitting me ever and anon, and crying, well, Friend of mine, when will you be as good as your word? Prithee die as fast as you can; I'd fain know what fuch Sots as you shou'd live for, unless it be to devour the Fruits of the Earth, like Kites and Voltures-I can keep up the Trade I'll warrant, and the Vineyard will thrive without you. When the Year was almost up, she begun to coaks me, as if she thought I'd keep my promile. Wherefore to try her affection, and to observe how she'd behave herself at my death, I resolv'd to counterfeit it.

A Cousin of mine assisted me in the Plot, who, while I was late at his House last night, came hither to tell my Wise, that I had drank some suspicious stuff, which I had mingl'd in a Glass of White wine, and had thrown my felf immediately upon a Bed, where I lay gasping and drawing near my end. She took the news like a true Wise, without any

concern

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concern at all-Pray don't disturb me. fays she, I an't very well, and am so sleepy besides, that I wou'd not rise for twenty Husbands. Next Morning to carry on our Contrivance, he brought me hither with the help of one of his Servants, and laid me upon this Bed, where I kept my felf stretch'd out as stiff as a Carcass. There's your Husband, Mistress, says he, I have done all I cou'd for him, and am forry you was not with him before he gave up his Soul, that you might have known his last Will-O Heaven's! fays the Jezabel, my Husband dead! and with that she sigh'd like the Wind in a hollow Tree: Good Man that he was. I shall never meet with his Fellow-And pray what did he say before he dy'd-I think I shall break my Heart for him-Come, tett me, that I may be comforted. You deceive your felf, reply'd my Coulin, what I shall tell you will encrease your Affliction, and torment your Conscience as long as you live, if you've any Conscience left. He faid you were the death of him, and he was forc'd to fly to the Grave, as a refuge from your injustice and barbarous Usage. Alas! (fays she) what have I done to him, unhappy wretch that I am, that he shou'd go out of the World in hatred against me? Heav'n knows my Innocence, 'tis above a Month fince I gave him an angry Word. I flew like Lightning to obey his Commands, and yesterday as I carry'd him up some Wine, I had like to have broke my Neck for hafte. Alas! 'twas the last time he drank

in my Company, and now-he never will

drink more.

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My Cousin withdrew, and left her to snivel by her self, or else put an end to her diffembled forrow as she pleas'd best. As foon as he was out of Doors, she fends away for her Adulterer, and this old Jade here, that's one of her Stamp; Mother (fays she) my Spoule is departed — Out upon you for a Fool (fays t'other) why you don't cry fure! Have you forgot how often you have wish'd to see this Day? True, says my Harlotry again, but what will the Neighbours fay? And therefore, fince Custom will have it so, I have Tears at will, tho I am ready to burst with Laughing. Or else 'tis but an Onion in a Handkerchief upon occasion. and I can cry like any Crocodile-After this, not a drop more was feen, if she had shed any before. But pursuing her Discourse, well, fays fhe, I'm glad with all my Soul that he has kept his word at last --- for Faith if he'd triff'd with me much longer, I think I must have gone to Law with him about his Promise, and I'm sure I shou'd have cast him too, if the Cause had been try'd before just Judges. Happy Woman that I am! All the Goods in the House are my own by Marriage Settlement. By the Mass I think a fair amends for the curst Life I endur'd with him, and for his lying fo many nights by my fide like a Log; for the best Part of him, to my forrow, has been dead long ago. Take comfort, Gossip, says her Crony, here, and see your Lover, ready to give you all the

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the satisfaction in the World. At that, because the Curtains were drawn close, and they cou'd not see me. I rais'd my self up, and peeping betwixt 'em, faw the Rogue hugging and kissing my Wife, as the Devil did the Witch. But the fudden motions of my Body gave Fire to a furious F-t, at which they all startled, as if it had been a clap of Thunder. Bless me! (says my Wife) did ye hear that, Neighbours? As sure as can be my Husband's not dead. You're a Fool, fays Mother Damnable to her again, why, de'ye think 'tis impossible for a dead Body to make such a noise? It may be 'tis only one of his Bones fnap'd, or else the Bed cracks beneath him, for he's plaguy heavy with his Sins, or some Wind has made its escape, that cou'd not get passage sooner: Ah Rogue! fays my Jade, 'twas his com-mon Diversion while he liv'd, and I believe he can't forbear it now he's dead. He had the Wind at command, high or low, and might have fold it to Mariners, like a Lapland Witch. Many a merry Wager has he won upon that fcore, to my Knowledge, But come-let's lose no time, but make hafte to rid him out of the way, here's a Needle and Thread, all hands to work, and the sooner the better.

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intend by the Grace of Heav'n to fee you go to the Devil first; and 'tis for your fin that I am permitted to live and plague you longer. Immediately, the whole pack was upon me at once, like three Blood-hounds tearing me to Pieces; and not defiring to have me alive they were refolv'd not to take my Word for't, but wou'd have trus'd me up in the Sheet for a Shroud, and hurry'd me into my Grave by force. I made all the relistance I cou'd, and cry'd out Murder; and I believe in my Conscience they wou'd have strangl'd me, if Heav'n in mercy had not fent you hither to my affistance. Therefore. dear Sir, now you know the Justice of my Cause, let me beseech you to take my part against these incarnate Devils, and shew your felf the Protector of the miserable!

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When he had done speaking, Francion, who thought the Fellow had reason on his fide, refolv'd to mediate a Peace betwixt'em. The Bully and the Bawd were troop'd off, in fear of the Constable. The Woman of the House understanding, that the Gentleman intended to dine there, flunk down into the Kitchen, enrag'd and asham'd, to handle the Ladle and Skimmer, and look after her Sauces. In the mean while the Fellow drefs'd himself, keeping close to Francion all the while, as if he was afraid of losing his Protection, and holding him in a Thousand foolish Stories. After Dinner Francion call'd for the Woman, and lolling in an Elbow-chair. with an air of Authority, told them both he intended to establish a firm and lasting Peace

betwixt

betwixt 'em for ever. The poor Cuckold was glad in's Heart, and the Woman feem'd fo too, because she cou'd not help it: Wherefore, (says Francion) 'tis my Will and Pleasure that honest what d'ye call——here, mine Host, do immediately, Coram Nobis, give his Wife satisfaction, and convince me by ocular Demonstration, that she need not seek the

Charity of her Neighbours.

A Word by the way, to the nice Ladies that are so apt to blush at what they most love. I'm sensible that I have a passage here and there in my Book that will make you look—Je ne scay quoy. You'll throw it out of your hand perhaps in a rage (if any body's by) and with a scornful tos of the Head, cry the Author's an impudent Fellow. I can't help it if you do, all that I shall say for my self is, that I love truth, and mean

honeftly, and wish you no worse.

Mine Host, after some unwillingness, was ready to comply with Francion's Proposals, and desir'd no better a witness of his sufficiency. But his Wife swore she'd die sirst: What before Folks? she'd never consent to it! Why look you (says Francian) I shall tell no tales, or if I did, there's no scandal in it. Come I'm as capable of judging betwixt you, as a whole Jury of Surgeons, tho I say't——and 'tis better by half than going into the spiritual Court, where 'twill cost you as much Money as attendance. In spight of his persuasions mine Hostess was obstinate, till Francian threatned to call in his Servants if she disputed it any longer, so that

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that with much ado, at last the business was perform'd. 'Tis said that Francion gave 'em some new Precepts; but be that as it will, 'tis certain that he pronounc'd that they had no reason at all to be distatisfy'd with one another. Mind Hostess had a Sister in the Village, and unlucky Ballads were made upon her, advising her to be warn'd by her Sister's Missortune, and not take a Husband without trying him sirst, but this was but a

malicious Slander.

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Now this, Gentlemen, is the most libertine passage I have to offer to you in my Book, and I hope you have no great reason to be shock'd at it. I am far from designing to corrupt you with Lessons of Vice. but have already declar'd, that I wou'd endeavour to make you loath it, by fetting before you the ill success that attends a wicked course. I must confess that I intend not this for the use of such as are devoted in the Cloysters, but had rather they shou'd mind their Prayers, than meddle with my Romance. Yet I think it may be of some Service and Instruction, to such as are oblig'd to live in the World, and hear worse things every Day, than I've here represented, especially in the Courts of Justice, where Actions of the most infamous kind, are ripped up before multitudes of People, of both Sexes. But if none of my excuses will pass for current, 'tis but letting my Book alone, and we are both contented.

As foon as Francion had made up this Quarrel, he march'd down Stairs, and they Vol. II. C follow'd

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follow'd him to receive the reckoning. He gave them two or three Pistoles over and above, to drink his Health when he was gone, and remember for his sake to lay by all old quarrels; he told them moreover, that upon their good behaviour, for the suture, he design'd another Present for 'em; but threatned them severely, that if he shou'd chance to her of any more of this Cats-play betwixt 'em, he wou'd infallibly find a way to have them punish'd. 'Tis said that his Remonstrances had a good effect, and that they liv'd very peaceably afterwards, and had a Child or two.

A Traveller, who din'd at the same Inn, had a great respect for Francion, when he faw him bestow his Money so generously; so that when our Spark took Horse he mounted too, and offer'd to accompany him, because they were to go the same way. He began the Conversation with an Encomium on his Liberality, and from thence took occafion to inveigh against its opposite, Avarice; of which he told him he cou'd furnish him with a rare Example in the Person of a Gentleman, that liv'd at the Village where they shou'd lodge the next Night. He's undoubtedly (continu'd he) one of the most penurious wretches that ever crawl'd upon the Face of the Earth. The Lord have mercy on those poor Slaves that are his Tenants, for he has ten thousand ways to fleece them, and grind them with Extortion. Last Year he made them believe that he wou'd go to the Wars, for the Service of his King, and oblig'd

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obliged them (notwithstanding their Poverty) to supply him with a Brace of fine Geldings, yet for all this bouncing, the Devil a-jot did he stir, but to the Court for a Month. He wou'd have set Dragoons upon them, but that he was afraid they'd cheat him of the Plunder, and he once borrow'd a Troop for the purpole, of an Officer of his Acquaintance, but he thought 'twas better to pillage them himself, and nothing vex'd him but that he had made them fo poor already, there was scarce any Pickings left. If he catch them but in his Woods gathering a few sticks, he never fails to make them pay fauce for't, and prefents them with a beating into the bargain. He never hires a Labourer by the Day, but he fets his Watch an Hour or two backward, to make him work so much the longer. His Family are three quarters starved, and look worse than the lean Cattel in Pharoah's Dream, for he measures all the Oatmeal to them himself, and gives them Peafe and Beans by tale. Once I remember he was about to learn Geometry that he might know exactly by his Rule and Compasses, how much of the Loaf and Cheese were diminish'd every Day. No Man cou'd ever say that he din'd with him, for when Friends (if he has any) come to his House, as foon as they enter at one Gate, he whips out at another, and will rather hide himself all Day in a Pigs-sty or house of Office. than come to entertain them: He'll turn away a Servant for having a good Stomach. and never hires any that looks as if he cou'd eat

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eat. His Cook once desir'd a discharge, after he had been with him a Month (for fays the Fellow, if I stay any longer I shall forget my Trade.) And whereas other Men are pleas'd to fee their Sons grow up to Manhood, that they may marry and make their Fortunes in the World, or diffinguish themfelves by fome eminent Virtue, it grieves him to the heart to fee his Cubs thrive, because it costs him more to maintain them in Clothes. He's never dreft but Sundays, when he goes to his Parish-Church, and as soon as he comes home, he calls for his Frock, and will hardly venture to flir that Day for fear of wearing out his Apparel. The best suit he has was his great Grand-father's, of which he is very careful, because he designs to intail it (with his Benediction) on his Posterity; but all the Week long he's in worse Rags than a Beggar: Yet 'tis hard to say that his Breeches are old, for there's not a part of them but has been renew'd at some time or other. There's forty pieces in 'em at least, and every piece of a different Age; like the Fellow mat wou'd fometimes buy a Blade to his Hilt, and sometimes a Hilt to his Blade, so that the he bought twenty Blades and Hilts, you may call it the same Sword still. But pray Sir, fays Francion, why did you call him a Gentleman but now? Such a pitiful Rascal is unworthy of that Title, fince the chief Character of a Gentleman is Liberality. I own, says the other, 'twas my mistake, for besides his Character, he is but of a vile ex-traction, tho he owns several Lordships. His

His Father was an old griping Usurer, that minded nothing but heaping up his Bags and playing the knave. Yet this Fellow's Son and Daughter, who are both a little under twenty Years of Age, do not in the last partake of the base strain of their Race. They have generous Souls enough, and 'tis pity they've a curmudgeon Father who will not part with a penny for their Advancement. His Daughter has beauty enough to attack variety of Lovers, but to what purpose? For she's always under her Mother's Wing (as if she were not quite hatch'd) who is just such a pinch-fast as her Father, and will not let her go into Company, because she can't afford her Clothes. And what's yet worse, the Sieur de Buisson (for that's the old Cuff's Name) will hear of no proposals of Marriage for her, for fear of being constrain'd to open his Bags, for he had rather lose his Heart's Blood, than part with his Pelf. His Son is a Prisoner too, and mopes within doors like a Projector in a Garret, because his Dad will allow him neither Clothes, Equipage, nor Money fit to keep company with those of his rank. But the youngster shew'd him a trick for't t'other Day; Old Gripe was taken ill, and not being able to go himself with a good round Sum of Money which he was oblig'd to pay to a Merchant, he was forc'd (full fore against his Will) to entrust it to his Son, and send him with it. 'Twas tempting Metal, and more than the Youth had feen for feveral Years, who therefore thought proper to attach it for his own

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54 The Comical History Book VIII. use; he buries it in the Fields, sells his Horse and Cloke, and gangs back to his Father with a dismal Story, that he was rob'd by Highway-men. Imagine what a bloody rage the old Gentleman was in; he did not know how to be reveng'd. At last the whole storm was discharg'd upon his Son, he thrash'd him unmercifully, calling him careless young Dog, for not setting out sooner, or taking another Road where he might have been fafe. Immediately he made Hue and cry after the Rogues: A Constable that knew the Horse, made such a diligent fearch that he found him not long after in a neighbouring Village, as he was led to Water; and going up, examin'd the Fellow that was upon him, who he bought him of? -Of a young Gentleman (replys he) I can't tell ye his Name, nor Quality, but I know him when I fee him. Young Buiffon, by ill luck came by at that very instant, and the Fellow presently cry'd out seize him, that's he-Have a care what you fay, reply'd the Constable, for that's the Son of the Gentleman that loft the Horse, No matter for that, fays t'other, I'll take my Oath he fold it me. The Constable ask'd no more questions, but went away with this information to old Buiffen, who fent for the Fellow and confronted him with his Son: The young Gentleman was convicted, and (dreading his Father's Fury) flunk away from the House privately (to go and make fure of the Money I suppose) and has never been heard of fince. He'll foon return

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return I'll warrant you, to make his Claim of Inheritance, for he must needs know, this loss will break his Father's Heart. And then hey for Profusion and Extravagance! for that which is got over the Devil's Back, is

generally spent under his Belly.

And this shews the Folly now of scraping together a heap of useless Wealth, which a Man is forc'd to part with, when he least thinks on't. I don't know for my part which is most to blame, the Father or Son; but this I am fure, that they both fail'd of their Duty, and the Father gave the first occasion, obliging his Son by his niggardliness to take from him by force, what he ought to have given him freely. Heaven without doubt design'd that the avarice shou'd be punish'd ev'n by the Child of his own Body. I believe it (fays Francion) and I believe moreover, that Heaven designs that I shall take him to task for't too; for hang me if I spare him unless my invention jades me! But pray tell me, are you well acquainted with him? Very well, Sir, replys t'other; Why, I live in a Farm, but three Miles from him, and I have had all the History of his Family, and manner of Life, from a young Lad that liv'd with him, and comes often to my House. O pray let's have it all (said Francion) and leave not out the small particular. At his request his Fellow Traveller told him all that he had heard; and then (laid Francion) continu'd his Discourse, saying-Enough, I can guess at the Devil, if I only see his cloven Foot, and to shew C 4 you

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you that I'm no stranger now to the rest of him, pray is he not ambitious, with all his other Vices? Is he not defirous of being accounted the most considerable Person for Family and Substance, of any in the Province? You have nick'd him, fays t'other, to a hair; and I find you know him as well as if you had eat a Peck of Salt with him. He is so proud, that he had a poor Fellow foundly cudgel'd t'other Day for faying he was no Gentleman. Ho, fays Francion, is he thereabouts? I'fack I'll teach him to be a Gentleman before I ha' done with him, I warrant you; but I believe I shall have him look damn'd four upon me at first.

While they were in this Discourse, they drew nigh to a Grove of Trees, beyond which they heard a noise, as if somebody was fet upon : Our Hero, who like a true Knighterrant was for having his share in all the Adventures that fell in his way, fet Spurs to his Horse and commanded his Servants to follow him; when he came up to the place, he faw four sturdy Rogues dragging a young Gentleman by the Collar, whom they had dismounted, and wou'd force along with 'em against his will: Nor wou'd they let him go, tho they spy'd Francion making towards them. So ho, you Scoundrels, fays he, what are you going to do with that pretty Gentleman there? Meddle with your own business, reply'd one of them, and be fatisfy'd that we are doing nothing but what iustice requires. Justice, fays Francion, what

what vertuous Dame is that, I pray, that the can cause honest Men to be treated i'this Fashion? Loose him, and presently too, you had best-or I shall make you repent it, Sir, (fays another of 'em) will you please to mind your way, and let us alone in the performance of our Duty, for we are the King's Officers, and have arrested this Man for a Debt-The Devil's Officers, fays Francion; is it fit that a Man shou'd be dragg'd to a Jail, only for owing a little Money? Hands off, I say again; for by the Lord Harry I'll never bear it \_\_\_\_So faying, he drew his Sword, and all his attendants did the same; they charg'd the Bayliss so briskly, they were e'en glad to quit their prey, and trust to the lightness of their Heels. Francion's Fellow-Traveller told him that the Person he had rescu'd was young Buisson. In a good hour, says Francion, I'm glad with all my Soul to have met with him thus. Just then came up the young Gentleman, and pay'd his acknowledgments in Expresfions, that testify'd the gratitude and Ingenuity of his Temper, which made Francion redouble his Civilities to him. He ask'd if 'twas for debt they wou'd have lugg'd him to Prison? Du Buisson answer'd yes, and he might thank his Father for't, who won'd allow him no Money, fo that he was forc'd to borrow some of a Scrivener, who having; occasion for it, had fet these Blood hounds upon him. As they were talking of these: matters, they enter'd into a small City where they agreed to fup and lodge that: C 5

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Night. Going into their Inn they found a couple of Fellows drinking hand to fift; one of 'em, with a Nose as red as a boil'd Lobster, look'd hard upon young Du Buisson and tip'd the wink to his Comerade. After that they fell to bowfing harder than before, having some slices of Bacon before them, to provoke thirst. Here! (says one of 'em with a Glass of Wine in his Fift) Keeper of the Tail of my Stomach, turn the Key presently for this sturdy Prisoner I commit, and enter him down in your Roll. See another too ready to take up its lodging in the ward of my Belly, and so saying he swills off a second Bumper. Companion (continues he) I serve you here with a Subpæna to appear in Bacshus's Court, and answer for your refusing your Glass, and not keeping touch and time with your Friends, when they require you to drink. No matter for that, fays t'other, I shan't appear, you may levy the penalty if you please upon my Default. Or if you think to condemn me for contempt of the Court, I'll appeal from you as an incompetent Judge, and move that the Cause may be try'd over again in my own Country, among my old Neighbours, and then I don't question but I shall cast you: How, says the first, why I'll call in the Drawer, and make him fet his Hand to a Certificate, that I drank twice as much as you-A Pox on our pinching Landlord, do but see what a scanty quart Pot is here; I'll engage it holds but a Pint and a half of City measure, and his Wine is not good besides: I'll have him indicted

indicted for a Cheat. And I'll bring my Action against you too, (Companion of mine) for feloniously defrauding me of all the Bread I have cut, and eating it up with-

out my consent.

They utter'd a great deal more of this fort of Balderdash; which when Francion heard, I'll lay my Life now, fays he, that thefe Fellows are Bum-bailiffs, both by their Carbuncle Nofes, and their Law-gibberish; and I believe to, that they have a delign upon my young Gentleman here. To make Experiment of it, he left Du Buisson alone in the Hall, and went away with his Train, in pretence of going to fee some Curiofity in the Town. Immediately the Catchpoles produc'd their Writ to Buisson; and wou'd have serv'd it upon him. But Francion and his Servants returning in the nick, put a stop to their Proceedings, and shutting the Door after them, told them they were now at his Mercy, and they shou'd thank him if they were suffer'd to troop off in a whole Skin. These poor cowardly Beagles of Justice let go their hold, and cry'd quarter to Francion and Du Buisson, alledging that they attempted no more than what they were oblig'd toby their Office. You're a couple of brainless Rascals, crys Francion then, and don't understand your Trade. Otherwise you wou'd have manag'd the delign more cunningly, and not have discover'd your selves as you did by your Law-jargon and Counterdialect. For 'twas that spoil'd your Project, for which I'm glad with all my Soul, for this

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this young Gentleman's fake. But pray at whose suit was it? A Merchant's of this Town, reply'd one of them: Hang him for a Rogue, fays Buiffon, I know him too well, he fold me some bad Goods at an extravagant rate, and when I cou'd not put 'em off, fent a Fellow that bought them of me at a low Price with his own Money, and fo his Wares came into his Shop again; I was not much concern'd at the Cheat, because I had Money for my present Necessities, but little dreamt of what was to come. He'd be always wheedling me into the Shop, trufting to the Riches of my Father, and hoping to make me a Milch-cow for his Advantage, but now I know him I'll have a care of him. I warrant you! Francion whisper'd Du Buiffon in the Ear, and then order'd one of the Drawers to go find out the Merchant, and tell him from the Serieants that they had the young Gentleman there in Custody, and desir'd him to come and receive his Money presently. The Merchants came, Supper was brought in, and he was perfuaded to fit down with the rest, and his Bill shou'd be pay'd afterward. He and his Myrmidons drank freely, and begun to be tipfy, which Francion perceiving, mixt something in their Liquor which knock'd them down quite, and made them as fenfeless as so many Swine in a Sty. After this he examin'd their Pockets, and took their Writs from the Bailiffs, and from the Merchant his Bond and Bills of Sale, all which he committed to the Flames before

before young Buisson's Face, who made a

thousand Acknowledgments.

Then Francion call'd up the Drawer, and told him he had brought them such damn'd Wine, that those Blades, who were not fach thoro-pac'd Drinkers as his own Company, were as drunk as if they had swill'd Hogsheads. Why Sir, fays the Drawer, the Officers had been drinking hard before, and were half fudl'd when your Worship came in-therefore an't please you, I'll send for their Wives to take care of 'em, and for the t'other Gentleman I'll carry him home to his House my self. So saying, he sent a Messenger forthwith, and the Women came fcouring thither in an instant, calling their Husbands a thousand Sots and swinish Names. and ringing them a peal no doubt, all the way they lugg'd them home, tho the Brutes answer'd them not a word. As for the Merchant, his Spoule took him to task about the Money; he was not fo far gone as the rest, and answer'd her very pertly; what have you to do to ask Questions, you Jade, says he, --- Nouns and pronouns! d'ye think I'll be under Perticoat Government? I'll teach you to talk to your betters, Hussey; and with that lays hold of a good Cudgel and belabours her as if the Devil had been in him, not minding his Money, or Papers, or any thing elfe.

Next Morning, when he found his loss, he posts away to the Tavern, as if he'd break his Neck for haste; but he came too late, for the Guests he wanted were gone early in

the Morning, and left him to learn at his own Cost, not to put upon young Gentlemen hereafter, and to have a care of lending them Money for their Debauches: Yet Francion advis'd the young Spark to make him amends some time of other, according as his Conscience shou'd direct him; and when they were out of the Town, he ask'd him which Road he wou'd take? Not the same with you, (replys he) for you are going to my Father, you fay, and I dare not appear before him, for I have made bold with some of his beloved Pelf. and delign to live merrily till that's gone. I go now to a Person of Quality of this Country, who I'm fure will receive me kindly, and entertain me in his House, for he's my Cousin. Well, said Francion, if you love rambling to well, find a way to Rome, two or three Months hence, you'll certainly meet with me there, and I'll promise, you shall pass your time pleasanter than in any other part of the World; I like your humour, and shall be glad to be better acquainted with you: and fo faying, he embrac'd him with a world of Friendship, and lest him to take which way he pleas'd.

He that told him of old Buisson was still in his Company, and did not leave him till he had brought him in sight of the Miser's House. Francion promised to give him an account of his Reception, and taking his leave, march'd up thither directly, having taken out of his Sumpter, the nichest

richest Cloke he had, because he might pass

for some great Person.

You will see in the next Book, how he wag'd War with Avarice, the most enormous of all Vices; and I hope you will be sensible that this comical History contains some useful strokes of Satyr, and that we do not content our selves barely with representing Vice, without reproving it with the utmost Severity.



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THE

## COMICAL HISTORY

OF

# FRANCION

#### BOOK IX.



UR Hero, whose Adventures we have trac'd thus far, arriv'd at last at the Gate of the Miser's House, and would have fent one of his Men before him to

give notice, but that he was afraid the old wretch would have flipp'd away to avoid feeing him. He went therefore without any ceremony into the Hall, where he found the To face B. IX.







venerable Person himself sitting and poring upon a Book of Husbandry, to learn how to improve the profits of his Lands. Sir, (fays Francion) the extreme Defire I had of seeing you, and declaring how affectionately devoted I am to your service, has made me come out of my way, not without some Injury to my bulinels, on purpose to wait on you. Upon my word, Sir, (fays the Sieur du Buisson) I don't know you-may I crave your name? But I have the happiness, Sir, (says Francion) to know you very well; for your fame, Sir, is spread far and near. As for me, I am call'd Francion, Marquis de la Parte, and have the honour to be nearly related to you, as I'll make it appear; for perhaps you may be a Stranger to it - And with that he begun to run over a long Genealogy agreeable to what he had learn'd of the Family; and tho any body else would have feen thro' the sham, the old Fellow took it every word for Gospel. fo pleas'd he was to have a Marquis, who had fo honourable an Equipage, challenge Kindred with him, and hoped this would be fufficient to vindicate the Nobility of his Race against all Slander and Detraction. having express'd his Satisfaction in being honour'd thus, the first Courtesy he shew'd him. was to tell him- My Lord, I presume that you and your Servants are perfect Strangers in this place, therefore if you please I'll direct them to an Inn where they may find very good Entertainment for themselves and their Horses, and my Man shall conduct them thither. Francion, observing how soon the old Cuff

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Cuff had given him an Instance of his stingy temper, resolv'd not to give way to it; but replied, I have continual occasion for my Servants, Cousin, and know not how to part with them out of call; and for my Horses, I would not for the world trust them in an Inn with no body of my own train to take care of them: besides that they are so weary, that I question whether they can go a step far-

ther.

This was the first lash that Francion gave him, which made him smart fore; but, to put the best face upon't, as his Servants were fetting a Neck of Mutton and Sallet upon the Table, he faid, I doubt, my Lord, you will make but a very poor Supper here, for this is all my ordinary commons. In truth, I ought to have known of your coming, that I might have provided something better; and the Mischief on't is too, that my Wife's very fick at present, and I have no body can manage the Kitchen without her. O, Sir, (fays Francion) I'm not in haste, you may dress what you please, and take your own time for it; but if you have any thing that's nice, I shall be the more oblig'd to you; for I confels I am no great lover of a Neck of Mutton. I observ'd as I came in abundance of fine Poultry in your yard, and I know your House is complearly furnish'd with all forts of plenty, or else I should not be so impertinent — Odslife! now I think on't, I was told that you have a Man here in the Village who goes out a hunting and shooting every day, and fells what he gets; it may be, if you fend to him,

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him, you may have some Venison and Patridges. The miserly Wretch did not dare to contradict him, tho it grated him to the Soul; but was forc'd, full fore against his will, to comply with Francion's Proposals, in hopes that the charge would be only for that Night, and that his troublesome Guest would be gone in the Morning: but he was foon undeceiv'd, and his Heart was ready to break, when he heard Francion fay —— Come, chear up, my dear Cousin! I know you're uneasy because you can't entertain me to Night according to your desire. But let's fare the better for't every day as long as I stay with you; you'll have opportunity enough to make me welcome, for I love your conversation fo well, that I shall not be able to leave you without regret. Very fine! (thought du Buisson) how long, in the Devil's name, must I be forc'd to keep this confounded Marquis and his kennel of Hounds? I am like to have a fine time on't, i'Faith, for he has the conscience to expect better fare every day than other -Must I be ruin'd (with a murrain to him) to pamper his filthy gut? There's one of his officious bastards, that must needs be meddling in my Kitchen, has confum'd all the Butter, Spice and Sugar I had in the House, in seasoning one supper.

Upon these considerations, he spoke to Francion, and advis'd him by all means to pursue his Journey the next day, while the Weather was fair; for (says he) we shall have a world of Rain in less than a week; I know it by my Almanack, which never lies; 'tis

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made by a Country Curate, that's a notable Astrologer, and has foretold a great many strange things. Alas, Cousin! (says Francion) I'm not in haste, as I told you before; if it rains next week, I can stay till the week after - Ay, but (fays to'ther) we shall have worse weather still about a Fortnight hence. No matter (fays Francion again) I believe my affairs will allow me to stay a Month; but I must beg the favour of you, when I go away, to lend me four of your Horses to help carry my baggage, which is too heavy for those I have already: and you will farther oblige me, in supplying my occasions with eight or nine hundred Livres, for I did not bring Money enough with me from home, not defigning at first to travel so far.

Each of these Words went to the Heart of old du Buisson like so many Daggers; so that he'd turn him ever and anon in his Chair, and whisper his chief Servant in the Ear -Body of my Father! Didst ever hear the like, Peter? As sure as can be, this is some Devil come from Hell to plague me, or else he would never make himself so familiar here. After Supper, he conducted Francion to his Chamber, and appointed Beds likewise for his Servants, curfing them all the while in his Heart to Hell. Then he went to his Wife, and acquainted her with his new Relation, and how dear it had cost him - and who the Devil this Marquis is (fays he) the Lord of Oxford knows; but for my part I never met with such an impudent Varlet in my Life.

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Were he my own Brother, and had liv'd with me all his days, he could not make more bold with me; he talks of his niceness, and gives me a bill of fare of what I shall provide for him. A pestilence take him! he has turn'd my whole House topsy-turvy, puts me to a world of unnecessary charge, and commands my Servants as if they were his own; and in troth if he stays here much longer. he'll make himself Master of all (I believe) in earnest, and turn us out a begging. You may e'en thank your felf, Mr. Quibus (replies his Wife) for what could you propose by your new Acquaintance? Or who but a Fool would have entertain'd him? For my part, I pray God he be no House-breaker or roguish Highway-Man, that has laid a Plot to rob us. Fy, my Dear (says he) nay, there you wrong him, I dare say; and if you did but see his Countenance and his Dress, you'd quickly change your Opinion. Why! he has his Gentleman to wait on him, and his Lacquies are all in very fine new Liveries; not as if they were made up in haste, or borrow'd to make a sham Lord of him, only to serve a Trick: but for all that, I'll be plagu'd with him no longer than to night, tho I had never another Cousin in the World. And what if all the Nation knew him to be my Cousin, and that I had entertain'd him in my House, what should I be the better for't, pray, but the contrary, fo long as I'm put to an unconscionable expence? More profit, and less honour, was the Motto of my Father, who was a wife Man, and is now in his Grave. To

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be of kin to the Blood of a Marquis, I own is something, but I am not to thank him for it; I shall not be the nearer related to him. for treating him kindly, nor the less, should I use him ever so coarsly. I dare not turn him out of doors by the Shoulders indeed, but I'll get rid of him a gentler way. I'll pretend to-morrow that I have a trial in the City, which I needs must go to attend; you shall feem to grow much worse than you have been, and feign your self light-headedyou can be so (you know) when you please; and when the Servants come to you for neceffaries to entertain him, you shall give them no answer. This, and my absence, must certainly force him away: but, by his leave, he shall have no Horses of mine with him, as he expects; for I'll give my Servants strict orders to the contrary. Madamoiselle du Buisson approv'd this Resolution of her Hus band, who, leaving her in her Chamber, went to lie in another.

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In the mean time her Daughter, who had long been courted by a handsome young Beau, had sent a Billetdoux to her Spark, to let him know, that now a favourable opportunity did present it self for accomplishing both their desires; for her Mother was sick, and she was not so strictly watch'd as before, by reason that a great Lord lodg'd there that Night, and had put every thing in disorder. The Lover was already come, and so successfully, that one of the Servants that met him, thought he belong'd to Francion's Train: he was entertain'd by his sair Mistress in a Chamber, betwist

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ber, wix betwixt those of the sham Marquis and her Father. There was no need of much ceremony or preamble, they were both willing to make the most of their time, and therefore begun the amorous Interlude as foon as possible. The Bed creak'd so loud, that it told tales to the old Gentleman in the next Room, who could not lay his Eyes together all night, for a thousand apprehensions that disturb'd his Brain. Sometimes he thought of his Wife's words, and was apt to believe that Francion was a Thief, and would plunder his House. If it should be so (thought he) I'll fend Scouts after my Gentleman in the Morning before he's out of reach, who shall fetch him back again with a vengeance. But what a fot am I? (thought he again) to pretend to outwit a Thief; it may be he has done his work already, and is march'd off with the booty. Miserable wretch! I am ruin'd without remedy. As he was in this thought, the bed shook again, and he now heard it plainly: he did not know that his daughter lay there, for he had order'd that Room for Francion's Valet de Chambre. And because there was a chest in in it with all his best apparel, he thought they were breaking it up to plunder it, and that occasioned the noise: he listen'd again, but heard no more after that; fo that he begun to change his mind, and blame himfelf for entertaining fuch unworthy Thoughts of so noble a Person as Francion appear'd to be, believing now that the noise was only in his imagination.

However, he could take no rest, but steal. ing foftly out of his Chamber, he went about the House to see if all the doors were fast, and every one in his Chamber affeep. When he was in the Court-yard, he was posses'd with a hundred terrors: he fancy'd he faw Rogues coming down a ladder from one of the windows, and ever and anon he would start and look behind him, as if he thought fomebody was going to stab him thro' the Back. At last, when he found that his Suspicions were groundless, he march'd back to his Chamber, where he was no sooner enter'd, but he heard the very fame noise as before. He was fure 'twas no Illusion now, and therefore laid his Ear close to the wall, to hear what was doing in the next room. Just at that time the wanton Youth was talking to his Mistress, and saying — Well, I see there's nothing which perseverance cannot accomplish; for I have found the way to that which was closest lock'd, and what should hinder me from compassing all the rest according to my wish?

Now as vain Men wrest all doubtful words to their own Glory, and those who think they are hated by all the world, interpret every thing to their own prejudice; so indeed the fancies of all do accommodate themselves to their particular passions, and create appearances according to their hopes or sears. In covetous Persons especially this is more remarkable, who can hardly see two Men whisper together, but they think 'tis about a design to pillage them of their Goods. Old

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Old Ton,

Buisson, the most fordid Soul upon Earth, was of this humour, and interpreted the words he heard agreeable to his own fuspicions: he thought for certain his cheft was gutted, and was confirm'd in this fancy, when he heard the Lover pursue his discourse in this manner - I shall never have cause to afflict my felf more, for I am now compleatly happy in being posses'd of the most valuable: Treasure that is in this place; but we do not consider that Day is stealing on us by degrees. and if I make not hafte away, I'm afraid I shall be discover'd: but what shall I do, I must climb down the wall like a Cat, or stay here and be caught. —— Ah! (fays old Buisson) thou hast spoke too true, to my forrow; thou art indeed posses'd of the most valuable Treasure in my House, if thou hast found the way to open that cheft, but thou shalt not march off with it as thou think'st: no - I shall make bold to stop thy Tourney. Immediately he takes his Sword, and in a desperate fit of courage comes thundering at the door, and would have forc'd it open with his Foot. Francion, who slept foundly till now, was disturb'd at the noise. and came to fee what was the matter: he foon knew the old Fellow by his voice, and ask'd him what put him in such a passion? What! (reply'd he) why one of your rafcally Servants here has been picking open my coffers. How! (says Francion) I'll never believe it; I keep no such Sharpers, I'll assure you: but if it should appear as you say. Vot. II. D

74 The Comical History Book IX. I'll punish him my self with the utmost se-

verity.

As he was speaking, Du Buisson call'd to one of his Servants to bring a Candle; and his Daughter having hid her Paramour under the bed, flipp'd on her Petticoats, and came to the door rubbing her Eyes, and yawning: her Father was amaz'd to see her. Why what- (fays he) how came you here? Are you but just awak'd? And did you not hear the noise in your Chamber? Not I, Sir, indeed (fays she) --- However the old Gentleman would fearch, and at last looking under the bed, he spies the Youngster, and knew him to be one of his Neighbours; yet he thought still of his Coffer, more than of his Daughter's honour, and believ'd that Necessity, not Love, had brought him thither, But the young Spark discover'd all, by falling on his knees, and faying \_\_\_ I befeech you, Sir, to pardon a fault which Love has made me commit. You know I'm not of so mean a Family, as that you need be asham'd to own me for your Son-in-law. Mademoiselle, your Daughter, is pleas'd not to disdain me; make me happy then in your consent as well as hers. Buisson would not let him make an end of his speech, but would certainly have run him thro', if Francion had not held him. How dare you, Sirrah! (fays he in a furious passion) be so impudently wicked as to dishonour my House? As I live, I'll make you dearly repent it. For Heaven's fake, unhand me (says he to Francion) if you'd ever oblige me, and let me be reveng'd on this Rascal, who

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who ought to die by no other hand than mine; I ought to stab this curfed Harlot too, whom I am asham'd to call my Daughter. My dear Cousin (reply'd Francion) no Mischief while l am here, let me beseech you! Come, let me be an Advocate in so just a cause as theirs. And so saying, he wrested the Sword out of his hand, and gave him to understand there was no remedy for what was past, but only to authorize it; and if he should take any other course, 'twould but bring the dishonour upon his House which he fear'd. Buisson, who begun to relish his reasons, calm'd the violence of his rage, and fat down in a chair next to Francion; who, taking him by the hand in token of friendship, spoke to him farther in this manner. I love you so entirely (dear Cousin of mine) that I would gladly take all occasions to give you proofs of my affection : and the greatest I think which I can give you. is, not to flatter you in any one thing, tho Flattery is generally fo acceptable, and fo much the fashion in this corrupt Age. freely then tell you your faults, not to reproach you with them, and enflame your choler, but to reform you, and make you agreeable for the future to those who hate you now. In plain terms therefore you are too penurious; and a close-fisted Man makes himself odious to all the World, because he buries unprofitably in his hoards that which every one has occasion for and defires. There's nothing to be got by fuch a Fellow. for he buys as little as he can, and never employs any Workmen, but when he cannot avoid

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avoid it, and when his House is ready to drop about his ears; and then he pinches and defrauds them of their honest wages. never makes his friends welcome; and if they are at his house (against his will) he gives them such pitiful commons, that they may fee he'd be better pleas'd with their room than their company. Now all these Vices you have, my dear Coufin; for I fcorn to flatter you, as I told you before. Consider with your felf, like a wise Man, sit in judgment upon your own Heart, and I'm fure you'll find that I do not wrong you, Think how you're depriv'd of the greatest bleffing of Life, which is to have Friends. You're little better, in short, than a self-murderer; for here do you pine away and starve amidst plenty, and are so bewitch'd to your Money, that you won't part with it to procure your felf necessaries; and, which is worse, by your stingy temper, you force your Children to rebel against you. You have a Son of age to know and fee the World, and you will not allow him what he You have a Daughter here as ought to have. capable of giving the impressions of Love, as of receiving them; and yet you'd have her gnaw the sheets in vain, and will not look after a Husband for her; so that you see she is forc'd to procure one herself. He's a lyan that told you so (reply'd the old Gentleman) for I'll take my oath that I have long had defire to marry her to the Son of a rich Merchant of my Acquaintance. That's your Dif ease (says Francion) you are greedy after Riches

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#### Book IX. of FRANCION. 7

Riches, and never enquire if your Daughter likes him. But no more of that now—for she is provided according to her fancy. What I would add, is, to conjure you to quit this base niggardly Humour, and I'll assure you this was my sole design in coming hither; I made you believe I would stay here a great while, and put you to charge, only to try if your Avarice were as great as has been represented to me: but 'twas always my intention

to be gone this morning.

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After this Francion stripp'd this Vice more naked, and made him sensible of the deformity of it; infomuch that at last he resolved to reform, and strive to learn the opposite Vertue, in which he was made to hope for all the happiness which the World could afford, and chiefly that he should be honour'd by a great many Persons, whom by this means he might oblige, and be accounted truly noble. He promis'd too that he would marry his Daughter to the Gentleman she had chosen; fo that the next morning Francion departed with a great deal of fatisfaction to purfue his way to the place he fo much desir'd. He did what he could to make his Journey at the fame time useful for many things, in imitation of those Knights Errant of whom we have so many famous Stories, who roam'd from Province to Province to redress Wrongs, to punish Offences, and administer Justice to all the World: His Adventures indeed were not fo bloody, but they are therefore the more to be valu'd; and yet his Life is a mixture of Vice and Virtue, nor was it always such as D 3 might 78 The Comical History Book IX.

might reform others: but let all live better who can, our History will be no hindrance to them. 'Tis necessary to have Good and Evil set before us, that we may know which

to choose.

'Twas about noon, when passing by a pleasant Forest, he had a mind to repose himself a little in the shade, by the side of a Fountain which was in the middle of it: He fent his Servants to the next Town to get ready his dinner, keeping only his Valet de Chambre, who waited at a distance while his Master lay down on the Grass, and drew out of his pocket the Picture of the beautiful Nais. Tis said, that giving himself up to the amusement of poetical Imagination, he breath'd forth this complaint, which indeed has an air like those you meet with so often in Romances. Ah. dearest Picture! how many wonders do'ft thou contain in a little space? Who would think that the mixture of a few Colours should produce such resistless Charms? Alas! thou art no more than Fiction, and yet thou hast rais'd in me a real Passion; with pleasure I view thee, I touch thee, I kiss thee, tho I know thou art only Wood; yet, cold and inanimate as thou art, thou fill'st me with a thousand transports! Ye Powers! what extafy of Toy would it be to have the fair Original but one day in my Arms! that furely would be too excessive to bear; 'twould deprive me of my life, fince by thee I have already loft my liberty. Oh! my charming Nais, I wish I were at this instant dying at thy feet! .A

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A Gentleman of that Country was in the Wood at the same time, and hearing his complaint, drew near, and ask'd him for Heaven's sake whose Picture he had been making such a devout speech to? Sir, (says Francion) I am forry you have over-heard me, for if you have never experienc'd the force of Love, you must needs take me for the greatest blockhead in nature. The other replying, that he was no stranger to the violence of that Passion, requested to see the Picture; and was so good at picking out a secret, that he soon div'd into Francion's Heart, and learn'd the defign he had to go in quest of that Lady. Courage, Sir, (says he) for I can affure you the Lady's arriv'd at the place whither you are going. I have feen her. and I swear I think her one of the finest Women in the World. Francion was overjoy'd, and enquir'd of the Gentleman what Train fhe had. A Train (reply'd t'other) suitable to her Quality; and there's a young Gentleman in her company, call'd Valerius, who feems as much enamour'd with her as your felf: They pretend want of Health, and that they are defirous of taking the Waters for some time. But I believe it's all a sham, and they have no need of them at all. Very true (reply'd Francion) Nais ought to drink no Waters but the celestial Nectar of Love. which I hope to present her with; and Valerius will do well to drink the waters of the river of Forgetfulness, to extinguish the Memory of this rare Beauty, who is not for him, I can tell him that; and who, for ought D 4

I know, may be the death of him, if he continues fauntring about her much longer.

After some other discourse, Francion thank'd · the Gentleman for his Information, and hasted away to his dinner, and made no stop afterwards till he reach'd the Village where this famous Spring was, whose Waters drew fo many People of various Distempers. As soon as he came, he was inform'd that Nais was there with Valerius, as the Gentleman had told him: He enquir'd out her Lodgings, and pass'd by with his Equipage as she was at the Window taking the Air. He had a full view of this Beauty, who feem'd infinitely to surpass her Picture; and he saw in the Original a world of Charms which the Painter had not express'd. Nais took notice of him, and had the curiofity to enquire who he was; for she had seldom seen (said she) upon the road such rich Liveries: and because no body that was about her could give her Information, the fent one of her Servants to enquire of Francion's People what was their Master's name. Floriander - they told him, for Francion had order'd all his Men to call him fo; refolving, upon fecond thoughts, to follow Dorini's advice. The Heart of Nais leap'd at this welcome News, for she imagin'd that her Lover (for whom the figh'd) was come to that place, according to the Information she had receiv'd.

She had not taken notice enough of Francion when he pass'd by, to know whether he resembled the Picture which she had of Floriander: she was fir'd with the desire of seer

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ing him, and knew not how to attain that happiness; and was the more concern'd, when the confider'd that Dorini was not with her, and that she had no body about her sit to be employ'd in this affair, which she knew not how to manage by her felf, because she was a stranger, and unacquainted with the customs of France. Yet she resolv'd to accomplish her desires one way or other; and that when she had found the means to oblige her Lover to come and visit her, she would turn poor Valerius a simpling, notwithstanding the trouble he had taken in waiting upon her in her Journey, and freely give to another that place in her Affections which he hoped to enjoy.

While she was taken up with these thoughts, a Courier brought her a Letter, which she open'd, and knew the hand to be Dorini's. Madam, (says the Courier before she had read it) be not surpriz'd that this Letter is brought to you from Italy, which was written from France; for I was inform'd 'twas of great importance to you, and that there was a necessity of bringing it hither with all the speed possible. As soon as he had spoke these words, she cast her Eye upon the Letter, and read the afflicting news that her dear Lover was dead: her Spirits were undoubtedly of more than ordinary force, or else she had

fainted away at that moment.

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But that which very much conduc'd to divert her forrow, was the arrival of one of Francion's Lacquies, who came to tell her that his Master Floriander having heard that D 5

The was in the Village, earnestly desir'd the happiness of seeing her, and had sent him to know at what time a visit would be least troublesome: she answer'd, that his visits would be very acceptable at what time he pleas'd. Francion hearing this, went immediately to wait upon her while she was in a mist of doubt and uncertainty, having received an Information on one fide that Floriander was dead, and another that he was coming to vifit her. She had recourse to the Picture, which she contemplated so much, that she was satisfy'd Francion was not the fame Floriander for whom she had languish'd: yet she receiv'd him according to his Quality, and with a countenance less concern'd than is usual to one that had so much reason to afflict herself. After the first compliments were over; Sir, (fays she) you can resolve me a doubt that I have \_\_\_\_ there is another Floriander in France besides your self, pray tell me if he be dead, as I'm inform'd he is. Francien perceiving 'twould be to no purpose for him to personate another, answer'd her, that without doubt Floriander was dead : but he wonder'd why she should think his name was Floriander. Why, Sir, (fays she) one of your Servants call'd you fo - Like enough (fays Francion again) that Fellow liv'd with Floriander, and is but lately come to me; custom has made the name of his first Master To familiar to him, that he has it oftner in his Mouth than mine.

After this, Nais ask'd him if any indisposition had brought him thither to drink the Waters.

Waters. Francion took the occasion, and refolving not to conceal his Malady before her that could cure it, he spoke to her in this manner. You wrong me, Madam, if you think that any thing brought me hither but the extreme defire I had to see you. Believe me then that I have no pain but what's caus'd by your Perfections; a pain so great, that it would be insupportable, but for the hope that attends it. What Miracles, my charming Goddess, have you produc'd! Those only who behold the Sun, can be fensible of the heat of its beams, while those who see no more than the form of it in a Picture, can feel no warmth at all. Yet I, from the bare fight of your Picture, have languish'd in excessive flames; and I know not what destiny hinders, that by looking now on the Original, I am not reduc'd to ashes: Is it the cruel indulgence of Heaven to preserve me, that I may fuffer eternally? You only can fix my fate; you can, if you please, abate this raging Fever that consumes me, and restore me to my health. And for this I am come hither, not to drink the waters of this Fountain, but to participate (if I may be so happy) of the more valuable streams of your Favour, which alone can give me relief. You must give me leave to think (said Nais) in spite of all you've faid, that you come hither for nothing but to shew the wonders of your Merit, which appears in every thing, as well as in this display of your Eloquence.

Their discourse had continu'd longer, had not Valerius, who lodg'd in another house,

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come

come at that very instant to visit his Mistress. Francion therefore took his leave, having no longer the opportunity of addressing her with freedom. Valerius, who knew nothing of the occasion of her Journey thither, renew'd his accustom'd submissions, but in vain; for tho she knew her Floriander was dead, she had still an inclination to the French, and was no less charm'd with the Perfections of Francion, than she had been with the Picture and Character of Floriander. What a fool was I (fays she to herself) to be captivated till now with a Picture? Perhaps if I had feen him, I should have found this Object of my adoration to have been vastly inferior to the Idea I had form'd of him: but I am sure I can't be impos'd upon at present, if I may trust my Eyes, which clearly represent to me an Object worthy of admiration; a Person of Honour, of an agreeable Mind, and a sparkling Wit, and in love with me too as much as I could wish: so that there will be no trouble, as there might have been, in gaining Floriander; and I have nothing to do but to stoop and take up the prey.

While Nais had these thoughts, Francion was entertain'd with others, which represented her as the most beautiful and accomplish'd Lady he had ever met with, and sit to be lov'd eternally: he had the next day an opportunity of taking a turn with her in the walks. Francion led her by the hand, as Valerius did a French Lady, who was there at

the same time.

Francion resolv'd to make Dorini's Acquaintance serviceable to his affair, and acquainted Nais with the Present her Cousin had made him of her Picture, after Floriander's decease, believing there was no Man it could be more justly bestow'd upon, because he had the most amorous and conftant Soul upon earth. After which, with infinuating words, that shew'd the politeness of his Court-breeding. he ask'd her if he might not at last hope for a more valuable present from her, viz. her Smiles and good Graces? In troth, Monsieur (fays Nais) I perceive you are of an unreasonable humour, and know not how to be fatisfy'd. You are not content with my Picture it seems, but would posses the Original; be not so covetous, I befeech you, if you love your repose. I dare not yet be so bold, Madam (reply'd Francion) as to think of possessing you; I only wish you'd do me the honour (for the present) to believe that you are the absolute possessor of me. Then taking the Picture out of his pocket, at her desire he put it into her hand. Yes \_\_\_\_ (says she) this is the same Picture which I gave to Dorini; but I think the Paint is faded a little. That, Madam (reply'd Francion) is occasion'd by the tears, which in the extremity of my anguish I have shed upon it. 'Tis very well, Sir, (said she) and I'll hold a wager too that you have kis'd it night and day. That I have (fays Francion) by all that's good! But, Sir, (lays she) I don't thank you for't - Why, Madam, (said he smiling) had you rather I should kis the Original? No. Sir,

Sir (she reply'd) I would have you kiss neither; for should you kiss me, the World will fay I allow you greater favours in private; and if in my absence they see you kiss my Picture, they'll fay that when I am present you kiss me, and from thence perhaps will infer scandalous Consequences. But, Madam, if I kiss your Picture when no body's by, I hope there's no harm in it - I think not (fays Nais) - And if I should be so bold as to kiss you (replies he) when we are not feen, pray where's the scandal? To fay nothing of more substantial matters. which might be done with the fame privacy, Come, pray, (says she) no more of this discourse, for I find your Arguments are too fubtle for me.

After some other Dialogues of the like nature, they faw a company of Horsemen coming towards them. Nais discover'd one of the foremost to be Ergastus, a Nobleman of Venice, who had made love to her: He had heard of her departure out of Italy, and fearing his Rival Valerius would rob him in his absence of his chief happiness, and marry her in a strange Country, he posted away with all the speed he could, to make sure of the treasure before it was too late. Nais receiv'd him with more civility than feem'd to agree with the hatred she bore him; for indeed her humour was so courteous and discreet, that she scorn'd to affront a Gentleman that had for her sake put himself to so much trouble.

There was so little accommodation in the Village, that all the best Lodgings being taken up, Ergastus was forc'd to lodge in the next Town, which was about three Miles off. The two Lovers, you may be sure, were very well pleas'd their Rival was remov'd to such a distance, who was the most importunate and conceited of all her Suitors; because his Fortune being equal to hers, he thought she

could not refuse him.

Francion was afraid that he should meet with more obstacles in his Amour than he imagin'd; and to divert his melancholy, one day he took a turn to the Waters, where he faw variety of actions and humours, some swilling off quart Glasses till they were ready to burst, and others stepping aside to let it out again at t'other end. The greatest part of the Company had no Malady, but came thither merely for curiofity. Some Women indeed were come upon business, that is to say, to cuckold their Husbands; yet Francion argu'd with himself — what a devil do we here? And why should we take up the lodgings, which ought to be for the fick and indispos'd? People may see we do not come for the Waters; and as fure as can be we shall be taken notice of, and suspected to have in hand some extravagant design; for all Water-drinkers love Scandall in their very Souls. Nais (if fhe'll be advis'd by me) shall return to her own Country, fince here's no Floriander to be look'd for: and the sooner the better I fay, for I'll be fure to follow her.

Having reason'd thus with himself, he went to fee Nais, and founded her upon the matter, whom he found very willing to leave the place, fince she had nothing now to detain her: she ask'd him which way he design'd to take? And he told her 'twas as needless a question, as to ask to which side the Marygold would turn; for you know, Madam, (fays he) 'tis the nature of that Flower to follow the Sun: and your bright Eyes, Madam, are the Suns that I am oblig'd to follow, in what part of the World soever they give day. If you are for Italy, fo am I too; and if you stay in France, I'm for France. Nais was very well pleas'd with the resolution of her gallant Knight-Errant, whose company was much more acceptable to her

than that of Ergastus or Valerius.

The next day she resolv'd to set forward. and her three Lovers being inform'dof it, prepar'd their equipage, and came to attend her; infomuch that appearing with fo great a Train, she was taken for some Princess at least. There was the devil and all of Jealoufy betwixt the two Italians and the Frenchman; they observ'd her partiality to Francion, and how little they themselves were valued by her: she would often invite him into her Coach, and discourse freely with him on variety of subjects, in which she made appear the sprightliness of her Wit, which she had cultivated and improv'd by reading the best Books. He rejoic'd in the loss of his liberty, considering he was in the chains of so beautiful a Conqueror. His Rivals, provok'd at this famili-

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familiarity, rode fometimes before the Coach, and sometimes behind, at a good distance, to serve their resentment; yet in every Town they lodg'd at, they endeavour'd to be as near her as they could. Francion long'd to serve them some scurvy trick, for presuming to six their Affections in the same place with his.

He communicated his defign to a Page that belong'd to Nais, whom he secur'd to his Interest, and desir'd his assistance. The obliging Youth promis'd him all the service that was in his power. And a little after, by Francion's directions, he went to Valerius, and told him that his Mistress was overcome by his constant and diligent attendance, and the pains he took to please her, and that she defir'd nothing more than the happiness of his conversation; but could not entertain him as the would, because of her two other impertinent Lovers, and the Frenchman especially, whom they ought to fear, as being yet in his own Country, where he had great interest and power: however, she was resolv'd to venture an interview with him for an hour or two, if he would please to come to her privately that night, and in a habit like one of her Servants. Having perform'd this meffage to Valerius, he went and deliver'd the very same to Ergastus, so that they both dress'd themselves against the time as they were instructed, thinking it very necessary to prevent their being known. Valerius came first to the house of Nais; but while he was knocking at the door, comes Signior Ergaftus,

gastus, and taking him for one of Nais's Footmen, ask'd him if his Lady were gone to bed? Valerius answer'd something roughly, that he might ask those who could tell—
Ergastus was angry, and gave him some Language which t'other could not bear; so that blows follow'd words, and they fell to loggerheads. In the midst of the fray some body came to the door with a Candle, by the light of which knowing one another, they were in the greatest surprize in the world; and each being consounded with shame, sneak'd off severally with his tail between his Legs, like a Dog that has slung down a Dripping-pan.

Meeting the next morning, they had the curiofity to demand of each other for what reason they were disguis'd after that manner; so that not being able to make a secret of the affection they had for Nais, they ingenuously confess'd the message they had receiv'd, and found it was a trick put upon them both: They found the Page, and examin'd him about it, and because he answer'd them ambiguously, they promis'd him a large recompence; which, together with the Inclination he had to those of his own Country, prevail'd with him to own that 'twas a plot of

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Francion's.

They resolv'd (upon this information) to give him a Rowland for his Oliver as soon as occasion offer'd, and to pay the Monsieur in his own coin. And to this purpose they enter'd into alliance against the common Enemy, and resolv'd not to pursue their Amours,

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Amours, till they had first got rid of his

company.

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Nais, who smoak'd their design, and was afraid of mischief to ensue, would not shew him the least mark of favour in the world, nor fo much as speak to him, but when she could not avoid it. Francion was extremely concern'd at it, taking it for disdain, and fent her several Billets-doux by her Servants, who at last were charg'd to tell him that she desir'd to be troubled with no more such messages from him: he apply'd himself one day to a Maid that was her confident, and conjur'd her by all means to let him know the occasion of this unaccountable rigor. On condition of secrecy, she reveal'd the mystery to him, and told him, her Mistress fear'd some dangerous enterprize of his Rivals upon him; and therefore was cautious of discovering her affection to him, till she was nearer her own Country and Home, where she could fence off any ill Accident. This was the most agreeable news to him that could be imagin'd; and he was now in hopes that she frown'd on him at prefent, only to enhance her favours hereafter. When they were come into Italy, his two Rivals thought they should find an opportunity to catch him in a trap; to which purpose they were very sweet upon him, and footh'd him with all the caresses and compliments in the world. If his Soul had not been so entirely taken up with the thoughts of his Love, he might eafily have perceiv'd that all this was only to wheedle him into a noose. His Prudence therefore

fore not being awake, he was not upon his Guard, but took all their lying Protestations of Friendship for honest Truth and Sincerity. He took a pleasure in their Company, seeing he was banish'd for a while from the Converfation of Nais, and us'd to be always following them to the Places where they lodg'd,

As he met them one morning before the door of Nais's Lodging, a Gentleman came up to Ergastus, and accosted him with a great deal of Joy, as if he had not feen him a great while, and afterwards whisper'd something in his Ear, which Ergastus answer'd with a Nod of his Head; and turning towards Valerius and Francion, Gentlemen, fays he, a fair opportunity offers to divert our selves very agreeably: The Governour of a Fort, about two Leagues off, hearing of my arrival, hes fent to invite me and my Company to his Castle, desiring that I wou'd not pass by without seeing him; therefore if you please, Gentlemen, you shall go thither with me according to his Invitation. Valerius reply'd, that for his part he was a perfect Stranger to him, and did not think proper to trouble him with a Visit that cou'd be no ways agree-Francion too answer'd to the same effect, with more Reason. But Ergastus press'd it, saying, I wou'd by no means have you slip this occasion of seeing some great Curiofities: There's a Collection of Rarities, as the Bones of a Giant, all forts of antient Medals and Coins, Roman Bucklers, Parthian Darts, Wind-Guns, and a thousand other Inventions; therefore no more words, I befeech you, but come along with me, for I'll vow I won't go without you; and my Friend, I'm sure, wou'd take it unkindly if I shou'd .- Francion, who was a Stranger in that Country, took all this Sham for Truth; and seeing Valerius incline to the Proposal, he was glad enough to make one. and go with them; not dreaming that 'twas only a Trick to get rid of him. He wou'd have taken all his Train with him, but Ergastus prevented him, by saying, 'twou'd not be permitted to enter the Fort with so many in Company. I shall not take one of my Servants, (continu'd he) nor Valerius his; we'll leave them all with Nais, whom we shall soon overtake after Dinner: Only one Page of hers shall wait on us, whom I efteem worth two of the rest. So saying, he call'd the Fellow, who was the fame that had lately been so heartily engag'd to the Service of Francion.

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In a little time they arriv'd at the Castle, and were very kindly receiv'd by the Governour; Francion observing that they spun out the time in Discourse, was impatient to see the Curiosities, and signify'd his Mind to Valerius, who made a motion about it. Immediately the Governour, having the Watchword, took a Bunch of Keys, and leading em a Dance thro' a great many Rooms and By-places, brought em at last into a strong Tower, in which he said there were the greatest Rarities of the Place. He shew'd em a round, old-sashion'd, odly-contriv'd, Chair, and assur'd them, that whoever sat in it heard

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a kind of melodious Noise that seem'd to be under ground; and because no body cou'd ever find out the Reason of it, it was believ'd to be caus'd by Spirits that inhabited the Place. Ergastus laugh'd, and cry'd 'twas all a Jest, and a whim of Imagination; so said the rest too. But the Governour entreated them to make the Experiment. They fat down one after another, and rifing in Amazement. fwore 'twas true as he had affirm'd, and that the Musick was the sweetest they ever heard. Francion, who staid last, and laught at them in his Sleeve for Coxcombs, yet fat down in his turn out of Complaisance. The Governour in an instant drew out a Peg, which loos'ning a Spring, away flew the Chair with him that was in it, and hurry'd him into a deep Cave, where for some time he continu'd in fuch a Surprize, that he had no power to stir hand nor foot. The two Italians seeing him fast in the Trap, thank'd the Governour heartily for his kind Assistance, and entreated him to continue it, by putting his Prisoner to Death when he shou'd see convenient. They took their leave, and went away after Nais, whom they found in a little Town at Dinner, She ask'd what was become of Francion? because she was told he was not with his People. The Son of a Whore, the Page, that we told you of before, came up to her; Madam, (fays the Rogue) he's privately gone back for France; I saw him just before he went away, and he bid me tell you, that in whatever Place his Fortune shou'd cast him, he'd be always proud of bearing the Title of your Lady ship's

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Ladyship's humble Servant. Now the Reason of his not taking his Train with him, was his unwillingness to discover at first his Desire of leaving you, but he fears he has staid to the prejudice of his Affairs already. And this seems to be a sign of it, that he has charg'd me to send his People after him with as little Noise as possible, that they may overtake him upon the Road. After he had told this impudent Lye to Nais, he repeated the same to Francion's Valet de Chambre, and sent him away with the rest of his Fellow-Servants, to seek their Master where they cou'd find

him. Nais had all the Affliction in the World for the fudden Removal of a Person so dear to her. How often did she repent the Rigour the had thewn him, thinking for certain that was the Cause of his Departure. Ten thoufand Devils, said she, take that cursed Valerius and Ergastus; for if I had not been plagu'd with their Importunity, I had never been forc'd to use such Cruelty to a Man whose least Action deserv'd infinite Favours. What amends can you make me, Wretches! May you feel the same Torment of Despair which you have occasion'd me to endure. Never think to have one pleafing look from me hereafter; nothing but eternal Frowns and Fierceness; I swear you shall find me more cruel than ever. She made her Words good to a tittle; but had she known the Treachery of these Villains, she wou'd yet have treated 'em with more Severity. At last she arriv'd at her own House, where she fhew'd

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shew'd her Indignation more, and charg'd her unfaithful Rogue of a Page to go find out Francion where-ever he was, and give him a Letter from her, in which she inform'd him of the Reason why she did not treat him according to his merit, and invited him to come privately to fee her. The Page having receiv'd his Charge, took the Road for France, where he knew very well there was no Francion to be found. He went not far before he return'd, and going to Ergastus, consulted with him what was to be done in this matter. Ergastus counterseited a Letter in Francion's Name, in which among other Things, he told her, that indeed the Pleasures of France had made him forget those of Italy, and that the must never expect to fee him, fince he knew no Occasion that wou'd call him thither. Upon the reading of this, Nais was transported with Passion, and call'd Francion a thousand times perfidious and ungrateful Wretch. But when her Heat was over, the cou'd not but love him still, and accused Nature for not having given her Charms enough to make him her Captive, She vow'd at least to live a Widow for his fake. So that Ergastus and Falerius found her impregnable, and in vain besieg'd her with whining Submissions, and servile Flattery, enough to have foften'd the Heart of any Woman but Nais.

Francion's Servants travell'd far and near in quest of their Master, but cou'd hear no News of him. In the mean time he was fast t

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in Lobb's Pound, where in the Evening he was visited by a Fellow that open'd the Wicket of his Cell to give him something to eat. Francion complain'd of the treacherous Trick which had been put upon him, and demanded wherefore he was made a Prisoner? Why, Sir, fays the Jaylor, you're not the first that has been serv'd so : In the Time of the last War I have seen many a brave Gentleman caught in that Chair. That's but a pitiful Consolation, cry'd Francion, who was left to chew upon't till the next Morning. at what Time his Jaylor visited him again. and continu'd for above a Fortnight to bring him his Commons twice a Day. Francion, you may be fure, had variety of Meditation. He was perfuading himself sometimes that 'twas better to be coop'd up there in quiet, than to be at liberty in the noisy World, where 'twas a Folly to expect any true Happiness. At least he was now deliver'd from the ridiculous and provoking Views of the Madness and Impertinence of the Age, and had leifure enough to grow wondrous wife, and to philosophize protoundly.

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The Governour, who was not hard hearted enough to let him pine away in Captivity, nor to dispatch him out of the Way by a Draught of Poison, or the Stab of a Stilletto, resolved to set him at Liberty, now Ergastus was at a good Distance, and, it may be, dream to more of him. One Night therefore he sends some Men into the Dungeon, who taking away his Clothes by force, drest him in Vol. II.

the Habit of a Country Bumkin. After they had blindfolded him, and ty'd his Hands and Legs, they lugg'd him out to a little River that ran by the fide of the Castle, and laying him all along in a Boat, fet him adrift before the Stream, which carried him a good Way. He cou'd not for his Life imagine where he was; fometimes he turn'd from one fide to t'other, and fancy'd they had clapp'd him into a Coffin. He floated along a good while after 'twas Day, at lust some Men in a Bark stopp'd the Boat, took him out of it, unblinded him, and ask'd him how he came there? Francion answer'd them as well as he cou'd, but without discovering his Quality, fo that they took him for some poor, beggarly Fellow. He was as hungry a Hound, and was glad to mumble up a forry Meal with those Men, who liv'd in a Village hard by, The Devil of a Cross had he left either of Gold or Silver, and did not know where to bornow any. Besides, he was disguis'd in such a scoundrel Habit, that if he had discover'd, who he was, they'd never have believ'd him. He did not know where his Servants were, and 'twas impossible for him to feek them without begging upon the Road; besides, he was afraid of meeting some Body that might know him, and from his odd Dress suspect some Roguery of him. The fafest Way he thought wou'd be to wait with a Christian Patience till such time as Raymond and Dorini were got into Italy, according to their Promise. He pleas'd himfelf with the Affurance that from them he fhou'd

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shou'd have all possible Assistance; and that in whatever Place they shou'd be, he might fend them an account of his Circumstances. So that he was tolerably content to stay for some time in a Place where he was not known, and where he might improve some diverting Fancies and Notions. which he had been ruminating on in the Prison. The Fellow that gave him his Dinner, liking his Countenance, ask'd him if he'd stay with him to look after his Sheep? for the Shepherd he us'd to employ was newly dead. With all my Heart, fays he. Nor ought we to wonder that he fo readily accepted of this Condition, fince the pastorat Life, you know, has been envy'd by Princes for its happy Tranquillity. Well-his charge of Sheep being given him, out march'd our Hero with his Crook and his Scrip, and led them about the Fields every Day, diverting himself with making Sonners to the Tune of Corydon and Phillis, and scribling a World of Poetry upon the Passion which he had for Nais. She was continually in his Head: and tho he was vex'd to the Soul that her Picture was taken from him in his other Clothes, yet it feems he had no need of it. the was drawn to lively in his Heart, where he cou'd view her Night and Day, and better too in Darkness than in Daylight.

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He was once at a Gentleman's House, where he found an old Lute out of order, for there was no body that made use of it; Francion puts on a bold Face, and begs it, telling

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the Gentleman that he was a small piece of a Minstrel. Having got it given him, he pro. cures some Strings, surbishes it up, and becomes the Orpheus of the Village. The Gentleman thought himself very well paid for his Lute by the Pleasure of hearing him play. Francion had good Store of Songs too. and merry Catches, to fing with his Inftrument, which made his Company in great request. At every Feast he made one; and was a principal Person among them on Sundays and Holidays, so that he cram'd and tippl'd continually with more Mirth than at Court, and with a better Appetite; and thought himself the happier in being free from Envy and Detraction, so common in Courts. No stiff, overgrown Fool in an Office look'd big upon him for not cringing low enough; no fluttering, perfum'd Puppy of Quality call'd him unmannerly Fellow for talking too familiarly, or not giving him his last Title. He was generally efteem'd by all, and enjoy'd fuch a pleafing Liberty wherefoever he came. that he has confess'd he never liv'd so happily before, and wou'd scarce ever have wish'd to change his Condition, had not his Love-fever sometimes rag'd and fir'd him with the Defires of feeing once more his beautiful Nais. In the mean time he had frequent Opportunities of tasting a sweet Bit by the by to stay his Stomach, and thought in no Injury to his Mistress. His Lute was a rare way to chuckle the Females together; and when he was thrumming of it i'th' Fields, the handsomest Wenches in all the Place wou'd follow

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Book IX. of FRANCION. 101 low him to hear him play and fing i'the Grove; and whenever he had one of them alone, he took care to make her pay the Fiddler.

There was a brown Lass among the rest that pleas'd his Fancy infinitely, but there was no making her buckle to till he thought of this Stratagem. After he had been playing to her upon his Lute, he told her that was nothing to what he cou'd perform upon another Instrument, if he pleas'd, but he did not care to make his Musick too common. The Damfel, who was charm'd with his Skill, fell a befeeching that he wou'd favour her some time or other with that rare Musick. Look you, Child, fays he, I don't know but I may, provided you come alone, and bring no Company with you; for let me tell you I make a Secret on't; therefore meet me to morrow at this time in the Myrtle grove, and you'll find me ready to oblige you. way came the Damfel at the time appointed, more eagerly than if she had been told of some hidden Treasure: Well, says she, will you be as good as your Word now? I hope you have not forgot your Instrument. No, in Troth, fays Francion, 'twou'd be strange if I shou'd; 'tis no artificial Instrument, I must tell you, but a natural one. Phoo! says the Girl, I've heard your Voice already, and if it be only mimicking a Trumpet with your Mouth, or fnapping your Fingers at the Cadence of a Song, there's Snip the Barber of our Village shall do it with you for a Wager. Snip be hang'd! fays our Shepherd, mine's another

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another fort of Musick than you dream of; but if you design to have it, you must bear a Bob in't your self.——As how? says she. Why thus, says Francion; and with that he sell a kissing and hugging, and so forth, as if the Devil were in him. The filly Jade wonder'd at first what was the Matter with him, but in the Conclusion lik'd his Musick so well, than she was forry when 'twas ended, and consess'd that tho it made no Noise, 'twas pleasanter that any she had ever heard.

After this the came every Day to look after her Musician, whenever she cou'd slip out from her Father's House; but she was one of those who cou'd not fare well without crying Roaft-meat; for she had been tattling of it to a Crony of hers, whom she brought to the Grove one Day to participate of this choice Confort. The brown Lass petition'd for her; but Francion was coy at first, and chid her for revealing the secrets of his Art; yet that he might not be troubled with their daily Importunities, he consented at last to oblige her Companion. The brown Lass withdrew; the other made a hypocritical shew of Ress. tance, but foon comply'd, and made the Experiment. Afterwards as they were going home, the brown ask'd her Companion how she lik'd it? Like it? says t'other, why 'tis no fuch strange matter; and if this be all, my Father's Man Robin taught me as much a good while ago; and your Shepherd, for all his bragging, is no more of an Artift than other Men. If it be so as you say, replies the brown, yet I had rather he shou'd divert

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divert me this way than any other that I know, because merhinks he's a very handsome Person, and there's something in his Face that pleases me much. If that's your way of chusing I have no more to say to you, replies her Companion; and yours is, for ought I know, the best Musician in all the Country. But beware of his Musick; for let me tell ye there's danger in't; and what will you say if about some nine Months hence you see another young minstrel come creeping out of you, with Musick far different from his? Therefore look to your hits, I say again, and have a care for the suture of frequenting the melodious Grove.

The brown Lass took her Companion's advice, yet Francion's Game was not spoil'd: he found Scholars enough besides who were glad to learn his Musick. In short, he seem'd to be the Town-Bull of that and all the adjacent Places. When he found any Girl more coy than the rest, he had a thousand Tricks to wheedle her to his Purpole. What fignifies it (says he to himself) tho I live but a mean Life here, fo long as I have Content and Diversion? From a Gentleman I am forc'd to become a keeper of Sheep, yet I enjoy the greatest Pleasures in the World; and why shou'd I be such a Fool as to afflict my self at the means, fince I am so happy as to obtain the end?

Thus he reason'd upon his Condition of Fortune, as many other Voluptuaries do, without dreaming once of the Punishments that follow a debauch'd and wicked Life.

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Some having play'd the Fool, and got Wenches with Child, are afterwards constrain'd to marry the Whores themselves, or else part with a good round Sum of Money to fob them off to others. Sometimes they get themselves fairly knock'd o'th' Head for their Folly, or stabb'd by the Relations of the Person they have debauch'd, who are provok'd to revenge the dishonour of their Family. Francion design'd not to stay long in that Place, which made him the bolder; yet he was to blame for running the hazard of it; and for the Country Girls, that shew'd themselves a pack of Silly Gipsies, that cou'd so easily be wheedl'd out of their Innocence. Francion, 'tis true, had a better Mien than any Person thereabouts, yet that shou'd have made him suspected. Love is an universal Conqueror, and easily subdues all manner of Spirits. There was not a Wench, I warrant ye, all about the Place but was charm'd with the beauty and gallantry of this Beau Shepherd, in spight of their natural Stupidity and Clownishness. The Labourer's Wife, where he liv'd, was smitten with him above Measure, and made him all the broad Signs she cou'd. She'd let him go out into the Field in a morning without e'er a bit in his Wallet, that she might go afterwards, and carry him his Dinner. She was continually toying and fooling with him, and gave him many a loving Leer, to fignify to him her Mind. Francion understood her meaning well enough, but none are fo blind as those that will not see: Her signs and motions were all

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all lost upon him, for he resolv'd to take no notice of them; and had such an aversion to her, that he had no more mind to kish her, than if she had been his Grandmother.

To try him one Day, she came laughing, and told him she had heard a piece of News that was nois'd all over the Country, and' what d'ye think 'tis ? fays she, why-I' Fecks they fay that you're in Love with me, and that you know better Things than to take up with the homely Employment of a Shepherd here, were it not for the opportunity of being with me. Phoo! fays Francion, Fools will prate, and make Stories, but they do but banter you that tell you fo, take my word for't. Why, is it impossible? fays she. No, fays Francion, I don't fay 'tis impossible: But that which is in our Power is not always in our Will. This perverse answer left her wider of the Mark than the was at first; and 'twas in vain that her Eyes sparkl'd Lust in his very Face, for he pretended not to observe it. The next day her Husband being absent upon a Journey the resolv'd not to slip the occasion, and while our Shepherd was in the Fields, what does she do but takes away his Bed, Sheets, Blanket, and all, fo that when he wou'd have gone to Bed, he was forc'd to go toher Chamber, and ask her, where she intended he shou'd lye that Night? Bless me! fays she, I had forgot to tell you, I have carry'd your bedding up into the Garret, where it must needs lie two or three Days to be air'd; but, look you——if you'll promise to be civil, and not touch me, I don't ES care

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106 The Comical History Book IX. care if I let you take a Room in my Bed for once-By no means, said Francion, who knew well enough what she wanted, I'll not put you to that trouble, but go and take up with an honest Truss of Straw in the Barn, Being thus balk'd in her first Plot; she put the Bedding in its Place again, and contriv'd another. She gets naked into a Chair in the middle of the Night, and falls a groaning and calling upon her Shepherd, who heard her distinctly in his Chamber, and came immediately with a Candle to fee what was the Matter .- Alas! fays she, I had some Occasion to step out of my Bed, and I am taken so Ill of a sudden, that I shall faint away if you do not carry me thither again, for I cannot stir Hand nor Foot. She spoke this in a languishing Tone of Voice, with many Interruptions, and her Head drooping on one fide, so that Francian thought she was fick in earnest, and charitably took up in his Arms this fulsom load of Mortality. but turn'd his Face another way to avoid rank Smells. Yet the embrac'd him eagerly, and stretch'd out her Neck like a Crane till the kiss'd his Cheek. Her Kindness was not very grateful to him; he threw her haftily upon the Bed, and bid her cover her felf if the pleas'd, for he was fo fleepy he cou'd flay no longer. Nay, what need you be in such hafte? fays she; I'll fend some body else in the Morning to look after the Cattel to make you amends for your Watching to Night. Why-what wou'd you have me do? fays Francion. Nothing, (she reply'd)

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reply'd) but stay and keep me Company; Lord! how cruel you are! Pray come a little nearer ....... And fo faying, fhe leap'd out of her Bed to meet him; as he was advancing a step or two, she caught him in her Arms again; but Francien found in himfelf a natural Antipathy, which made him thrust her from him once more, and fay to her laughing Indeed! Miffres of mine -then you are not fo ill, it feems, as you pretended; or may be 'tis nothing but Vapours; but pray remember, that in her Husband's absence a Woman shou'd desire no Bedfellow but her Pillow. She was in a devilish Rage at this answer, yet nothing cou'd turn her Love into Hatred. She attack'd. him still with her accustom'd Kindness, so that to rid himself of the Plague of her Importunity he pretended to have more Inclination to her than before; and because his Master was return'd, he told her she must take the Courage some Night when her good Man was fast affeep to come to him, and pass some Time in his Company. The Bargain was quickly agreed, and she was the most contented Woman upon Earth, proposing to her felf a full Satisfaction of her Defires.

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But Francian had other designs in his Head; in the evening he ask'd a Swineherd and a Cowkeeper that lay over the Stables, to pass one night in his Chamber, to see a Spirit that used to come and torment him: They thank'd him for his Love, but told him, that of all sorts of Beasts they car'd the least for Spirits.

Pshaw!

Pshaw! (says Francion) why, you're not afraid fure? I'll engage you shall receive no harm; for to tell you truly, I believe it's only the Maid which we had t'other day comes to scare me: therefore provide your felves with good store of Birch, and you shall lay the evil Spirit, I'll warrant you. This waggery pleas'd the Clowns more than if they had been invited to a Wed. ding or to Christmass Gambols; they hid themfelves there according to instruction, and arm'd with the necessary weapons of Correction, lay as quiet as Grimalkin over a Chink watching for a Mouse. The amorous Female, when her Husband was afleep, stole foftly from his fide, and double-lock'd the door after her, that Spoule might not come and catch her, if he chanc'd to wake, but that she might have leisure to invent some excufe for leaving him so unseasonably.

Francion, who heard her coming, bid his Companions stand to their Arms, for the Spirit approach'd: they were not deaf nor alleep, but as foon as their Mistress enter'd, they caught hold of her Smock, and turning it up, began to flog her more unmercifully than a furly Hangman does a poor Cut-purfe that has no Silver to greafe him. She perceiv'd that the had more Persecutors than one; and tho they claw'd her off to purpose, she durst not cry out for the world, left fhe should discover herself, and be expos'd in her impudent and shameful Crime; yet because they continu'd their furious Exercise, and scourg'd her hide as if they would cut her to pieces, she could hold no longer, but roar'd out, help! and

and murder! Her Husband, wak'd with the noise, and not knowing whence it came (for he was still half asleep) he march'd out at another door of the Chamber, and went down into the yard. Francion at last putting on bowels of compassion, took hold of the Swineherd's Arm, to let him know 'twas enough, at which fignal he and his Companion left off the discipline, and away scours the Dame; and, unlocking the door, gets into bed again. Her Husband feeing no body in the yard, came back into the house; but fancying that the noise might proceed from the Shepherd's Chamber, he comes stealing thither a-tiptoe to see if Francion was aseep. The two Champions, who yet held their weapons in their hands, thought this was another Spirit, and taking hold of his Arm, they ferv'd him with the same sauce, and laid about them so briskly, that they made him outrageous; fo that forcing himfelf out of their hands, he belabour'd them with his fifts with all the strength he had: They thought now 'twas a Spirit indeed, believing that no Mortal could give fuch blows, to avoid which they crept under the bed, and hoped the Spirit would not attack them there - Where the Devil are you? fays the Labourer - O dear Master (reply'd Francion) be gone immediately, if you love your ease, for here are cruel Spirits that torment me continually. — At which words away flew the Labourer, nor staid to ask questions, but made all the haste he could to bed, where he found his Wife snoring, who pretended

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pretended to have heard nothing. No! (fays he) — and with that he up and told her the story of the Hobgoblins, and how cruelly they had whipp'd him, and were vanish'd in a Moment. She was easy enough when the understood that he had met with his share too, and this was a mighty Consolation to her imarting Sides. The Labourer pitied his Shepherd heartily, to think what he endur'd from these unlucky Demons, and cate. chis'd him the next day about the nature of his torment. Francion answer'd him, and made such a dismal Story on't, as drew tears from all the Family. As for his loving Mistress, she had some shrewd doubts whether they were meer Spirits, and not rather fome living Creatures, that had claw'd her so substantially, perhaps by his direction: she was firmly perfuaded at last, that 'twas all a trick of his malice; for the observ'd he began to abate of the good humour he appear'd in when he promis'd to give her Satisfaction. He preach'd nothing to her now but Conscience and Chastity, and admonish'd her to be more faithful to her Husband than she had been: she was forc'd to take his advice, tho in her heart she was a Transgressor still.

After this (according to an opinion of the Vulgar concerning Shepherds) Francion was look'd upon to be a fort of Conjurer, and to have communication with Spirits. The Peafants had often overheard him talking to himfelf as he was making Verses; and because the poetical Phrases which he pronounc'd were unintelligible to them, they verily be-

liev'd he was converfing with some Demon: He feldom talk'd with the Brutes, unless he had a mind to laugh at their nonfense; and that made them suspect that his choice of Solitude was but the custom of an hellish Profession. They observ'd him very expert in many things uncommon to Peasants; he talk'd Latin once with some Priests, and made fuch a display of his Scholarship, that the Bumkins were all ready to swear the Devil was his Schoolmaster. Several strange things he perform'd by natural Magick, and cur'd Diseases so miraculously, that 'twas impossible to persuade them it could be done without Sorcery. They believ'd him moreover endowid with Prophecy and Divination. Once. in the company of some young Wenches of the Village, he screws up his Phiz into a formal Air of Learning and Authority: I'll hold a wager (fayshe) that I tell ye by my Art who in this Company is not a Maid. One of them reply'd, your Art will be to no purpose, I suppose; for you may be affur'd, that no Person here has lost her honour. As she spoke this, Francion observ'd that she blush'd; besides. her forwardness to reply and diffuade him from the discovery, gave him a shrewd suspicion that she was the Trespasser. He told them therefore that he would pursue his defign, but that he would favour Reputation, and not tell all of them the fecret, but trust it only to the Friend of the Party concern'd; and with that he whisper'd one of them in the ear \_\_\_ I have found by my Art, that the who spoke to me last, has been guilty of the

the Sin of Fornication. I can't believe it (fays the Girl.) No body can convince you of it (reply'd Francion) but she her self, or the Fellow that did it with her; yet you may depend upon my word as well as theirs. rest of the Company knew not who he meant, till about eight days after she was married to a Gardiner of the Village, and was in a little time brought to bed of a chopping Boy: and then she who was entrusted with the Prophecy, publish'd it for a Miracle, to the great credit of the Prophet. You must needs think that it gave occasion to a world of Mirth and Laughter, as well as Admiration; yet this cracking her Reputation was pretty well folder'd up, by the Fellow's declaring that the Child was his own; and that his Wife was such a cunning baggage, that she resolv'd not to buy the Cloth, till she had feen a Pattern; that if the did not like it, the might leave it to other customers.

The next day, one of the most stupid Wights in the Village, believing that nothing was unknown to Francion, sent for him, to be inform'd which of his Servants had stolen a piece of Pork out of his Powdering-tub; for he durst be sworn, that 'twas not stolen by Strangers. Our Conjurer had lost all his Reputation at once, if he had not bethought him of a cunning Stratagem. He takes a Wax-candle out of his pocket, and told them 'twas of his own making, and that he had mingled some choice Ingredients with the Wax, of such rare virtue, that when it was lighted none could blow it out but the Thies.

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You must all come (continu'd he to the Servants) one after another into this Chamber, where I will be alone to put you to the trial; and so saying, he enter'd the Room: the first that follow'd him being innocent, and relying on Francion's declaration, to justify himfelf blow'd with all his might; out went the Candle, and the Fellow in a surprize fwore heartily, that for all what had happen'd, he was not the Thief. You fee here (says Francion) what my Candle would make me believe; however, I shall say nothing against you, Friend; but go your way, hold your peace, and fend in your Fellows: and fo faying, he kindled the light again by the help of a Tinder-box, which he had there. The next who came had the same fortune with the first, and so had several others: they were all examin'd as they went out, but not one of them would answer a word. The last who came to the trial, had not so much Courage as the rest; for his Conscience was not so clear, and therefore he blow'd so very foftly, that he hardly made the Flame move; upon which Francion went to the Master of the House, and told him, that he had nothing to do to acquaint him whether the Candle were blown out or no; 'twas fufficient to assure him, that he who came last to blow, was the Rogue that had been plundering his Powdering-tub. The Labourer immediately fent home to the Fellow's House, just as his Wife was putting the stolen Pork into the Pot: He was convicted of the Crime, and Francion highly applauded for his

Skill, and rewarded with a finall piece of Money, which at that time was very welcome

to him.

After this, he pass'd generally for one of the greatest Diviners in the World; infomuch that going once upon fome business. and not knowing the Road, he ask'd a Fellow that he knew which was the nearest way? The Bumkin answer'd him with an Ideot-grin, why, what !- d'ye think to make your Jokes and Jests upon poor Volk, because they be'ant zo good Scholards as your zelf? as if you, vor zooth, that know the Devil and all, did not know the way -I'se not tell ye, not I, and zo good b'wey t'ye. This was all the answer Francion could get from him, so that he was forc'd to blunder on; and meeting no other Person upon the Road, he rambled fo much, that (Night coming on) he was conftrain'd to take up his Quarters in a Wood.

We have told ye before, that when he was making or repeating Verses, those who overheard him, thought he held discourse with a familiar Spirit. His Mistress was of that opinion, and she thought with herself besides—this young Fellow is of a brisk amorous Complexion, and I wonder how he can refuse the Courtesy I have offer'd him; were I as ugly as the Devil, yet methinks I might go down with him some time when his Blood boils—Therefore I am sully persuaded, that he has some other She-friend in a corner, that serves sometimes to assume that the serves sometimes to assume that the serves ser

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Thus she argu'd in her own thoughts, yet was not cunning enough to discover one of his haunts, tho he had so many: she came softly towards him one Evening, as he was lying on the Grass, and making a Song, which began thus,

Cloris, how ravishing's the Bliss, While I receive this melting Kiss.

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He repeated this Couplet several times. His Mistress thought he spoke to some Wench in his Arms, and gaz'd with all the Eyes she had, to fee who was the happy Person: she faw nothing, but perceiving him sometimes to stretch out his Arms, as he often did in the Transports of his Imagination, she entertain'd a Fancy worth recording. She had heard the Curate fay on the Sunday before, that there were certain Magicians, who used to lie with Devils, transform'd to Women. call'd Succuba's, and she verily believ'd, from the rapturous Expressions she had heard, that Francion had now in his Arms one of those charming Mistresses. After this, she troubled her head no more to enquire what Girl he frequented in a Corner, and why she her felf was so slighted by him: she look'd upon him with as much horror as if he had a cloven Foot, and she was sure that he never stirr'd any where but with a Demon at his tail, following him like an invisible Lacquey. 'Twas not hard now to guess, who it was that had bestow'd the lash on her so plentifully; for who should it be but his Succuba, resolved

to punish her for her desire to lie with Francion.

To reflect a little on these past Adven. tures: they have been contriv'd (as you may fee) to punish Vice. The whipping was very well bestow'd on this inconstant Country-Wife, for her Infidelity to her Husband, and desiring to tempt her Servant to Adultery. Indeed it may be said, 'twas not Francion's Virtue wholly that made him abstain; for the was ugly enough, and too foul a bit to go down with him. But let us put the best Construction on it however, and fince he did well in refuling her, let's e'en commend him for't, without enquiring too critically into the cause of it. As for the subtle Tricks which made him pass for such a Doctor in Divination and Magick, they ferv'd (you see) to expose such as had been faulty; as, the Wench that had let slip her Maidenhead, and the Rogue that filch'd away the Pork from his Master: and in this I believe the morosest Critick will give Francion his good word.

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#### COMICAL HISTORY

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E are now to inform you, that Francion fell in love with the Daughter of a rich Merchant, who was to come to pass some time in his Country-House, with

all his Family; and tho his Desires were running thus astray after one and another, he profess'd that Nais was still at the bottom of his Heart, and that he thought these petty

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Transgressions might be forgiven him, since the unfortunate Circumstances he was fallen into, did require some necessary Diversions.

As Fortune would have it, the Father of Tocunda (the Lady of his present Inclinations) fent for him to graft fome Trees in his Garden, in which it feems he was very expert, having learn'd it from Books of Gardening; and to fay truth, his Mind was like a Merchant's Warehouse, stock'd with almost all forts of Goods, and abundance of Trumpery that he had laid up there at leifure hours. Well, into the Garden he went, and was very bufy there, when the young Lady came to divert her Curiofity, in feeing him at work: He bles'd his Clown's Habit a thousand times, for the pleasant Intrigues it had already furnish'd him with, and for the present happy Opportunity of her Company. Focunda held a Book in her hand, in which fhe read by turns, as fhe flood by him. Francion took the occasion to accost her: Pray, Madam (fays he) may I be so bold as to ask what fine Book you are reading? If I would tell you the Title (fays she) 'twould be Greek and Hebrew to you; for you Peafants scarce know whether there be any Books in the World, besides your Almanacks. Pardon me, Madam, (fays he) as much a Clown as you think me, I know fomething of Books I'll affure you, and there are many good ones that I have read. Indeed (fays Jocunda) why, you amaze me!-Well, then, to fatisfy your Curiofity, this is

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is a a Book that treats of the Loves of Shepherds and Shepherdesses; pray, have you ever feen such a one? Yes, by my troth, have I, (reply'd Francian) and I must needs fay, they are very pretty reading, especially for fuch as are in the Country, as you are, Madam: for it is certainly very pleasant to have before your Eyes in reality, the Scenes that are there fo delightfully represented. How! you're mistaken (says she;) for if I had not some Curiolity to see the end of the Adventures here describ'd, I should never have patience to read it over. I am more delighted with true Histories, than with any thing I find in these fort of Books: here Shepherds are all Philosophers, and make love in as gallant a strain as any refin'd Courtier; and where's the sense of this now? Or why does not the Authors give them the name as well as the manners of Gentlemen. In that quality, he might make them Miracles of Wisdom and Eloquence, and 'twould be no Prodigy. Histories, whether real or fabulous, ought to represent things as near to Nature as possible; otherwise they are but Stories for Fools or Children in a Chimneycorner, and not fit to entertain People of lense, that have any Discernment. Book is the World turn'd topfy-turvy. I wish somebody would compose a Romance of the Amours of Gentlemen, and make them speak like Bumkins, and give them all the ill Manners and aukward Buffoonry of a company of Plough-jobbers; I'm sure'twould

120 The Comical History Book X. be no stranger than this, which is just the

contrary.

Francion perceiv'd by this Discourse, that she was a Wit, and such a one too as he always wish'd to meet with; he was the most contented Man in the World, to think how well he had plac'd his Affections; and, (not to lose the occasion) he made her this Reply. All that have any grains of Judgment, must needs approve of your Reasons, I own, that such a Book as that can afford you no pleasure; yet let me tell you too, Madam, that in the Country sometimes there may be found Men, who, under the plain Habit of Peasants, are capable of making Love with as much Civility, Prudence and Discretion, as any that are in the most flourishing Courts of Europe. Examples of this kind (reply'd Jocunda) are fo rare, that they will never make up a number sufficient to jultify my Author here with his Shepherds, Look you, Madam (faid Francion smiling) I dare affure you, that this place is not with out some of these gallant Shepherds; and if I my felf were number'd amongst them, I believe, without Vanity, I could make good the Character. I don't question it (reply'd Focunda) but 'twould be no easier matter for you to meet with your match among these Country Dowdies. Hang them (fays Francion) I scorn to cast my Eyes upon the Gyp. fies; no, Madam, here are others worthy of Love, not only from the politest Shepherd, but from the most accomplish'd Courtier; I'm fure, I may boldly affirm this, fince I have

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have had the happinhis to fee your Ladyship-Bless me! (says she) this from a Shepherd! I thought Flattery had only been practis'd at the Court, how comes it that you have learn'd it, I pray? I have only learn'd, Madam (reply'd Francion) to speak truth. After this Jocunda left him, and went to accompany her Mother, who had been walking alone: she was surpriz'd at the handsome Discourse of this Shepherd, and did almost believe it a Dream. Her Admiration was increas'd about Ten a-Clock that Night, at which time she heard him sing and play on the Lute under her Window; she knew who it was by some words in his Song, in which he intreated her not to despise the Shepherd to whom she had spoken. all a miracle to her, that a Man of his condition should be capable of making so good Verses, and play on the Lute too, and sing as well as the best Masters. The stupid Peafants, to whom these perfections had been shewn, did not admire them half so much as she, whose ingenious Mind had skill in every thing; yet this was nothing in comparison of a Billetdoux, which she receiv'd from him next morning, adorn'd with all the finest flowers of Eloquence: He used no other artifice to convey it to her hands, than putting it into a little basket made of Rushes, which a young Girl presented to her.

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focunda was in a world of Concern about her new Lover, whose condition was no ways pleasing to her. If his merit had not Vol. II.

qualify'd and abated her Resentment, she would not have lik'd very well his boldness in fending a Letter of Love. She had a long. ing defire to know whether his Education had given him these Gallantries and gentile Accomplishments; and for this cause fhe went out alone at the back-door, and permitted him the liberty of talking with her, having found him in an adjacent Ground feeding his Flock. After he had given her the good-morrow, and express'd his Joy for that happy Meeting, she said to him, Gentle Shepherd, I may believe, that for your diversion, you are ready to give me proofs of what you told me, that you are as compleat a Lover as any the City or Court can afford. I shall do it, Madam, (says he) not for pastime (as you imagine) but because Necessity constrains me, and I cannot help it Never tell me that (fays she) - Nothing's more true (he reply'd) than that your Beauties are sufficient to produce in me greater effects than this; and nothing but the Ambition I have to be your Captive, could have put me upon the presumptuous Liberty which I have taken. I know very well, that the meanness of my condition renders me un-Worthy of your Favours; but I endeavour to correct this default of Fortune, by excels of Affection. Jocunda smil'd, as if she pity'd his Folly, and changing the Discourse immediately, ask'd him where he was brought up? He reply'd, that if she'd take the trouble the next day to come thither at the fame hour, he'd fatisfy her at large; for you must know,

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know, he had a mind to premeditate upon the point, and not to answer that Question

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In the mean time, she inform'd herself of feveral other things concerning him. She was told what a fame he had all over the Country, and was almost persuaded to believe him a Magician, and that it was by some supernatural Art, that he had attain'd fo many Perfections: the next day they met at the time and place appointed. Jocunda challeng'd his promise, which he perform'd in this manner. You have commanded me, Madam, to discover to you who I am; 'tis no more than what Prudence obliges me to. if I would expect that you should have any regard to my Affection. Sincerely, then, I am a Gentleman of one of the noblest Families in France, who having feen you some time fince in the City, where you make your usual Abode, have been so entirely subdued by your Charms, that I resolved to take this Habit, and follow you hither, that I might have the opportunity of approaching you without suspicion. After this smooth Lye, which he told to bespeak more Respect from her, he bewitch'd her with a thouland Instances of an extreme Passion; so that not doubting but he was of great Quality, the made no scruple of affuring him, that his Pains should be well rewarded: and tho he was difguis'd in such a vile Habit, he had very much the Air of a Gentleman, and the was as much charm'd with him, as if he F 2

had been set off with the most costly Dress of a Courtier.

Having exchang'd the Affurances of a reciprocal Affection, they entertain'd themfelves with variety of Discourse. Jocundatold him what she had heard of his being a dealer with the Devil; but Francion, who scorn'd to impose upon her, as he had done upon the stupid Vulgar, unravel'd the Mystery to her, and gave her an account by what means he came to be dubb'd a Conjurer: she was extremely diverted with the pleasant

recital of his Feats of Art.

The curs'd hour of Separation being come, they could not part, till they had deliberated on ways and means to come together again; for Jocunda could not leave her Father's House, to meet him at every turn, without being suspected at last, and was afraid the Affair would come to be known. She resolved to feign herself sick, that he might be brought to her, who, according to the general opinion, was look'd upon to be such a Doctor, that no Disease or Malady could stand before him. This Expedient being resolved upon, they took their leaves, and withdrew to their respective Habitations.

Jocunda begun to play her part the same day, and making many a wry Face, complain'd to her Mother that she was almost kill'd with the Cholick. The Mother immediately salls a fondling of her, calls her poor Rogue, and makes her lie upon the Couch: if there had been any Physicians near, they had all been sent for that minute.

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Before she said a word of Francion, the Farmer (who was her Father's Tenant) mention'd him, and was for fending to him to come and give her Physick. Why, what! - fays the Father, d'ye think I'll trust my Daughter's Life in the hands of a Mountebank? What should you be afraid of (reply'd the Farmer) and why should he not cure your Daughter, as he has done every body else that has try'd him? Why - I tell ye, he's a very Devil incarnate, and can do e'en what he please. He's a better Scholar by half (d'ye see) than the Curate of our Parish. and can make a mere fool of him. -Slidikins! an't were my case, I'd have him before e'er a Doctor-dunce of them all. Jocunda's Father had receiv'd fo many affurances of his Skill from others, that he confented at last that he should be sent for. He comes. looks gravely upon the Patient, feels her Pulse, plucks out of his pocket a little Viol of Oil, warms it, dips a Rag in it, and goes to apply it to his Miffress's Stomach. No body was near the Bed-side, and he took the opportunity to play with her Breasts; and that he might pass for an universal Artist, the young Baggage immediately cry'd out. that she was much better, and only wanted some diversion - and I have heard, Shepherd (says she) that you play on the Lute, will you do me the favour of a lesson or two? You may command me (fays Francion) tho I confess 'tis not worth your hearing: He would have gone to fetch his Lute, but they fent a Messenger for it; as soon as he touch'd the

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the strings, they were all ravish'd with the Musick, but principally Jocunda. Her Parents desiring nothing so much as her health and satisfaction, and observing how much she was delighted with the Shepherd's Musick, permitted him to come again the next day, and help her to pass away the time. The old Folks were out of the way, being taken up about their houshold Affairs, and now it was that Francion gave his Mistress the most ample Demonstrations of his Passion; which prevail'd upon her to that degree, that she

promis'd him Satisfaction.

They might have had Opportunities e. nough in the Country to take their pleasure, but Jocunda that Evening was fore'd to return to the City with her Father and Mother: And every thing there seem'd to oppose their design, for the House had plaguy high Walls, and the Gate was always kept lock'd. She sent a Letter to her Spark (who staid at the Village) acquainting him what a Prisoner the was; and affuring him, nevertheless, that if he could find means to come to her, he should be made as welcome as he could wish. Francion set his Wits to work, and at last thought of this Stratagem. A Fellow was to carry the Merchant a Load of Hay; Francion resolv'd to hide himself in it, and gave Jocunda an Item of his delign. Waggoner was a dull thoughtless Wretch, and Francion made him believe what he pleafed. You must know, honest Friend (says he) that I have a great Curiofity to fee your Master's House; for I have been told 'tis woundy

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woundy fine! but how to get the fight on't I can't tell, unless you'll help me out, and carry me in your Waggon thither. That I will (quoth the Clown) with all my Heart's Blood and Guts; (for Francion was in his favour, and used to liquor his Throat for him fometimes.) Do but come to me when I am ready to go, and I dare fay you are fo well known, that they will not shut the Gate against you. I am known but too well (reply'd Francion) and that is the reafon why I would go in such a manner as no body may fee me; for I would confider the form of the House, and make a draught of it to serve a certain occasion, and it is not proper that your Mafter should know any thing of the matter, and therefore I intend to hide my felf in the Hay. 'Fore George! (cries the Fellow) a lucky Invention, and I'll not be the hindrance of it; and then, as for coming back, I shall be loaded with some empty Casks, fo that there you're fitted again. Why that will do rarely (fays Francion) provided you're as good as your word. The Carter made him a thousand promises of fidelity, and gave him notice when he was loaded and ready to go. Francion fet fomebody else to look after the Sheep, and dreffing himself in the best Clothes he had, met the Fellow in a Lane, where he had the opportunity of hiding himself in the Hay, without being observ'd: In the Evening they arriv'd at the House. The Carter unloading by himself, made Francion hide in a place where he lock'd him up. In truth, they were both

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Fools for their Pains, for it was ten to one they had been perceiv'd, and apprehended for a design of breaking up the House, and so have been forc'd to pay Sauce for't: but Francion, it seems, was resolv'd to push his

good Fortune to the utmost.

Jocunda, in the mean time, was extremely uneasy, not knowing whether he was come or no, and knew not how to be inform'd: the durst not enquire of the Waggoner, for fear of giving him some suspicion, and had fometimes a doubt, whether her Spark had not hid himself in the Hay unknown to him. In fine, when all were retir'd to bed, she march'd directly to the very place where he was, knowing if he were hid any where, it must be there: He was just got out of his hole, and peering about upon the watch, when she enter'd with a Candle, and knew You need not ask how they receiv'd one another, there was nothing but hugging and kissing for a full half hour, before they spoke a word. When this Extasy was something abated, they laid their Heads together how they should pass the Night. Jocunda durst not lead him to her Chamber, for fear of being caught upon the Stairs, or some other unlucky Accident. They remain'd therefore in that place, and Francion, to accommodate his Mistress as well as he could, fpread abroad some sumpter Cloths upon the Truffes of Hay; and tho the lodging was fomething hard, we may believe they were as well pleas'd as if it had been a Feather-bed. Francion told her the sham he had put upon

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the Waggoner, who was gone to fnore in another place, and imagin'd that Francion would spend the whole Night in gazing upon the Building by the light of the Moon and Jocunda, on t'other side, told him. that (to avoid lying in her Mother's Chamber, as her custom was) she made a pretence of the immoderate heat of the Season, and got leave to take up her Quarters in a little Room, that had a Passage thither by a small pair of Stairs, by which she could come to him; without traverling the Court. After this they propos'd feveral ways how they might: meet for the future; and Lovers never want Wit, to contrive for their Pleasure. That which feem'd the most promising Invention, That Francion should get into the Merchant's. Service, who being convinc'd of his Merit, would gladly take him in for his Factor before any other. Jocunda consented to this, expecting, with some Impatience, when he would discover who he was; and Francion was well enough pleas'd with any opportunity of leaving the Village, and the Company of gros-headed Lubbers, that begun to be intolerable to him: yet he did not defire to continue in his new Preferment long, in case that he should obtain it. He gave his Mistress. to understand, that he wanted a little furniture for his pockets: she supply'd him with as much as he defir'd, for the could deny him? nothing. In fhort, he enjoy'd with her all the Delights that could be imagin'd; when behold, a little twinkling Star, Day's Harlinger (as the Poets say) gave them the signal F 5

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of parting. At the moment they took leave, fomebody laid on the Gate good luftily, and in a trice a Footman that was awake came to open it. The Fellow that knock'd was in Arms, and faid in a furly Tone, go tell your Master, Friend, that there's a great Tumult in the City, and he must send out a Musquetier presently into the great Square, according to the Orders which I here give him from my Captain; run to him with this Meffage, and I'll guard your door. The Footman went immediately and rapp'd at his Master's Chamber, but he was fast asleep, and there was no admittance. In the mean time the Centry (an honest Cobler by trade) who thought himself more glorious than Cafar, being equipp'd with better Arms than his usual ones, the Awl and Paring-knife; this Train'd-band Hero, I say, begun to be weary of attending fo long, and fell a swaggering and bluftering, and fwore like a Duke, that by Gad 'twas very uncivil to make a Person of his office wait like a Porter - After this he open'd his Throat, and call'd as loud as he could, but could make no body answer; at which he flung away in a terrible huff, vowing that the Master of the House should pay dear for his rudeness.

Josunda had not yet the Courage to return to her Chamber, for fear of meeting the Footman or somebody else in the way. She thought it now a fair opportunity for Francion to march off, fince the door was open, and because it would be no easy matter for him to convey himself among the Waggoner's

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empty Casks, without the hazard of being discover'd. He approv'd her advice, and bolted out of his hole like a Coney in a Warren; and lest the Footman should come down in the interim and catch him, he scamper'd cross the Court as fast as his heels would carry him; but his Foot unhappily tripp'd at the Threshold, and down came Francion at his full length, not questioning but that he made work for the Bone-setter. Jocunda saw this miserable fall, which made her Heart ake with Compassion, yet for her life she durst not stir to his assistance, but slily slipp'd back to her Chamber secure, as if she had never lest it.

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With much-ado Francion got upon his Legs, and hobbled along at a wretched rate, leaning against the Wall. 'Twas well he got clear of the House, for the Footman came in Arms presently after, having his Master's Com-mands to go and muster in the great Square. Crippled as he was, he walk'd his beft, and was e'en ready to drop to the Ground; when casting his Eyes towards the corner of the Street, he perceiv'd a great Elbow-chair, from whence he faw a Man rife on a sudden, and make what speed he could to be gone, tho he seem'd to be as lame as himself. In Faith, (fays Francion) Mr. what shall I call you, I will not be so disdainful as you feem; but if I can but crawl to that honest Chair, I will fit down in it very contentedly, and give my Bones a resting: he did so, and found the Seat very foft, for these was an easy Cufhion.

shion in it, as if it had been provided on

purpole.

And now we must leave him lolling like a lazy Tudge on the Bench, and make a small Digression, to tell you what the Gentleman was, whose place he had taken. 'Twas an old gouty Wretch, the most wicked in the whole City, and perhaps Country too; tho both fwarm'd with Sinners of all forts: His whole Employment was fowing Contention and hatching Quarrels, even amongst most illustrious Persons. He had an implacable Grudge against a Nobleman, who was newly come thither in quality of Governor of the Place, and had the good word of all. besides this Villain, who hated him for his Virtues; for he was of a humour so perverse and spiteful, that Scandal was his very Food, and he could sooner be hang'd, than forbear railing at a great Man. Every body was fenfible, that in vilifying the present Governor, he did but act agreeable to his temper and custom; for he had never once fet Eye of him, nor was acquainted with any of his Actions, good or bad : but he impudently charg'd him at a venture, with the same faults, which he had remark'd in other Governors, for 'twas his avow'd principle, that they were all Rogues by their quality and office. Yet it feems he was very familiar with a Person of great Figure and Authority, and to beget in him an Enmity against the Governor, he confidently told him one day, that he was very well affur'd, that this Lord was one of the most treacherous Vipers upon Earth, and that they

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they had need have an Eye upon him, for to his Knowledge, he had a Design to betray the City into the hands of a Foreigner. This Story pass'd for an Oracle, out of the Mouth of this reverend old Rogue, who cou'd difguise his Malice so artificially, that one wou'd take him for all Wisdom and Goodness. He swore to the Truth of it, and affirmed moreover, that he had Information of a most

hellish Plot that was a hatching.

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The Governour out of a good design, had pass'd the Evening before thro' all the Streets with his Guard: The Gentleman. whom this gouty Rascal had been buzzing in the Ear with Suspicions, had observ'd it, and believ'd verily 'twas in order to execute some wicked Contrivance; wherefore, having rais'd the Mob, and told them this fair Tale, there was mischief on foot presently, and all were for taking up Arms. Summons was fent from House to House, and all was in an Uproar and Confusion. The Governour came forth with stronger Guards than before, to know the Reason. If the fury of the People had not happily been reclaim'd, he had certainly been torn in pieces. Old gouty Legs, to provoke them to this villany, was got to a Window, from whence he loo'd them on with a cry of Liberty, Liberty, Gentlemen, and hang up the wicked Judas, that wou'd betray and fell us: But by good Fortune, some wise Men were heard in their turns, who gave them better Counsel, and restrain'd their Hands, The Governour fatisfy'd them of his good Intentions

Intentions to the Publick. But in the mean time, the Messengers were going from House to House, to summon them all to Arms, and one (as we told you) call'd at the Merchant's where Francion was hid.

The Governour, who heard the gouty Rebel's voice trumpetting fo loudly to Sedition, and had been advis'd that he was the Torch that had kindl'd all this Fire, refolv'd to fend for him, and chaftise him according to his Deferts. He employ'd two of his Servants, who had been at his House before. to go and tell, That their Lord having a great opinion of his Prudence and Wisdom, desir'd he wou'd come and give him his Counsel and Assistance, in composing these popular Tumults. He wou'd not believe a word on't at first, but they made so many ferious Protestations to him, that he was induc'd to believe the Governour was mistaken in him, and did in earnest desire his Advice. He accepted of the Invitation, in hopes of Honour and Advantage by it. He confented therefore, that the Men shou'd put him into an Arm-Chair, and carry him whither they wou'd else have hal'd him by Force. He was advanc'd good part of the way, when one came and whisper'd one of the Fellows in the Ear, that the Governour was gone to the Castle, and they must lug their load of Knavery thither. The old Rogue had better Ears than was imagin'd, and overheard this whisper, which he thought boded no good for him. Besides, they did not carry him respectfully at all, but jostled him about in

in their hasty march, worse than if they had rumbled him in a Wheel-barrow, fo that he had a shrewd fancy, that he shou'd not meet with the best treatment at the Castle. Yet he fat quietly, and made no words on't, knowing 'twou'd be in vain, but feign'd himself asleep, and snor'd like an Offler. His Bearers not being us'd to fuch heavy Luggage, were foundly tir'd, and sweat plentifully, so that at the corner of the Street, where Jocunda liv'd, feeing no-body near. they were willing to repose a little, and were going into an Ale-House for a chirrupping Cup, where they took a little too much, believing their Prisoner was fast asleep the while, or that if he wak'd he wou'd, not wish to give them the Slip; or put the worst, those swell'd Legs and crippl'd Feet wou'd make but a forry pair at running. But they were mistaken, for as soon as ever he faw them hous'd, fear found him Legs, and he left the Place for Francion.

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After t'other Pot and the Reckoning they came back to the Chair, not suspecting that 'twas another Person in it, for Francion was cover'd with a Curtain that was made to draw before the Chair, fo that they faw nothing of him but his Feet. They took him up, and on they carry'd him briskly, for the Liquor had supply'd them with new Spirits. Francion spoke not a Syllable, for fear they shou'd stop and find their mistake; 'tis an easy way of Travelling (thought he) for a Man in my lame Circumstances, and let them lug me e'en where they will, I

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shan't be a step out of my Way; without doubt now I'm going to the Hospital directly, in the room of some fick disabl'd Wretch or other --- Why, with all my Heart, I'faith, and better by half than lie groaning in the Street like a Dog run over by a Cart. If my Fall (which was a plaguy one) has broke a Rib, or requires Bleeding, why, there's the Surgeon and his Plaister-box ready without fending for ; his Bearers, in the mean time, were as filent as he, for they took him for old Father gouty Legs, and were very loth to awake him. When they were come to the Castle, they carry'd him up into a Chamber, without looking at him. all the while, and made all the hafte they cou'd to tell their Lord, his Commands were obey'd, fearing they shou'd meet with a reproof for staying so long. The Governour (after they had spoke with him) went directly to the Chamber, attended with one of his Gentlemen, and having never feen the gouty Traitor, nor heard whether he was an old or young Man, he eafily mistook Francion for him, and tugging him by his Arm

How now, (lays he) Mr. little Manners and less Honesty! Where's your Reverence to those in Authority over you? Francion cou'd not stand upon his Legs, therefore he demurely kept his Seat, and only faluted him with a careless Nod. What! says the Governour, your Gout has lam'd you! I'll cure you quickly, I warrant you. I have not only the Gout (reply'd Francion) but I'm overwhelm'd with whole Tides of Afflicti-

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on, which you will never be able to rid me of, for the Spring that feeds them can't be dry'd up. Come, come, (fays the Governour) no more of this Discourse, I did not fend for you to pass away the time in unprofitable Complaints; and now answer me if you are not a perfidious Villain, and a dilturber of the publick Quiet, who have perniciously stirr'd up the People to Tumult, tho they were quiet enough before, and very well fatisfy'd with my Government? And this out of a malignant defire thou hadft to fee the City all in Flames. Come on-let's her now what you have to fay for your felf, or what's your quarrel against me, that nothing will fatisfy you unless I'm kill'd or driven away? Have I ever giv'n thee any Cause? Francion not being able to dive into the Governour's meaning and observing too, that he did not look like a Man in a Paffion, thought 'twas only a banter, and to make himself merry; and therefore, refolv'd to be merry too, in his turn: (for he was Heart-whole still, in spight of his batter'd Carcass) To answer your particulars, Mr. Governour, (reply'd he) I fet your City in a Tumult for my Diversion, for 'tis excellent sport to fee the huddle of Men running to their Neighbours Wives, and Women visiting one another's Husbands, Lovers getting their Mistresses in a Croud, and boldly entring Houses, where before they did not dare to look up at the Window; for in such a hurry, you know, there's opportunity for many

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many a merry Prank. But as for any hatred to your Person, dear Governour, there you wrong me I'faith——The Governour knew not whether he shou'd be merry or angry, at this curious Oration——But come, says he, don't think your Raillery shall bring you off, for in requital of your sooling in Jest, I shall make you be hang'd

in Earnest.

As he spoke those words, some Counsellors of the City enter'd, and ask'd the Governour if he had caus'd the gouty Rebel to be feiz'd? Here he fits (fays he) don't you fee him: But either the Fellow's mad, or counterfeits madness to get a Pardon, for I can't make him give me a rational Answer, Who brought this Man hither? (fays one of the Company) for I'll be fworn this is no more he, than I'm the King of Spain. Then I have been finely impos'd upon, (reply'd the Governonr) and call'd up his Servants to know the reason: They look'd upon Francion and protested they knew nothing of him, for the Man they brought was not at all like him, but much older. Then (fays the Governour) the Devil has carry'd him away, and fent this Fellow in his place. Every one pass'd his judgment about it, but all agreed that none cou'd give an account of the mistake but the Man himself: Why then you must know (says Francion) that he who was first in the Chair, made his escape, and the defire of reposing in an easy Seat, made me take his Place. The Bearers of the Chair were much blam'd for their Negligence, and

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and fearch was again made for the old Ringleader of Sedition, who, being put into the hands of Justice, was condemn'd and hang'd; and from that Day he was perfectly cur'd

of the Gout and all other Distempers.

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As for Francion, they let him go e'en where he pleas'd, without any disturbance. He debated with himself whether he had best return to his Village, but resolv'd at last to go there no more. Nais was now in his Head again, and the next Resolution was, not to put in practice what he had promis'd Jocunda, for his Passion for her was pretty well cool'd. Thus was this indifcreet Lady. deservedly punish'd for abandoning her Virtue, and refigning her felf to a Man she did not know, who left her without so much as a civil Farewel, and took no further care of her; a fair warning to her at least, to have a care how she made any such familiar and uncertain Contracts for the future. Francion for his part came luckily off, and we do not find that any great Misfortunes befel him at any time; for, wicked as he was, he had some remaining Inclinations to Virtue; and Heaven will not lose those who are one Day to be reclaim'd.

Having no more affection for Pleasures of the Country, he determin'd to go to Lyons, and borrow some Mony to put himself in an Equipage, in order to pursue his first design. The first Person he met on the Road, was a Soldier with a very light Purse, a tatter'd red pair of Breeches, and a leathern Doublet, all cover'd with Grease. Francion

ask'd

140 The Comical History Book X. ask'd him to change Clothes with him, and promis'd him some Money into the bargain, The Gentleman Soldier was content, and for a small matter put off his Nobility, and took upon him the vile Habit of a Peasant. Francion was not a little proud of his fine new Drefs, and having likewife bought the Warrior's Sword, he was at a loss how he shou'd wear it, because honest Red-coat wou'd not be persuaded to sell his Belt too, but vow'd he'd carry off that at least, to testify that he had been in the Wars. At last Francion bethought himself of a great leather thong, with which he us'd to lead his Dog, when he was a Shepherd, and this he converted, as well as he cou'd, into a Scarf for his Sword. Moreover, he had a taper-crown'd narrow-brim'd Hat, that fat in a very burlesque figure on his Head, and much pleas'd his Fancy. He travell'd sometimes a Foot, sometimes in a Coach, as occafion offer'd; but with all possible Expedition, and he manag'd his Money as prudently as he cou'd. Excuse me if I don't tell you, whether he pass'd over Mountains or Rivers, thro Cities or Villages, for I'm in no humour for being so particular: Let it suffice to say, that after some Days Journey he lodg'd at a Village not far from Lyons, and next Morning (being Sunday) came to another Town fill nearer. Every one was then at Mass, fo that finding no body at the Inn to give him fomething to eat, he thought of fitting down under a great Elm in the Church-yard, till Church was ended. A Country-Bumkin, who

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till cin, who either had Bufiness or wanted his Dinner. came ont before the rest of the People, and passing by Francion took him for a broken Trumpeter, fuch as us'd, when the War was ended, to stroll up and down felling Cures for Corns and Toothach, and playing the Hocus Pocus. D'ye hear, you Trumpeter, (crys the Fellow) what have you to fell? The rarest Medicines i'the World, reply'd Francion, (who guess'd what the Clown took him for) Medicines that will cure all manner of Evils, will turn Blockheads into Statesmen and Philosophers, and make poor Rogues that han't a Shirt to their shoulders, in a little time as rich as Usurers. where d'ye put these Rarities, (crys the Country-man) for I fee neither Box nor Bag? You're a Numb-scull (says Francion) if you think my Wares are like the common ones that are put into Bags and Boxes, I tell you I carry them all in my Head. The Fellow verily believed him, because he spoke it with a grave Air, and was proud to be the first to report the News, of this rare Mountebank that knew and cou'd perform, more then the Devil himself. Every one had a curiofity to fee him, and Mass was no sooner ended, but he was compass'd with a croud of Tag-rag and Bob-tail of all Ages.

Seeing such a Multitude about him, he found himself oblig'd to play the Mounte-bank; he resolv'd to take some Diversion in the Frolick, and in a humorous Vein, begun to gabble over a World of Gibberish to amuse them, and make them stare. When

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he had fet the Croud agape, and found that he had them as fast by the Ear, as if they were all in the Pillory, he enter'd with this

florid Oration.

Take notice I beseech you, honest Friends, that I am none of those scoundrel Impostors, that stroll the Country selling Balfam and Ointments that will help all manner of Evils, and not cure one. No -I'll affure you, my Medicins are diverforum generum, that is to say another sort.
For knowledg I dare defy ev'n the illustrious Tabarin himself, who you know makes at present such a noise in all the famous Cities of France. I'm no pitiful Tooth-draw-Rogue, no drudging pretending Operator, but Physician is the Title I claim; Phyfician I fay, the according as I fee occasion I can both prescribe and make Medicines. But Vanitas vanitatum, 'tis a folly to be vain; and this that I have told you, is the least part of my Excellence, for the best of my Goods Mecum Porto, I carry in my Head. In short, I may say that I have so much Wit, that I can fell some to others, and you may have a bargain of Discretion, of Subtlety, or of deep Knowledge and Wisdom. Pray look me well in the Face, or I'm not asham'd on't, you little imagine what I am why then, I'll tell you -I'm descended of a Family in which all the Males are Prophets. My Father and Grandfather were so before me, but nothing at all in comparison of me, for I have

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have improv'd the Stock they left me, and have added to my natural Talent by Learning and Study. I have no need I'll affure you, to stand here making Speeches, for (if I wou'd) I might be continually in the presence of Kings, but—Libertas ' valet omnia, Liberty is better than a Prince's Table; and as a Learned Author has it. cum divitiis crescunt Cura. A fat Benefice 's spoils the Curate. I dont value Riches so 'long as I have Merit, and I'm fure I ferve God better in going thus from Town to 'Town Charitably, to help all manner of Persons, than if I confin'd my self like a lazy Drone to live always in one Place. Don't expect now to hear me tell 'you some ridiculous Story to make you ' laugh, it becomes not a Man of my Learn-'ing to play the Jack-pudding. Those that have occasion for my Advice, let them 'come to me. I'll tell the young forward 'Lover whether his Miltress be a Maid, and 'the marry'd Man, whether their Wives have horn'd them. As for Diseases, I shall ' say more to you to morrow when I shall be at this Place again.

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While he was making this Speech, the Bumkins throng'd about him so thick, that a Dog cou'd scarce run betwixt their Legs. They leer'd upon him with a great many gestures of Admiration, and were wonderfully smitten with his Discourse. Yet tho they took every word that he utter'd for Truth, they were afraid to put their Queries to him. Every one was asham'd to en-

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quire about his Wife's honesty, lest the very Question shou'd render it suspected, and make him be laugh'd at by all the rest for a Cuckold. Those therefore, who wanted satisfaction in that Point, thought proper to deser it to a privater opportunity, as did likewise the Lovers, who were for examining their Mistresses Chassity. Some trisling Questions indeed were put to him, to which he gave as trisling Answers. But hunger prevailing, he civilly desir'd his Audience to let him withdraw to Dinner, and come afterwards (says he) to my Quarters, I'll answer

you as many Questions as you will.

The Inn-keeper, who was among the Croud, conducted him to his House, and leaving his Spouse alone came to dine with his Guest. When they were by themselves, mine Host open'd his heart and said, I have a Wife as you see tolerably handsome, but - a Pox of Jealousy - I can't for my Life be persuaded but that she cuckolds me. If I were but fure on't I shou'd not be half so uneasy, therefore pray deliver me from my doubts. That I will (fays Francion) for thou art a pretty Fellow, and 'tis fit thou shoud'st know thy Fortune. Tell her, therefore, at Night when you're going to Bed, that 'tis my Prediction, That before the Morning all Cuckolds shall be transform'd into Dogs. Observe what she says and does upon this, and you and I will talk further on't afterwards.

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The Inn-keeper was pleas'd with his Advice, and had done speaking, when presently there

there came in a whole croud of Clients to put their Cases to Francion. Some aniorous young Fools ask'd if the Sweet-Hearts were Maids. Francion, after enquiring their Names, answer'd yes or no, at random. As soon as these were withdrawn; enter'd a lubberly Coxcomb with a rueful Phiz, and pulling Francion by the Sleeve, takes him aside: Sir, fays the Fellow, I'm in a great perplexity. My Daughter has a great Belly, and Vows she does not know by whom; if we cou'd find. out the Rogue, we'd make him marry her, that is provided he be a rich Rogue, and if a poor one he shou'd have his reward upon his Shoulders. My Wife and I were absent upon a Journey, the poor Girl lay alone in our Chamber, when this Ruffian stole into the Room and rob'd her of her Virginity, but who he was Heav'n knows, for he spoke not a Syllable. One of your own Servants it may be, fays Francion; I believe fo, fays the Fellow, but I have fix, viz. two Carters, two Threshers, a Shepherd, and a Swineherd, now for the Love of Heav'n, what shall I do in this case? or which shall I lay it upon? Lie out of your House again to Night (reply'd Francion) and let your Daughter take the same Bed, and see her Door no better lock'd than before. She'll have her Visiter again, my word for't, and whether he speaks or not, let her mark him in the Forehead with a mixture which I'll give you; the mark will not foon be rub'd out, you'll find it in the Morning, and by this means difcover him.

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Francion after this, defir'd the Pealant to withdraw; while he prepar'd the mixture "Twas nothing but some Soot and Oil, which he quickly gave to the Fellow, and bid him apply it according to his inftructions. The Clown went home and communicated the Project to his Daughter, who promis'd to do as he had desir'd. He and his Wife lay that Night at a Relation's House in a neighbouring Village. The Daughter went to Bed, without fastning her Door. The fix Servants were lodg'd in an opposite Room, and every one flept foundly, but the Shepherd, who taking the opportunity, stole softly into his young Mistress's Bed, to play the second part to the same tune. She was awake, and when he offer'd to kiss her, she push'd him back with one Hand, and touched his Forehead with a Finger of the other Hand. which the had dipp'd in the Soot and Oil, After this her Care was over, and she spar'd the trouble of making any more Relistance. When the first Embraces were over, she conjur'd him to tell who he was, for (fays the) you'll gain nothing by your filence, the Mountebank that knows every thing will tell me to morrow. Befides, how d'ye think I can love you if I must not know you? This prevail'd upon him to confess he was the Shepherd, and he added the protestations of an unbounded Affection to tell me of this sooner? I have giv'n you a mark, which you will not easily get out, and

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and which will discover you to my Father to morrow, who will never confent that we shall be marry'd, so that he'll bave you ounish'd by the hands of Justice, and I shall be extremely forry, for I always had a kindness for you, the I never durst express it. I thank you (faid the Shepherd) for your kind Love, and if you mean to continue it. give me some of that which you mark'd me with, and let me alone to deal with your Father. She gave him the Gally-pot, which he took into the next Room, and dipping his Finger, mark'd all his Fellow Servants in the Forehead like himself, and then boldly return'd and pass'd the rest of the Night with his Mistress.

As foon as it was Light, the Master of the House came home, and being intent upon the Discovery caus'd all his Servants to come before him, he look'd upon them one by one, and was amaz'd to fee them all daub'd alike. Whereupon in a great Paffion he goes to his Daughter—Death o' the Devil! fays he, if all those with black Foreheads have lain with thee this Night. never was a Farmer's Daughter so handled before! She fwore and protested, that there came but one to her, whom she wou'd have relisted with all her might, but she thought the shou'd lose the opportunity of discovering him, and that for her Life she cou'd not imagine how the rest came by the Mark. All the Remedy which the honest Peasant had in this Case was to return to his G 2 Mounte-

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Mountebank for new Instructions. Haste home again (fays Francion) examine your Servants once more, and see if one of them has not black Fingers; feize him, for that's the Thief of your Daughter's Honour. Honest Clod did as he was directed, and feizing the Shepherd (whose Fingers betray'd him) 'tis very well, Mr. Rogue (fays he) I shall take care to have you hang'd. What! ravish your Master's Daughter while she was afleep?—While he spoke these Words, he had him fast by the Collar, and call'd to the rest of his Servants to lay hold on him, and drag him to Prison. But the Shepherd cry'd out, Hands off a little! It's true, my good Master, that I have lain with your Daughter, I don't deny that, and I must own too, that the first time, I found her afleep. But then she soon wak'd and fuffer'd all very quietly, so that there was no force in the Business, and you can't prove it a Rape, for she's of Age and not to be dealt with after this manner,

As these words were speaking, in came the Damsel's Mother, Uncle and Aunt, who being sully acquainted with the matter interceded for Peace, and to pacify the surjous Father, remonstrated to him that there's no helping what's past, that Marriages are made in Heav'n, and that without doubt this Shepherd was ordain'd to be her Husband. That notwithstanding what he had done, he was a good promising Youth, and that Matrimony must make amends. The Master was push'd so far, that a bargain was

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struck up that very Day, to the great satisfaction of all Parties. And the Father diverted them by relating the ingenious Artifices the Mountebank had taught him, in order to the making this Discovery, for which he resolv'd to give him his Thanks,

and a good Reward.

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While these things happen'd, Francion's Knowledge and Art had produc'd another Effect. The jealous Inn-keeper had been upon the trial of his Wife's Chastity, and fearching after a fecret which he did not desire to find. He remember'd Francion's Counsel, and as he was going to Bed-My Dear, (fays he) I've heard strange News, what is it (fays she) must not I know? By no means (he reply'd) you're a telltale. Upon my Faith (fays she) not I-Well, I fee now how you love me, for you wou'd not conceal any thing from the Wife of your Bosom. Why, prithee (fays he) my dear bosom Companion don't be angry, the Mountebank has told it me for a fecret, yet upon promise of keeping thy Tongue from tattling, thou shalt have it. Be it known unto thee then, that before to morrow Morning all the Cuckolds in the Town will be transform'd into Dogs. Pish! is that all, (fays she) why! what need you care, unless you were one? That's true, cry'd mine Host (muttering between his Teeth) yet we ought to have a Christian Compassion, and fellow-feeling of one anothers Misfortunes. You fay well (reply'd the Hostess) but what reason have you to believe G 3 this

this Fore-teller of Mischief? I warrant he's some broken Almanack-maker or other, that can prophely of things after they're come to pass, and give a shrend guess at the Weather when he fees it. Wou'd to Heav'n you'd put these Fancies out of your Head, and go to fleep. For my part I can't come to Bed yet, there's the Oven to be heated first and our Tade of a Servant is as careless as the Devil. She made this an Excuse to withdraw, and instead of looking to the Oven away she troops to a Gang of her Gossips, She cou'd as well be hang'd as hold her Tongue; and therefore, she out with the Secret to them; they were extremely furpriz'd, every one ran about with the information to all her Acquaintance, so that in an instant 'twas spread over the whole Village.

Mine Hostess when she was a Bed expected the Morning with a world of uneafiness, and long'd to see how 'twou'd go with her Spoule. At break of Day she arose, and gently uncovering his Head and Shoulders, as he flept, was not a little fatisfy'd to behold him still in the form of a Christian, She left him, but he awak'd foon after, and his Head being full of the Stratagem, as the return'd into the Room, he fell a yelping and barking like a Mastiff, at which the good Woman affrighted, (for she lov'd him) fell upon her Marrow-bones at the Bed's feet, and in a difmal Tone, cry'd out-Mercy of Heaven, what have I done! that for two poor transgressions, and no more, my

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my Husband must suffer this vile Transformation! At which Words the Cuckold whips out of his Kennel, and begun to belabour her Bones well-favour'dly—crying out, no Husfy! 'tis not I shall be turn'd into a Dog, but you into a Bitch or a she Wolf. Indeed, Mrs. Iniquity! Have I caught you at your confessions? Twice d'vefay? Where—how? with whom? answer me quickly! or I'll-Nay, good Husband (cry'd the poor Creature) be pacify'd a little, and I'll confess all. About eight Davs after we were marry'd, there was a fine young Lord in the Town (as you may remember) who came hither, and began to wheedle me with many a pretty Story, that I was young and handsome. After which he kis'd me and so forth, and for my Life I cou'd not refuse him, for fear he wou'd take it as an Affront. But when his Valet do Chambre wou'd have taken the same Liberty, as he met me once in the dark, and begun to be very sweet upon me, Marry come up, Mr. Saucy-face, (fays I) and are you so liquorish. indeed? No, keep your distance, for you are not a Lord, and I despise you. After that, I was convinc'd of my fault, and that I ought not to yield up my Honour, either to Man or Master. Yet here was once a Crew of roguish plundering Red-coats, that play'd the Devil in your absence, and one of them told me bluntly, and swore to it, that he wou'd either lie with me, or take away all the Poultry. Of two Evils I was for the least, to avoid your Damage and

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Displeasure; for had the Poultry been stole. you must needs have perceiv'd it, but you cou'd not perceive if he lay with me, because nothing (you know) was taken away or remov'd out of its place. You fee here (my dear Husband) how I have fail'd twice, yet I know not whether you ought to punish me, for they fay the first first fault shou'd be reprov'd, the second pardoned, and the third only, and those that follow afterwards are to pay for all. Therefore you'd do well to forgive me, because I have not offended thrice. In good time (reply'd the Husband) but let me tell you (Mistress) that two times will finish a Cuckold as effectually as twenty. Once I confess is hardly enough, for he's but half a Beaft that wears but one branch on his forehead, nor can he deserve the worshipful Title, till both his horns are planted. But Husband (fays she) he's no Cuckold that can believe himself none, and I never intended to make you one even the time when I first trespass'd. Besides, I have heard the wife and learned fay, That when a Woman, has an inclination to cornute her Husband, tho it shoul'd never be put in Practice, he's a Cuckold from that hour; but if the lofes that inclination, and loves only him, he's no more a Cuckold, whatfoever has past before. The good Man was fatisfy'd with these Reasons, and resolv'd to live quietly and lovingly hereafter with a Woman that appear'd so wise and dis-

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The other Women who had heard this Prophecy relating to the Metamorpholis of Cuckolds, were infinitely perplex'd about it, Those especially whose Virtue had giv'n them the flip. The Devil a wink did they sleep that Night, but were very busy in feeling their Husbands Faces, and examining if their Ears began to shoot out longer; some, that were less cautious inform'd their Husbands of what they had heard, who perceiving their Fears and Apprehensions aabout it, concluded they had been failing in point of Chastity, and in requital thrash'd them so handsomely, that they were never frolicksome afterwards. However, they did not know what to think of the Mountebank, for they all took him for an extraordinary Person, and thought it long till they saw him again. Francion, to make himself sport, had spent all the Night compounding Ointments of Butter, Bees-wax, Oil, and other Ingredients, which he resolv'd to distribute in exchange for good Silver, as being an accomodation which he stood much in need of at present. His Medicines were innocent at least, if not beneficial: for he was not willing to make any Person be a sufferer by his Frolick, but rather study'd how to render it useful to others, as well as diverting to himself.

The hour being come in which he was to make his appearance, he fent all his Trumpery to the place in a great Box; he would have been glad if he could have got a Guitar, that he might have entertain'd his Audience G

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154 The Comical History Book X. with a Crash of Musick, and play'd the Mountebank more compleatly. But for want of that, he diverted them with his discourse. which was better; yet not a word was faid of the Cuckolds that were to have been transform'd into Dogs, so that those who heard the Report, turn'd it all into meer Raillery. Scarce had he begun his eloquent Harangue upon the usefulness of his Medicines, when there came up to the place a Man on Horseback, who listening for some time, and staring at him with earnestness, dismounted; and making his way thro' the Crowd, came to embrace his Knees, crying out, Ah, my good Master! in what an Equipage are you here? and how glad am I to have found you! Francion knew well enough at first, that 'twas his Valet de Chambre, yet did not take notice of him, but faid carelelly, withdraw Friend, and I'll talk with you anon; give me leave a little to fatisfy these honest People. And so saying, he return'd to the business of his Drugs, distributing them among his Customers as they ask'd for them: he had his trade so perfect, and mimick'd the Gestures and Cant of that fort of Impostors so much to the life, that his Valet, Petronius, was aftonish'd, and begun to doubt whether 'twas his Master or no. But now his Powders and Ointment being all fold, Francion left the Company, and came to him with inexpressible Joy: they withdrew together to the Inn, while the Peasants dispers'd themselves. Francion ask'd in the first place, where was the rest of his People? Petronius

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Petronius answer'd, that after the loss of their Master, they were gone to seek their Fortunes, believing that he was dead. That for himself, he had been in quest of him without cealing, both in France and Italy; and if he had not now happily found him, he would have travell'd to Rome, to see if he could. have met him there. Francion gave him a short History of his Adventures, which fill'd him with Amazement; and affuring him that he died with the impatient defire of being at Rome, and in his Mistress's company, he refolved to be gone immediately for Lyons, in order to get a supply of Money for his Voyage. Petronius told him, that after he had loft him, not knowing what to do with the Horses and Baggage, he had sold them all, except that which he rode upon, and that he had good part of the Money left; which Francion receiving, bought a little Nag for his Man in the same Village, and mounting himself on the other, rode away. leaving the whole Town highly fatisfy'd with his Medicines. They came into Lyons very late, fo that Francion's fine Habit was not perceiv'd. Next morning he had a Taylor, that rigg'd him from head to foot, and then going to a Banker of his Acquaintance, he made known his wants. The Banker promifed to lend him as much as he pleas'd, being confident that he should be no loser by him. He took Bills of Exchange to receive Money at Rome, and to answer them, gavehim others of the like value drawn upon his. Mother. And thus having put his Affairs in order

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order, he took the Road for Italy, attended only by Petronius, to whom he promis'd large Rewards for his Fidelity. He made such haste, that he staid to see no Curiosity in the Cities he pass'd thro', for he sought after nothing but Nais, the fight of whom alone he preferr'd to all the Rarities in the world. He met with no Adventure upon the Road worth relating, let it suffice to tell you that he at last arriv'd at Rome, and took up his Quarters where the French usually lodge: in less than fix days he was inform'd of the Arrival of Raymond and Dorini. He went immediately to pay them his Salutations, and never was there a more rapturous Interview of Friends. Every one was transported with Admiration, when they heard him relate his Adventures, as a Shepherd and

Mountebank. Lord! (fays Dorini) how forry am I that we came no sooner to Rome? possibly we might have heard of your Misfortune, and I'll promise you we would not have left you unaffisted. You talk idly (reply'd Raymond) I would not have been the Man that should have taken Francion from that state of Life, and depriv'd him of the opportunity of accomplishing fo many rare Adventures, such as I would have parted with the greatest Grandeur and Ambition to obtain. You say well (reply'd Francion) and I would not chuse to have liv'd otherwise than I did then; tho, to say truth, 'twas a Life of Fooleries. And in troth (fays Raymond) the most serious Occupations of your gravest Ministers of State, are commonly no better; and

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and I question whether in your case they would have shew'd so much Constancy and Unconcern. Gentlemen (says Francion) I'm your very humble Servant, and so forthbut pray no more of this Discourse, if you love me. I bar all Compliments in a place where only the charming Nais can deferve them. What say you, Dorini, can you tell me no news of her? She's in this City for certain (answer'd Dorini) for so I have been inform'd; and to serve you, I'll go and wait upon her this moment. Dorini was as good as his word, and went immediately to fee his Kinswoman at her House in Rome, where fhe more commonly resided than in the Country. After the first Civilities were over. he began to talk with her about Floriander. and ask'd if she had not receiv'd the News of his Death? When she answer'd yes, he enquir'd further if she had not seen the Gentleman he fent her in his stead, who was posses'd of no less Merit? She reply'd, she knew who he meant, but that she found him a base, ungrateful, and inconstant Fellow; fince, after the most courteous Reception in the world, he had left her without so much as a farewel, and had fent her a Letter full of Rudeness and Ill-breeding. Dorini begg'd to fee it, and having look'd it over, he told her, that he would take his Oath it never came from Francion; for besides that he was more of a Gentleman than to write in that manner, to his certain knowledge 'twas none of his hand: for I've some Verses (continu'd he) in my pocket of his own writing, and you shall

158 The Comical History Book X shall judge of the likeness. No - 'tis all a base Villany of his Rivals, who are full of spite and jealousy. You think that he has abandon'd you, 'twas because those Rogues clapp'd him up in Prison. For your sake alone he has suffer'd the greatest Extremities. and has been forced into the most fordid Conditions of Life. As you shall hear at large from his own Mouth, for here he is in this City, refolving to wait on you as foon as you shall give him permission. Nais believ'd her Cousin Dorini, and detesting the baseness of Ergastus and Valerius, threw the forg'd Letter into the fire; declaring at the fame time, that Francion should be very welcome to her. Dorini carry'd this welcome news to his Friend: they haften'd Supper. and then, with Raymond in company, they made their Visit. Raymond, who had never feen her till then, was furpriz'd, and protested that she was much handsomer than her Ricture, which they had shew'd him: and the other two Gentlemen, who had feen her before, thought her Perfections were still increasing. Madam, (says Dorini) here's two of the bravest Cavaliers of France, who have left their Country on purpose to pay Homage to your Beauty. Raymond and Francion added their Compliments, to all which the beautiful Marchioness reply'd in her usual terms of Courtesy. Dorini began a Discourse of the Adventures her Lover had pass'd thro', fince the time she had lost him; and Francion taking the hint, continu'd the Relation: he painted out to the Life the Miseries of his. Prison,

Prison, and the Hardships he endur'd in the poor beggarly Condition of a Shepherd; but not a word of his rambling Amours, for fear of exciting his Mistress's Aversion. He disguis'd every thing as artfully as possible, and with a cunning mixture of Lies and Truth. he gave a very agreeable Air to his Story. But he flourish'd and vapour'd most upon the Adventure of the Mountebank, for he mimick'd it over again with the very same Gibberish and Gestures which he us'd at first. and Nais was so extremely diverted with it. that the could scarce find in her heart to be angry any longer with the Treachery of Valerius and Ergastus, that had caus'd so much lucky Merriment.

Dorini was for having Francion revenge himself upon his Rivals, but he prudently reply'd, 'twas better not to awake a sleeping Quarrel; and since Ergastus was return'd to Venice, and Valerius to his House in the Country, being both weary of a fruitless Courtship, he would leave them to be punish'd

by the sting of their own guilt.

Amidst this relation of his Gallantries and Adventures, he forgot not to insist upon the uneasiness he endur'd in that state of Separation from his Mistress. The Lady was sensible enough of it in her Heart, yet for the present put on an Air of Indisference. After variety of Discourse, the Gentlementook their leaves, and withdrew to their Lodgings.

Next morning, a little after breakfast, they were told that a couple of *French* Gentlemen

tlemen were at the Gate, who defir'd to speak with Francion. He order'd them to be brought in, and was furpriz'd to fee young Buisson, and his Countryman Audebert : He faluted them very civilly, telling Buisson, that he found he was a Man of his word, and enquiring of Audebert how they two chanc'd to meet? Audebert answer'd, that their Acquaintance begun at Lyons, and that they had never parted fince, and 'twas above Month fince they came to Rome. But I have more news to tell you (fays Buisson) it looks as if Providence had brought hither all your choicest Friends, to be witnesses of your rare Adventures. Audebert has not yet inform'd you, that I have conducted hither a famous Virtuoso, who boasts to have been some time since a Schoolmaster: He is the very Oracle of the Age, and thunders out Sentences of Greek and Latin Tov S' arrayes-Boulevo, and Tityre tu patula, upon every occasion. And who is this learned Gentleman, I pray? (faid Francion.) Who d'ye think (reply'd Audebert) but the incomparable Hortensius? Hortensius! (says Francion) good Heaven! nay, then let me fay with Philip of Macedon, when he receiv'd two great pieces of good news at once: O Fortune! send me but a little Evil to balance this excessive Happiness! What! I'm not only bles'd here with the arrival of Audebert, the Darling and Playfellow of my Childhood, and with Buisson, whose humour charms my very Soul; but besides this, I'm inform'd that Hortensius is here too: Hortenfins!

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fius! the very King of all the Beaux Esprits of the University of Paris. But for Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, what wind blow'd him hither? He has a Quarrel against Paris (reply'd Audebert) for so ungratefully slighting his learned Labours; so that hearing me talk of going into Italy, he resolved to accompany me. But why (said Francion) did he not come with you to see me? Does he think to serve me as he did in France? where he hid himself from me, as if I had been a Bugbear; and if he met by chance in the Street, he would scarce vouchsafe me a word. He must not be so much upon the reserve here; 'tis the fashion for all the French to visit one another every day. Why, faith (says Audebert) he was always afraid of you, and I believe 'tis because he takes you for a Drole; but I have half persuaded him out of that opinion, and the only reason of his not coming with us, is, because he is very ceremonious, and but poorly dress'd: besides, I'm apt to think he is studying a new fet of Compliments for you. Nay, there you wrong him (reply'd Francion) for I affure you he has Wit enough to compliment ex tempore. But pray how came you first by the honour of being acquainted with so illustrious a Person? 'Tis a Tale worth your hearing (reply'd Audebert) and if you're at leisure, I'll tell it you. With all my heart (fays Francion) and so they all sat down.

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While I was at Paris, passing away my time in all forts of company, I frequently faw two Poets of the Court, one call'd

Saluft,

Saluft, and t'other Escluses, a couple of good jolly Companions. Salust once had a mind to translate into French Verse the fourth Eclogue of Virgil; but because he had but a small smattering of Latin, he was forc'd to help himself out with some former Versions, he determin'd to shew his Translation to fome Men of Learning. His Printer recommended Hortensius, not only for his Skill in the Greek and Latin, but for one that writ often in French; had a Genius for Verfe, and had made several Translations himself. Salust had a desire to see him, tho he had no Acquaintance with him, and told Escluses with what Compliments he would accost Escluses had such a value for all that Saluft wrote, that he kept Copies of all his Works: he had transcrib'd this Eclogue already, yet he came to me, and made me take another Copy of it; affuring me, that it would serve for a very diverting purpose, He told me that Saluft intended to communicate that Piece to Hortenfius, and that we should both go to him first, one after another upon the same Errand, and affirm, that our Names were Salust. It was easy enough to counterfeit him, especially to one who did not know him well, because he had an imperfection in his Speech. Escluses knowing the day when his Friend was to go and wait upon Hortensius, was beforehand with him, and finding this Man of Learning in his Chamber, made him a very humble Reverence. Sir, (says he) I am come hither, that I may have the happiness of offering you od.

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you my Service, being unwilling to live any longer without the Conversation of so great a Man, by whom I may receive a valuable Improvement. Sir, I have lately made some Verses, upon which I desire the honour of your Judgment. My name is Saluft, Sir, at your Service; I don't know whether you have heard of me ---- Hortensius, who had feen a great many Verses printed under this name, but did not personally know the Author, nor had heard any thing of him, but that he stammer'd in his Speech, believ'd verily that this was he, and with a world of Courtefy ask'd him to fit down, thanking him for this particular Honour. The sham Saluft pulls the Eclogue out of his Pocket. and reads. Hortenfius criticiz'd upon every Line, to shew the Penetration of his Judgment; yet, in conclusion, he said 'twas a very promising beginning, and the Author might do well in time. Elcluses thank'd himfor his Patience in hearing the Verses, and came to bid me take my turn, and go on with the Comedy. He taught me the fame Speech which he had made to Hortenfius, and I presenting my self to him, repeated it with so much stuttering and stammering, that I was almost a quarter of an hour upon each Syllable; and I told him in like manner, that my name was Saluft. This he heard with patience, for he might well suppose, that in fo great a City there might be two Poets of the same name who stammer'd: but as foon as I begun to read the Eclogue; he was amaz'd, and faid; why, Sir, there's

a Gentleman but just gone out of the House, that came upon the same Errand, called himself Salust, and read me the same individual Verses. 'Tis strange that your Names, Speech, Subject, Thoughts, and Expressions, should so persectly agree! In saith, I suspect something in the wind; and here's a trick put upon you or me, I can't tell which: but will you be pleas'd to carry your Verses to somebody else, for I have been plagu'd enough with them already, and if you would know my Judgment, go look for your Name-sake

to inform you.

As he spoke these words, I perceiv'd him in a great Rage, so I left him with very little Ceremony. A little after came the true Saluft, and made him Compliments much to the same stuttering Tune: but as soon as he had told him his name, and that he came to shew him an Ecloque, Hortensius thrust him out of the Room with all his might, and if he had not fled for it, would certainly have push'd him headlong down Stairs! What a devil! (said he) why this is the most impertinent Dog of them all, and speaks worse by half than his Predecessors. A plague of their Eclogues! will they never leave coming till night? I must look to my Goods and Chattels, I find, or I shall have my House robb'd by these sharping poetical Sons of Whores. Odflife! I'll have every one examin'd that knocks at my door, and if he stammers, or says his name is Salust, he shan't set foot over the Threshold. Hortensius, moreover, good

good mind to have fent a Constable after his last Visiter, and make him be apprehended for a Thief; but he could find no body in

his House to employ in that Errand.

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In the mean time, Saluft scour'd off, and we went immediately to him to know if he had seen Hortensius. Seen him! (fays he) why! he's madder than e'er a Fellow in Bedlam: before I had half told him my bufinefs, I thought he would have knock'd my Brains out; and in troth I was glad to get away in a whole Skin. Escluses could not contain any longer, but discover'd the Trick we had put upon him, with which he was infinitely pleased, and said 'twas necessary for the three Salusts to go in a Body, and present themselves altogether before Monsieur Hortensius. We lik'd the Proposal, and return'd to his House, but not finding him there, we trac'd him to a Printing-house, where he was correcting the Proofs of some learned Sheets. We defir'd him not to be angry at what was past, for we were Brothers, and each had written three Verses to his share, but that in truth 'twas the eldest had done the greatest part of the Eclogue. Why look you, Sirs, (fays he) I have confider'd of the matter. and my Choler is something abated; I have thought it probable enough, that you might all three join in composing that Eclogue; that the eldest made the beginning, the second the middle, and the youngest the last part. Why! faith, Sir, (faid I) 'twas just fo; but we durst not acquaint you with it: He believ'd us for the present, but was inform'd

form'd foon after, that 'twas all a piece of Roguery; which made him look upon us worse than the Devil upon Dunstan, and rail at us in all places where we met. We refolved therefore upon a pleasant Revenge, 'Twas his cuftom, we observ'd, that he might appear more like a Gentleman, to go always booted and spurr'd, like Amadis of Gaul, tho he never laid Leg over a Horse's Back. These honest Boots of his were the common subject of our Drollery; for, you must know, they were of such a venerable Antiquity, that you might take them for the same which Archbishop Turpin wore, when he march'd with good King Charlemain against the Saracens. Full often had they been mended and foled, and foled and mended again. All the Coblers in Paris knew them, and I dare fwear there was not one who had not at least fet a piece or two in them; yet no one could fafely fay they were the same Boots he wore at first, because they were patch'd and renew'd in so many places; like the Boat of Thefeus, which was preferv'd for a Monument in the Haven of Athens.

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One day, as he walked thus booted along the Street, we fet some drunken Serjeants upon him; who, at our Instigation, laid hold on him by the Collar, telling him he must go to Goal, like a Rogue as he was, for having mortally wounded the Child of an honest Citizen. He cry'd, that he did not know what they meant, but to no purpose, for they soon haul'd him before a Justice o' Peace, where a Fellow, that we had brib'd for the purpose, depos'd, that

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that Hortenfius that very Morning prancing along the Streets with his Horse, had rid over a Child of his, and bruis'd his Head in a very dangerous manner. Therefore, an't please your Worship (continu'd he) I defire he may be fecur'd, and oblig'd to pay Damages. How! (fays the Justice) is this true, Sir, pray what have you to fay for vour self? Hortensius flatly deny'd it, but knew not how to affirm that he was never on Horseback, because of his Boots; yet he was constrain'd at last to tell the truth, and fay; Alas, Sir, how is it possible I should hurt any Child with a Horse, who never was upon the Back of one in all my life; not I. an't please your Worship, I always travel in a Coach, for (to tell you my reason) when I was a Boy I got an unlucky fall from an As, and put out my Soulder-blade, upon which I took an Oath never to bestride any Beaft for the future. The Judge told him, he must produce witnesses to the truth of this: He defir'd time, which was graciously granted him; but at last, upon further Examination, the Justice took his Oath, and discharg'd him without any Fees, but a small matter to the Serjeants to make them drink.

After he was acquitted, he was almost forry he had not own'd the Crime, rather than have represented himself so little of a Gentleman, as never to have been on Horseback. We guess'd at his Thoughts, and rally'd him sufficiently upon the Subject of this brave Adventure. Seeing himself thus jeer'd, he

had

# 168 The Comical History Book X had the Wit to think the only way would be

to bear it as heroically as he could, and inflead of being angry, laugh with us: 60 that meeting us one day in a Bookseller's

Shop, as we were talking upon Boots, he told us he would make an Oration in praise of them; and to shew himself in a merry Mood, he begun in this manner. 'Oh! how are these Authors to be accus'd of neglie gence, who having fearch'd into the origial of things, have not left it upon record. who was the first Inventor of Boots! What a heavy and stupid Spirit did possess our Ancestors, that they chose only to accommodate themselves with so rare an Accoutrement when they rode abroad, and were content to walk the Steets in Shoes and Stockings! And how much wifer are we, who wear them continually, as well a Foot as on Horseback? For let me tell you, my noble Auditors! there is not a more convenient Guard for Silk Hofe, against which the Dirt and Dust make continual War, in Paris especially; which from Lutum, that ' is to fay, Dirt, was call'd Lutetia. Is there onot a Proverb, that fays the Pox of Roan and Dirt, of Paris are plaguy Companions for sticking fast? Moreover, is it not a great Advantage, that when you walk abroad with Boots, you shall be taken for a Cavalier, tho you ne'er was worth a Horse in your Life? And whoever fees you, will imagine that your Lacquey is leading your · Courser after you at a distance. And this made a Foreigner one day aftonish'd to 6 think

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think how there could be a supply of Hay and Corn for the Horses of so many Men as he saw booted in the Streets of Paris, when God knows their Beafts cost little enough the keeping. Now, whereas you ' see all fine Gentlemen wear Boots, 'tis an Argument as clear as the Sun, that Boots are an essential part of a fine Gentleman. And in this Custom we follow the noble Romans, who wore Buskins, in their Language call'd Cothurni, and left to the inferior Rabble the pitiful Sock or Shoe, call'd Soccus, which reach'd no higher than the Ancle. And yet these gallant Romans had but a fort of baltard Boots; for had they been bless'd with the Invention of true Boots, and known the usefulness of them, I warrant ye they had erected Temples in honour of them, as they did to several other things they esteem'd; and on the Altar they had plac'd a great two-handed Goddess, booted and spur'd, with a Crew of Curriers and Shoemakers for her Priests, who would have facrific'd flead Bullocks to her, and made Boots of their Hides. But what need of Temples, when every one carries them about upon his Legs, and is proud of the honour they afford him, of being taken for a Gentleman? I knew a Spark that scarce pull'd off his Boots in ' three Years together, he thought them such an Ornament. The Knights of the Round Table were always lock'd up in Armour, as if their Steel-doublets grew upon their Backs. The Centaurs were always on VOL. II. Horse-H

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Horseback, as if their Beasts and their Buttocks were one Flesh, which gave occasion to those descriptions of the Poets. And so by wearing Boots continually (like old Homer's Grecians) they become methinks a part of our Body; and we have a Proverb of any one that's knock'd o' th' Head in a Battle, viz. That Monfieur has left his Boots in the Field; as if the very Life and Soul of a Cavalier did inhabit his Boots. But now against Boots it will be objected, that a certain Baron having once met with a pret-' ty Gipfy upon the Road, gave his Horfe to a Lacquey, and took her aside into a private place to gather her Rose-buds; but the Wench being cunning, defir'd permiffion to help him off with his Boots first, that they might not spoil her Clothes; which being granted, she pull'd them but half off, and then fled away, leaving him fo entangled, that upon his first attempt to follow her he fell down among the Bushes, which miserably tore his Face, This indeed was a fad Accident, my Friends; which yet must be wholly imputed to his Folly and Incontinence, and does by no means lessen the Reputation of Boots. 'Tis with Boots the Curate gallops to a fat Benefice, the Tradesman to a Fair, and the Lover to his Mistress. Let none pretend to make a figure without them; for by your dress you may be taken for a Pimp or a Pocky Doctor, a Fidler or a Rope dancer, a Stage-player or a Corn-cutter; but if you have Boots, they will diftinguish · you

you a Gentleman: And now, I presume, onone who is not of a Spirit very heteroclital, will blame me for being always

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This was the Purport of Hortensius's Declamation in the honour of Boots; and I wish I could oblige you with the Recital of the many Latin Sentences with which he corroborated his Arguments. We all feem'd mightily taken with his Oration, and the next time Escluses met him, he presented Hortenfius with a small Ode upon that subject.

As learn'd Hortensius does declare, Boots is an ancient noble Wear: Then since kind Muse her stumps bestirs, To fing of Boots, I need no Spurs; For who can Boots too highly prize? The Pride of Courts, and Camps, and Skies.

And that my Verses may be neat, With Boots I will equip their Feet, Smooth as my Lines, no Ink so black: And durable as solid fack: Thus thro' the World of Fame I'll ride. And have Boots once more stellify'd.

Hortensius was almost ravish'd with Delight at these transcendent Lines, believing that Escluses had a real value for him. From this time they were inseparable, and seem'd rather but one Person than two; the other carrying on the Jest, could not ask any thing to fast as Hortensius was ready to grant it.

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But this good Intelligence did not last long between them, for Escluses shewing him some Verses a little while after, the Pedant dislik'd them, and the other stood stifly up in the Vindication of his Muse; Hortensius told him in short, he was an ignorant Blockhead. and must not pretend to hold an Argument with him; for by the by Hortensius thought himself much the learnedest Man in our Company. Escluses, who at other times had indulgence enough to let the Pedagogue affume what Preheminence he pleas'd, wou'd not bate him an ace now; and told him very categorically, that he thought himself in every particular as capable a disputant as he was; which provok'd our Pedant so extremely, that he forc'd him out of the Room, and threatned to administer corporal chastisement to him, if he did not mend his Manners. Escluses acquainted me with the whole Transaction, and I convinc'd him that he was in the wrong, not to have more Complacency for Hortensius, who had done him several friendly offices, as lending him Money and fuch like things; therefore he was obliged to bear with the other's Humors, unless he wou'd have all the World believe, that the one had no more sense than the other: therefore for his own honour's fake, he ought to diffemble the matter, and discreetly pass by what he at first might think an Indignity put upon him. My arguments prevailed fo far with Escluses, that the next morning he went to beg Hortensius's Pardon, and to be friends with him again; he was not up when

when he came there, but his Servant opening the Door, Escluses went very submissively up to him, and told him he could not but own that in his Writings he was more than Man; but in the Transports of his Passion,

indeed he was worse than a Beast.

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· Hortensius somewhat nettled at this Salutation, starts up in his Bed in a red Nightcap and Wast-coat. If I am a Beast (says he to him again) I am that Beaft of Mahomet's Paradife, whose Eyes are Saphir, and it's Feet Emeralds, his Body is polish'd Gold, and on his Breast he hath twelve Precious Stones, viz. The Sardonix, the Topaz, the Emeral'd, the Carbuncle, the Diamond, the Agat, the Saphir, the Jasper, the Amethyst, the Chryfolite, the Onyx, and the Beryl, If you have all those precious Stones (replies Escluses) I must confess, Hortenfius, you are the finest and the richest Beast in the World. Let me tell you (says Hortensius) if I am a Beast, I am one of those Beasts in the Heavens, that give. Light to the Earth; as the Bear, the Dragon, the Swan, the Pegafus, the Crab, the Scorpion, the Capricorn, the Serpent, the Whale, the Centaure, and the Hydra. This he pronounced with such an Emphasis, affecting every now and then a little Smile, as if he had faid the noblest thing in the World. I question nothing of all you say (added Escluses) but by your leave, pray, which of all these Beasts are you the likest to? Are you retrogade, like the Crab; or are you corniferous like Capricorn? Hortenfius told him, he thought himself the likest the Swan; and Escluses turning H 3

turning every thing into ridicule, stirr'd up the old Man once more in the Pedant, and I came luckily in at that very instant as they were going together by the ears, and with much-ado I reconcil'd them again. But Hortensius never forgave him, and as he hated Escluses, so he hated all that ever kept him company, which expos'd me to the severity of his Enmity, and that made me take every opportunity of revenging my self, by making

sport with Hortensius.

Going along the new Bridge one day, I faw a Man on Horseback towards the Augustines; he had a furr'd Coat on, and a taffety Cloke, a Sword on his right Side, and a Hatband of Teeth, fitted all to an exact fize. His Deportment was as whimfical as his Dress, and I staid a little to contemplate the Farce; and the never a Soul was near him, yet at the bottom of the Bridge he made a halt, and for want of some Person or other to direct his discourse to, he put several Questions to his Horse. Hark ye me a little, Friend Horse (quoth the Fellow) what do we do here? If you could speak (continu'd he) I question not but you would tell me, we come with an ardent defire of ferving honest People, and doing good to Mankind. But fome malicious People will be apt to fay; but pray, Signior, wherein can you ferve us? To whom I answer, I can draw your Teeth without the least Pain or Anguish imaginable; and not only that, but put you new ones in their place, that shall in every particular be as serviceable to you, as if they were naturally

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rally your own. But how do you pluck them out? with the Point of a Sword. No. no. Gentlemen; no, that is a pitiful old vulgar way. 'Tis with this here, that I hold in my hand that is, my Horse's Bridle, Gentlemen. This Quack had thus introduc'd himfelf to the Patience of the Mob, by his Rhetorick and Grimace, when a Porter, a Chimney-sweeper, a Kennel-raker, two Apprentices, an old Woman with Sprats, a Mousetrap-maker, a Tinker, a Rag-man, and three Servants in several Liveries, had made a Ring about him, and with wonderful Attention listen'd to his Cant. For my own part, I was willing enough to hear the Fellow prate, but unwilling others should take notice of me there; and the better to blind the Passengers, I pretended to peruse some secondhand Books that lay upon a Stall just by. Puff'd up with the fight of fo numerous an Audience, our Mountebank began to harangue the Mob a-new. Who is it (continues he) that draws Teeth for Emperors, Kings and Princes? Is it the Carmelite, or the Englishman, or Mr. Arnault; who, to wheedle the World into a strong belief of his Capacity, has drawn the Pope and all the Confiftory of Cardinals upon his Sign, round about his own Picture, and to affure the World that they are all, every Mother's Son of them, very much incommoded with the Toothach: he has taken care that the Painter should draw them all with black Plaisters upon their Temples? No, no, I say 'tis not he. Who is it then that works these sudden and safe Cures H 4 tor

for these illustrious and worthy great Men? Why, it is Signior, the Italian Gentleman, that works all these Wonders. 'Tis I my felf, I am the Person; and with this he stood up in his Stirrups, and look'd as big as Bull-Beef, and pointed to himself, still as he repeated, 'tis I, I, Gentlemen, I'm the Man. A thousand other ridiculous Postures and Gesticulations the Fellow had to amuse and draw together the filly Mob; asking all his Questions in Italian, and answering them for his Horse; tho he was no more an Italian than one born in Normandy could be. If one could as easily have credited him as heard him, no Man would have had the Plague of keeping a Tooth in his Head. He presented a poor Man to the Company, from whom he had just drawn fix Teeth, tho he had put them all into his Mouth the moment before, and gave him fomething to chew, that difcolour'd his Spittle, and made the People believe it was the Blood that came from his Gums, Gentlemen (continues he) I cure the Soldiers for Honour's fake, the Poor for God's, and the Rich for Gain. Remark but the ill Consequence of a rotten foul Tooth: If you go to a Person of Quality to ask a Favour, nay to ask but Justice of him, you cannot speak three words, but he turns away his Head ready to vomit up his Heart. Ho! who waits without there? turn away this Fellow, he stinks enough to poison a Family, three such would breed a Plague. Thus are you rejected with Shame and Infamy, and your business baulk'd. But you ask me, Signior, have you

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you any Remedy for this Misfortune? Yes, marry have I, and for hundreds more. I have a Pomatum to beautify the Skin, whiter than the driven Snow, and fragrant as Balm or new blown Roses: See here my Boxes; this you have, Gentlemen, for fix-pence, where there is no less than fix several Reme-This other, Gentlemen, which you may fee, is smaller, and contains only four forts of Prescriptions, I will let you have for three-pence. I have a vulnerary Powder that stanches Bleeding immediately, and takes out the Fire from any Burn, tho never fo large, provided it be put on in time. Whatever is your Malady, I can remedy you; I am neither Doctor, Apothecary, Surgeon, or Philofopher, and yet my Medicines are as good as any of them all. Experience goes far beyond Reading, and Practice beyond Speculation.

While the Mountebank was expatiating in the Praise and Virtue of his Drugs, abundance of People of all forts had got about him, and amongst the rest I spy'd Hortensius patiently listening to the elaborate Nonsense of the pragmatical Quack. I resolved immediately to make some sport with him, in revenge of former Passages between us. Another Mountebank came to the Bridge, and banter'd our Italian most shamefully, and reprov'd him with the flat side of his Sword, and forc'd him to fneak away. I was maliciously pleas'd to hope, that fince they were fo dextrous at pulling out of Teeth, they might have proceeded to give us farther Proofs of their Capacity, and have pull'd out one another's Eyes:

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but

178 The Comical History Book X. but our Italian modestly withdrew to prevent Mischief.

A day or two afterwards, I took an opportunity of waiting upon our Quack, and Escluses was in Company; we gave him to understand, that a Relation of ours was very much incommoded with a Pain in his Teeth. and that we could by no means prevail with him to confent to have them drawn, fo great an Apprehension he labour'd under of the Torment and Misery that such an Operation would put him to; not but that he had feen you do it with all possible Facility and Dexterity imaginable, a day or two fince on the foot of the new Bridge. Alack, alack (cries out the Mountebank) that Men of Sense and Letters should be so ignorant! I will promise you to do it without any thing like Pain, And that you may be more able to give him a full and ample Satisfaction in that Affair, by your leave, Sir, (added the Quack) let me fee one of your foundest Teeth in your Head, and then you may judge of my Capacity by the easy slight of my Hand, and the celerity of my Operation. As for that matter, I affur'd him I would not be very follicitous about it; but however, we could not but affure him, that our diftemper'd Friend was fo very peevish and obstinate, that he would find some difficulty. However, if he could but compel him to have the bad Teeth taken out, and would put him other good ones in their room, he would not only thank him very gratefully, but reward him very gene-

# Book X. of FRANCION. 179 generously; or at least we promis'd to see

him fatisfy'd our felves.

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The Mountebank expecting a Fee, as well as believing what we had told him about Hortensius, went strait away to his Lodgings, where he found him, with four of his Scholars, just ready to go out to the College; but as we had told him what Difficulty he might expect to meet with, he had, in his way, call'd upon two of his Friends; and making them some fair Promises of Reward. prevail'd with them to affift him in this Expe-Hortensius, hoping it might be somebody come to put a Son or two out to be his Scholars, receiv'd them with a chearful Brow: but as foon as the Quack gave him to understand his Errand, Hortensius flew into a great Rage, and told him he had better Teeth in his Head, than he had ever in his Hand, and that he was a Liar, Cheat, and an Impostor. With that the Fellow told his Companions he expected some difficulty in the Operation. but he was a civil honest Gentleman, and would reward them well, therefore defir'd their Assistance. At this, one laid hold on one Shoulder, and t'other on the other, and fo to work went the Quack to wrench open his Mouth: but Hortenfius being very strong and robust of himself, and now under terrible Apprehensions, laid about him like a wild Colt, and kick'd, and flung, and tore, insomuch that they could make nothing of it. When they were in the Street, the Affistants demanded their Gratuity; but the Quack told them, that he had receiv'd no Money himfelf,

himself, and therefore could not share any with them. With this, they fell upon the Quack, and maul'd him out of meer Spite and Revenge; but the People in the Street came seasonably to his Succour, or he had hardly had a whole Bone left in his Skin: and this Fray was some Satisfaction to Hortensius for the pinches and nips they had given him, in endeavouring to hold him.

Not knowing what a hand I had in the Affair, he told me one Day the whole Transaction, and seem'd concern'd he had not seen me sooner, to have acquainted me with it before. I told him I had been a little out of Town, and was going a much more considerable Journey, for I was preparing for Italy.

He was so well pleas'd with the Thoughts of seeing old Rome, that he would needs go with me, hoping that the Mother of Learning would have some tender Regard for so industrious and pains-taking a Son; and that doubtless he should push his Fortune better here amongst so many learned Prelates, than ever he could expect at Paris: and for my part, I have been very much diverted with him all the way we travelled; not but that, sometimes, I took upon me seriously to reprehend his pedantick Method of Conversation, and to wish him to break off such a disagreeable Habit, that was ridiculous in him, and odious to all Gentlemen.

Audebert having thus ended his Account, Francion affur'd him, that he had a real value for Hortensius, and must needs see him, for their mutual Diversion and Pastime: there-

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fore he earnestly desir'd Audebert to bring him with him the next time he came, to which Entreaties Raymond and Dorini added theirs, and all promis'd to themselves a great deal of Merriment; and as there was no Malice nor Mischief in their Design, it was the least to be reprehended in them, for nothing is blameable but what is really bad.



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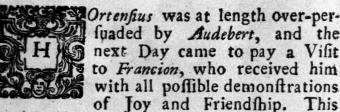
#### THE

## COMICAL HISTORY

OF

## FRANCION

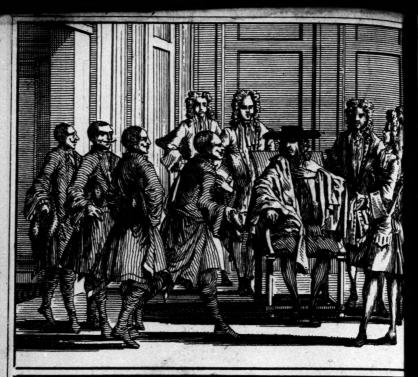
#### BOOK XI.



conceited Coxcomb of a Pedant thought still he had to do with only a School boy, whom he cou'd instruct in abundance of Matters;

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B,XII,

and for a proof of his capacity, he affected always a certain Air of cramp Words and terms of Art, which he had learn'd by Rote. to use as opportunities presented. How! gallant Francion, (fays Hortenfius in addreffing himself to him) I thought it wou'd be as great a wonder to fee you from the Court of Paris, as the Armory, or the Pontneuf; and that you were as constant at the Louvre as the very Stair case it self, and the Guard-chamber. And you, most learned Hortenfius, (answer'd Francion, to pay him in his own Coin) I cou'd never have expected to have met with you out of the University; and thought your Residence as certainly there as the very Schools themselves, or Monsieur Roger, the Cynic of our Age. However, you see, replies Hortensius, that I am come hither to affociate my felf with the Gay and Gallant; and for your part. are not you come hither to make Love, and throw up that Liberty which once was as dear to you as Freedom to the Venetians? What! have you foregon a Jewel that the Hollanders have disputed with Fire and Sword, against the Empire of Spain, and for above Fifty Years together? Well, well, Francion, you are in Love with fair Female, that in the heat of the engagement wou'd disarm the Duke de Mayn himself. I readily confess part of what you suspect, Hortenfius, (replied Francion,) but for being like the Dutch, or the Venetians, the comparison lies at too confiderable a diffance : But let us go up Stairs, I beseech you; Count Raymond

will be mighty glad to fee you, and there we shall have the conveniency of concerting

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all our matters.

Upon this, du Buisson and Audebert, that were with Hortensius, walk'd up Stairs without farther Ceremony; but for his part he wou'd not be persuaded to go before Francion, to shew his breeding, as he thought. Pray, Sir, fays he to him, be pleas'd to go first, for you must be endow'd with greater Virtues than Patience to follow me; I have been fo fick all my Journey, that my Legs are of little use to me, and my Body is fo crazy, I am even fit to be made a Pope of: I am really elder than my Grandmother, and am more Weather-beaten than a Veffel that has made three East-Indian Voyages. But, Sir, added Francian with a merry Air, if you had told us you were as much used as the Cordeliers Porridge-pot, which they have had above a Hundred Years, wou'd you not have given us a more lively Idea of your Sufferings, think you? Without jesting, added Hortenfius, in all the defarts of Arabia, and at St. Germains Fair, there never was feen fuch a Monster as my malady: But what do you talk of you? You are folid Adamant, and threefold Brass; the fall of a Mountain upon your Head wou'd hardly discompose you. You alone cou'd people whole Colonies. All this is besides the purpose, cries out Francion; and if you don't make halte up, I'll push you up before me! Oh, Sir, says Hortenfius, you are fuller of Ceremony than the Old Testament; you make me forget

my Name as if I were a Pope; but if I were to tarry upon the Stairs till the last Conflagration of the Universe, I must withstand an Adversary that breaks my Head with Roses, and suffocates me with the Persumes of Eloquence and Civility. Have a Care, says Francion, what you say of the Pope, for now we are at Rome we must be circumspect in spight of our Teeth, because there is a thing call'd the Inquisition. I value no Inquisition, cries Hortensius, tho it were more tremendous than some represent it, for my Innocence is my Head-piece,

and my Coat of Mail.

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Raymond that heard all the Ceremonies from his Chamber, apprehending they wou'd never have done, was forced to go out himfelf, and pull Hortenfius up by main force. Sir, fays Francion, we ought to have an extraordinary regard for fo rare a Personage as Hortenfius, who is the unique Glory of Francion. Oh! Monsieur Francion, says he, (and turn'd so short upon him he almost beat him backwards down the Stairs) pray keep the Epithets of extraordinary, rare, and unique, for the Sun, Comets and Monsters: I shut my Ears against Compliments as I wou'd my Doors against Thieves; let us rather talk of your Worth and Merit: 'tis incontestable that you have more Eloquence than all the King's Council, and more Penetration than his Judges; you are wifer than his Ministers, and subtiler than the Jesuits. Hortensius, pray use your Capacity in extolling the Virtues

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Virtues of the Count, says Francian, and let me alone; what shall I say of him, (cries Hortensius) or rather what shall I not say? He is the Pink of Paris, and the Lilly of Learning; if the rest of Mankind were such as he, the University wou'd be useless, and Latin and Greek wou'd be only marks of our Luxury, not of service, to us. That's no mighty Commendation, Hortensius, that you are pleased to give of Count Raymond, says Francian, to say he understands neither Latin nor Greek; pray have more value for Languages that have brought you in many a sair Pound.

As Francion urg'd this but in Jeft, and af. ter a jocular way, Hortenfius was not offend. ed at it; however, to shew his own bombast of Eloquence, he affur'd them the Rooms were so full of Essences that he was ready to be drowned; that the Grapes were so prodigiously large that a bunch wou'd make a Kingdom drunk and the finelling to but one of the Husks wou'd intoxicate a hundred thousand Men. By chance Buisson harping upon Francion's Amours, yes, says Hortenfius, the is the Lustre of both the Poles, and her Glory is in its Zenith now; for the having captivated Francion's Heart is a more fignal Victory than any that Harry the Fourth of France, or the Prince of Orange had got: But yet that he was apprehensive that by seeing Francion he shou'd fall in Love himself too; because he had observ'd that by meddling with Beggars People got the Itch. From Love

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Love they came to Letters, where Hortenhus was pleas'd to pity the ignorance of the Age, and protested he had met with nothing lo detestable as must Books were of late, unless it was Phylick and small Beer; but as he was expatiating upon his own profound skill in so many unpardonable hard words, Francion stopp'd his Career, and ask'd him if he wou'd have other People talk as he did. with fuch notorious Hyperboles, fuch incongruous Similes? Why, continu'd Francion, this looks more like the ravings of a Man in a Fever, or a Person in a Mad-house, not polite Conversation. What, says Hortensius to him again, will you find faults in the Sun? I say that long ago I got the start of Mankind, and found out what they have fo curiously labour'd to investigate Nature in, even in her obscurest recesses: And as for those that are of another opinion, I turn 'em over to the Turks and Infidels, which is the more numerous part of the wretched Sons of Adam. How's that pray? Says Buisson, if the Pope is not of your Opinion then, he is as much an Infidel as Mahomet; you had best have a care how you push the Consequences of your Doctrine: Is it an Article of Faith to believe you write well? Hold your prating servile Genius, replies Hortenfus with a scornful smile, I tell thee my Works are worthy of the greatest Mens Closets in France; doubtless, reply'd Buisson, especially when they take Phylick.

Raymond fearing the Jest would run too high if it lasted longer, wav'd the Topic,

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and entreated Hortenfius to shew 'em some of his Works that were fo superlatively preferable to what the Writers of former Ages had perform'd. To the obtaining of which favour Francion join'd his most pressing Entreaties; and at length, Gentlemen, fays Hortensius, I will not trouble you with Let. ters, Madrigals, and Songs, or fuch like short Pieces, but will give you an account of a Romance I have made that is as good as an entire History; for by the by, Sirs, my Dreams are more folid than the very Meditations of the Philosophers; I will attempt fomething that never came into the imagination of mortal Man: You remember, Gentlemen, that some wise Men have maintain'd the Plurality of Worlds; some placing them in the Planets, others in the fix'd Stars, and I am of opinion that there is one in the Moon. The spots that we so plainly discern in her Face, when she is at Full, I firmly believe is Terra Firma; and that there are Woods, and Grotto's, and Caves, and Forests, and Hills and Dales, and what not; and the Parts that are more Resplendent is the Sea, which admits the radiation of the Sun, as the gloss of a Looking glass, and by its reflecting it becomes a Moon to us, as it may be we are one to her; I defign to defcribe the Capital Cities, their Force and Polity, their Laws and Language: There shall be wonderful Enchantments, and very proud, ambitious, blood-thirsty, Princes; I will establish a new Scheme of War, and invent Machines beyond the Art of Archimedes

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medes, that shall be of equal use to perpetrate his tyrannical Defigns, whether their World be above ours, or beneath it; for at present have some fort of hesitations about the certainty of that Point. I will furnish him with an Engine, whereby he shall pass into the epicycle of the Moon in an excentric Line from our Earth, where he shall meet with monstrous Giants, and powerful Fortifications, great Opposition, and infurmountable Difficulties. He shall celebrate his Nuptials. after a long series of Victories and Labours. with all the pomp and splendour of Tilts and Turnaments; his Captains shall run at the Ring upon the Equator one Day, and bait the Bull in the Zodiac the next Day; Ariadne's Crown shall be the first Prize; and Virgo shall marry the Conqueror of the second Day's Exercise. My Hero shall shoot at Butts with Sagittarius; he shall out-smoke Vulcan, and out-drink Bacchus; but drawing his Forces too near the Sun, I will make them all be feiz'd with fuch a particular fort of a Calenture, that Nature has exhibited no remedy against it but Poison and a Precipice: This is a rough draught, Gentlemen. of what I defign; and I shall apply my felf with so much Earnestness and Expedition. that I make no Question but I shall finish it very fuddenly; tho the Work cannot but last as long as the Moon lasts, that is, as long as the World stands.

The Company were not a little surpriz'd at so many and so elaborate Absurdities; but to make the more sport with Hortensius's

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Extravagancies, Raymond seem'd ravish'd with the nobleness of the Design, and very instantly begg'd him to oblige them one Day with a more ample recital of the Draught he had made of so eximious a Piece. This is enough at present, says Hortensius; but to run over my Intentions with some Brevity, pray remark this other which is new indeed. For as the world feems fo stupendious to us, I will suppose that there are Millions of leffer Worlds even in the least Matter that is: for as Quality is infinite, fo I have subject enough for what Worlds I please; I will have glorious Empires in the head of a Pin, and Republicks upon the point of a Needle; I'll fing the various Chances of their bloody Wars, and the unhappy Confequences of their constant Loves: Moreover, as Man is a World, I will show where is the Empire, where the Kingdoms, where the Electorships, wher the Bishopricks, where the Chancery, King's-Bench, Common-Pleas, all the Magazines of Stores, and every Office that relates to a well-govern'd Power, or a formidable Sovereignty; I shall likewise shew from what Principles of Polity proceed the Animosities between the Legs and the Arms; how the Veins are in Alliance with the Arteries, and the Marrow with the Bones. This is not all neither, Gentlemen; I have a further defign in my Head that shall outrival Argenis and Charicle; I will make a Romance upon the Water, and build Cities upon the Ocean, infinitely more magnificent and fumptuous than ever yet came into

to the Pericranium of mortal Man: Rubies and Diamonds shall be for the bare Foundation of the Mansions of my Tritons; I will use no Mortar, but dissolv'd Pearl; I'll have entire Forests of Coral, and spacious Plains of Emeralds, where Herrings and Sprats shall lead out their numerous Troops

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As Hortenfius was running on at this intolerable Rate, Francion, to buoy him up, and tellify his Aftonishment and Admiration at fuch prodigious Undertakings, cry'd out, as all over Rapture and Extaly, good God, what glorious Inventions are these? We may well pity our Forefathers, whose Underfundings were never bleft with such Conceptions, nor their Ears feafted with these lescious Relations! Our Children will regret their tardy Births, tho they will have the Satisfaction of reading of these marvellous Things. How happy is Rome in having your Company? And what a loss for poor Paris that you have depriv'd her of so inestimable Treasure as your Virtue Knowledge? Alas alas, Sir, (cries out Hortenfius, as impatient to hear any Man speak besides himself) this is nothing to what I intend to surprize the World with; for I have so many of these Romances in my Head, that I am almost persecuted to death with them: One pulls me by the Ears, and defires my first Care; than I have no sooner set me down to begin, but another hawls me by the Sleeves, and defires the preference as the nobler Work; then a third fnatches the Paper from under

under my Pen, and remonstrates to me that he well tend the most to the delight and instruction of Posterity, and therefore merits my earliest Care and Industry. Thus am I perpetually teiz'd with them : I perfectly fee them methinks like fo many Hobgoblins skipping about me. Well, I protest, faid Francion, this is humourfom enough, and brings fresh into my Memory again the Ideas of those Fairies that are so civil to cleanly Servants, that my Nurse us'd to tell me wherever they washed their Hands, instead of Dirt there was Pearl and precious Stones left in the bottom of the Bason; and where they did their Needs, there was heaps of Treasures and Perfumes. Thus it is with Hortensius, if he blows his Nose I expect a History, if he coughs I look for a Romance I own it is so indeed, reply'd Hortensius, be cause I know you speak figuratively, thereby meaning my wondrous Facility in writing; I see you are no Changling, you will have your Tests; but that you may see I am in earnest, I'll shew you the draught of my Ro mance of the Epicycle, and that of the Cosmography of human Bodies, for I am about two or three of them at the same time and busy my self with as many several Affairs as ever Cafar did.

With that Hortensius put his Hands in his Pocket, and out came a Key, a nasty Hand kerchief, a pair of very old greasy Gloves and a Paper as black as my Hat; he look'd over it, but it was not what he intended, so he put all up again, assuring the Company

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however, that he wou'd take some other Opportunity of obliging them with his Sketch. The applauses that every one was tickling him with, transported him so far that he did not take notice of one Paper he let fall, which Francion took up with an intent of diverting the Company with it when he was gone. To torn the Current of the Conversation, Francion desir'd the Favour of Hortensius to give him his opinion concerning the Authors of the Times; why, you know that, fays Hortenhus, as well as I do; there is no Man worth reading; you have three or four Scoundrels at Court that are kept up in Vogue by some great Men, as arrant Coxcombs as themselves; they make now and then a Copy of Verses upon a Birth-day, or a Song upon a Ladies Wedding, and fuch like little inconsiderable Pieces: But alas, they never read any thing but the Academy of Compliments. and Cupid's Garland, the Flowers of Parnassus, and the Muses Delight. Every idle Fellow now fees up for an Author; and what with Stealing and Translating, gets sometimes Bread, but oftner Blows: for their ribaldry Stuff makes a shift to go off, when an ingenious Piece lies a Prey for the Rars: Tho you cannot but be sensible that the Reason is as evident, as that more Men buy Sprats than Trouts, and Cabbages than Pheafants. A rascally Fellow that was a Servant of mine had the Infolency to write a Romance, and dedicate it to the Queen of England; and that he might pass for some Body of Condition at least, tho not of Note, he hired a very VOL. II. good

good second-hand Suit to make a Figure in when he presented it; but not appearing shabby enough for a Poet, he got no gratuity that Day, and never afterwards cou'd raise Money enough to hire it again; and not daring to go as he was, he lost the opportunity of expecting fomething out of Charity at least, tho he had never got any thing as an Author; and the Rascal upon my Word has publish'd more Volumes than I have done my felf; tho I think he never had any Vent for them, but at the Grocers and Trunk-makers: And what added to his vanity was, that the Market-women publickly thank'd him for furnishing them with Papers to wrap their Butter in when there was a scarcity of Colewortleaves. But I think the Parliament ought to condemn him, and the rest of that scribbling Gang, to drink under the Gallows, and from the Hands of the Hang-man, twice as much Ink as they have wasted in their Writings. But for a little quietness sake, and out of common Charity, I will fay no more against them, left my Eloquence should prove as pernicious as the beauty of Helen to the unfortunate Trojans. Tho hereafter my just indignation must have t'other sling at them; and fince they are so unprofitable in the republick of Letters, I will get an Order to fend them all to the Galleys, for an Oar is fitter for them than Pen and Ink.

This part of Hortensius's Discourse seem'd much less unreasonable to the Company than what he had entertain'd them with just before; not that it gave them a much more sa-

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vourable Impression of his worth and learning: But Francion being impatient to peruse the Papers that were in his Hand, cast his Eyes every now and then, which Hortenfius taking some notice of, at last knew them for his own, and very earnestly desir'd them again: That must be after I have done with them, reply'd Francion. O Sir, fays Hortensius, I'll give you any thing in the World restore me but them Papers, for they are of the last Importance to me: And, says Francion, who had observ'd there were some Leaves torn out of a Book, I will give you any thing in the World let me but read them first; and with that went abruptly from him into another Chamber with Raymond, and read the Papers, wherein were all the Phrases that Hortensius had us'd during the whole Converfation; after they had laugh'd a little amongst themselves, they return'd to the Company, and defired to be inform'd who was the great and profound Author of that Piece. Hortensus affur'd them with a very grave Countenance, that it was the most celebrated Man for eloquence that that Age had produc'd; but shortly they shou'd see from him that he was not the only Mafter of the Gardens of Parnassus. I find your design, Hortensius, says Francion, for I remember when I was at the College with you, you did your Reputation a sensible Injury by imitating Malberb and Coisseteau so much, as I have often assured Raymond in your Absence; and I find you are doing your felf the same Prejudice by this new Author; for amongst Friends, my good

good Master, we must follow the Beauties, not the Impertinencies, of Men: as I well remember a Servant of mine was in love with a Neighbour's Maid, and that he might pass for a Man of uncommon sense, he tore the Leaves out of my Wits Commonwealth, and so got them by Heart, and then set up for a Wit in his Mistress's Company, and your

Folly is just the fame.

With fuch like Reprimands as thefe, Franeion exercis'd the poor Pedant's Patience; and adding fome Gesticulations to his jocofe Repartees, by accident he took notice that Hortenfius peep'd very frequently in his Hat: and being fulpicious that fome uncommon Occasion withdrew his Preceptor's Eyes to so unufual a Place, taking a turn in the Room. he at length espy'd an Opportunity, and fnatcht it out of his Hands; and in the Crown of it was a large Scroll of Paper, whereon, as fo many diffinct Heads of Matter, were written Compliments at meeting, the Address for an Affembly, weighty Difcourses upon various Subjects, jocular Answers, merry Repartees, Compliments of taking of Leave, under every of which Subject was digested feveral Phrases and Sentences, but as odd most of them as they were new : What, Hortenhus, (fays Francion) is this all you have to fay to the Company? You may e'en withdraw your Person; we shall be all as well facisfy'd to the full in the reading them our felves belides, it will fave you fo much trouble busines freind side and ative figuresia

This unlucky accident put Hortenfius very much out of Countenance; and Francien's Testing upon him so dryly quite put him befides all patience; and he wou'd have gone away in that Pet, but having not his Lesson. he was at a Loss how to take his Leave: And Francion (unwilling to nettle him farther) told him with a friendly calm upon his Brow. Sir, you fee now that a natural Complexion is better than Art; and tho it may not have fo farprifing a Luftre, yet it always pleafes us more; and 'tis so with the Beauties of the Mind an indifferent fancy of our own growth is more winning in Conversation, than the best things in the World stolen from others. and obtruded upon the Company for our own: And changing the Discourse to his fabulous Histories wherewith he had diverted them before, and passing some Compliments upon the Extraordinariness of the Conceits. they obtain'd from Hortenfius the Copies of his Collections of Compliments, and so he left them, pretty well fatisfy'd with his Adventures in the main. made a very needle

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Hortensius was no sooner gone, but Francion began to examine the Purport of his Friend's Papers; and found it was a Medley addrest to several forts of Persons; where there were many very good things, but others again so pitifully concerted, that the Blemishes far outweigh'd the Beauties: What was good they all knew from whence it was borrow'd, and the Impertinencies were all Hortensius's, who presum'd others might have

been as little well read as himself, and not discover his Thests.

Francion having made an end of his Papers. and found not a few Subjects of serious Speculation in them, notwithstanding their Extravagancies, he carry'd back the Parcel himself to Hortensius, without saying any thing to him of them, either good or bad, and perfectly reconcil'd himself to him by his high Commendations of some other things which he shew'd him. He was no longer on. the merry Pin, fay or do what you cou'd; Love had recall'd his Thoughts to the Affairs of his Empire; and what gave Francion no little Perplexity was, that whenever he paid his Respects to the charming Nais, neither when they were alone together, any more than when Company was by, wou'd she vouchfafe him any farther Marks than of Civility only, never any thing that lookt like Love.

He had now receiv'd some Bills of Exchange, and augmented his Retinue, and made a very noble Figure. Raymond and he liv'd mighty great together; and as he really was a Count, so calling Francion always Brother, he pass'd at Rome for no less than a Marquiss; he paid his Mistress the devoirs of Serenades, and always sung himself to the Musick, that she might the better know whose Oblation it was she receiv'd. And indeed what Woman cou'd withstand a Gentleman of so signal a Birth, so advantageous an Education, so general a Merit, so sweet a Disposition, so prosound a Capacity, and that

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that not only in some things, but almost every thing? Few fang so well, none play'd so well upon such variety of Instruments; he was generous and brave; and when he had a mind to be ferious, every word was a Sentence; and when he had a mind to be jocular, he wou'd have made a Stoic split with laughing: He had a very good Genius to Poetry; and no Man excell'd him in an easy, noble, manlike Expression in Prose. Rome was full of his Perfections, and every Man proud of his Friendship: No Man dar'd be known publickly to be his Rival; and those that knew of his Addresses to Nais, thought her happy in so distinguish'd an humble Servant. Most People knew he came of a very honourable Family, and that he had Estate sufficient to justify his Pretensions to most Women in France; and this Nais knew; but fearing lest he wou'd not venture upon marrying an Italian, he might only divert himself with making Love a little, and then go Home again: this Apprehension of hers she imparts to her old Friend Dorini, who acquainted Raymond with it, and both of them went together to Francion: You fee, Brother, says Raymond, it is more than time that you come to a Resolution, and no longer spin out your Time in mere Court-Nais is rich and young, and you believe her handsome, and she has a value for you: Don't keep her any longer in Sufpence; if you can resolve to spend the rest of your Life with her, tell her so; if otherwife, don't make her put off some other advantageous

vantageous Proposals. She is too virtuous to be deluded; and if you wont marry her. leave her. Dearest Brother, cries Francion. embracing Raymond very tenderly, if I dorst flatter my felf with any Probability in what you fay, I shou'd be the happiest Man in the Universe; upon which Dorini promis'd to do him all the Service that possibly he cou'd, and that he did not apprehend his Cousin Nais wou'd refuse him. That very Day he broke the Ice to her, and some time afterwards Francion came himself and made his Proposals to her; in short, all things were concluded on, and the Wedding to be cele. brated as foon as both their Affairs wou'd

permit.

Francion having brought things to this wish'd for Success, fent an Express to his Mother to acquaint her with this welcome News; and having nothing now to disquiet his Thoughts, he gave himself to all manner of Diversions to pass away his own Time agreeably, and make his fair Charmer do fo too. In all the Entertainments he made, whether of Musick or Dancing, or the more manly Pastimes of running at the Ring, Francion shew'd himself so very magnificent and gallant that he won the Hearts of all the Italians; he and his fair Nais were the general subject of every Man's Pen; but none of them all came any thing near what he writ upon her himself. Even Hortensius invok'd his Muse, and forced the sacred Sifters to help him a little; but his Masterpieces were Acrostics and Anagrams, that general vantageous

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general height of Pedantic Poetry, which heing every where freighted with Puns and Quibbles upon both their Names, gave no small Occasion of Laughter, and made a merry Interlude to the correcter Poems of the topping Wits. Francion wou'd fain have prevail'd with Hortenfius to write his Life ; and that he might more eafily perform it. he made him an offer of all his Memorials ; but he excused himself, and told him, no Man cou'd do that fo naturally as himself a Raymond was of the same Opinion, and pres'd Francian not only to oblige the World with a History that had so many strange Occurrences in it, but with the rest of his Works, that cou'd not but be highly fatisfactory to every Body that read it, as well as glorious for him that had compos'd them. Indeed, Sir, reply'd Francion, I have not writ lo many as you imagine; for a thousand of those things that pass current upon the World as the effects of my younger Studies, are all furreptitious and Forgeries: Besides, at that time of Day who wou'd hazard that little: Reputation he has amongst his Acquaintance. to be torn to pieces by every scurrilous Reader, and peevish Critic, to be made the May-game of the Coffee houses, and the byword of a Lampoon? But pray, faid Raymond, lince you disown so many, what are the Books you really did write?

One of them, said Francion, was about Love, which I rather had a Mind to dedicate to Philemon, than that I did so; this I have talk'd to you of formerly; another I made

about a Year fince, which is a Description of rural Sports, with little Plays, and fuch like Diversions; and the third is a jocular Account of my own Adventures, and the Title of it is the Errors of Youth; for any others I know nothing of them; and even these too I hope my Friends will have some Indulgence for, in confideration that they were the Product of my greener Years. Indeed once a Gentleman told me I had writ fuch and fuch Books; Sir, fays I, you don't know all yet, for I can shew you some things of mine that I made at thirteen Years of Age; you may count them too in the Number of my Works, fince you amuse your self about such frivolous Matters. At this the Spark stopt short; and can you believe that even the Criticism descended so low as to take Notice of this Essay of my Youth? One Day going to fee a Friend in his Chamber, I met there, tho not with him, yet with a Friend of ours, and his Relation, who hapned to have no Knowledge of me, and as Fate wou'd have it, he fell foul just upon my Book; his Friend ask'd him if there was nothing of Life and Spirit, nothing at all humourfome or gay in it? Verily Coufin, reply'd he, they are but thinly fow'd, and more sparingly sprouted. I defired the favour of him to remark some Instances that more particularly shock'd him, and this without any concern imaginable; he told me very freely indeed, that in his Opinion the Author had busied himself too much with Schoolboys Tales: I told him then without changing

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ing Countenance, tho somewhat dryly, that it was because it pleas'd me then, and I believ'd might be diverting still to many honest Gentlemen, provided they had had that Education. The Person was struck allof a heap when he found I was Author of the Book he had been censuring; and in some measure to repair his Fault he told me some things he admired in it. I protest, says Raymond to Francion, that was mighty generoully done in you; and I cannot but admire the neat Turn of your Wit to let him understand who you were. A hot-headed conceited Blockhead had fallen into a Passion upon it. and appeal'd to all Mankind from his Opinion; but nothing can shake the stability of your noble Soul. Well, you have taught me two Maxims worth all the Sages of Greece. Did not you tell me in the beginning of your History, that a reasonable Man may be pleas'd with hearing the Passages of Boys, since often we are delighted with the relations that Beggars, and the very drofs of Mankind, sometimes make us? For tho I am fensible that many things that I have mention'd will be reprehended as not fit to have been writ; yet, with their Leave, many Incidents that I knew to be true touched me; and I defign'd no other Beauty in them but their Naturalness, and knew them capable of no other. Not however that these severe Monitors of my failings, as haughty as they carry themselves now, had given the World at my Age any proof of their Capacity at all: Or without going so far back, I shou'd

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be highly pleas'd that the teaming Scribblers of this present Time, that appear more variously in Print than the Moon in the Firmament, cou'd always exceed what I writ then with as little Time and Application as my Works cost me. I have compos'd the quantity of Two and Thirty Pages at least in print all in one Day, and that when my Mind has been so taken up with other Matters, that I hardly attended upon my other Subject at all: At other times I have been so opprest with Sleep, that I had hardly any Motion but in my Hand, infomuch that if I did any thing well then it was mere accident; for the rest, I hardly ever wou'd be at the pains to correct what I wrote. A Man has no Honour that writes an ingenious Book; and if he had, it is too vain and infipid to have any Charm for me. If with fo little Care I fucceeded fo well, you may eafily imagine that if I wou'd have exerted my felf I had perform'd fomething less to be despis'd. But as I naturally hate crabbed Speculations, fo l cannot be very intent upon any Matter long : Our common Authors beat their Brains for Matter to write on; I only digeft in order the Conceptions I have had some time in my Head before; they don't weigh their Capacity, they only study to gratify the Itch of Writing. If any of them think I mean this as a Challenge, I shall not give my self the trouble to fatisfy them; not but that I think a Gentleman may appear with his Pen in his Hand to do himself Justice as honourably Cometimes as with his Sword: The Expectation

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tion of Victory, as well as the Assurance of a gallant Defence, being no more vain nor impertinent in the one Engagement than the other; tho I had rather have a noble Field for my Courage than my Scholarship; not to substract from the Dignity of Learning neither; but not a Day passes wherein we have not some tolerable, nay, good things from Men without Principles, without Honour, Conscience and Integrity. Who then wou'd be vain of a ready, fluent, accurate Pen, if he has no other Qualifications to recommend him to Mankind? If my Enemies are diffatisfy'd with this Confession, I shall trouble my Head no farther about it; and fince the whole scope of the Book is jocular, they may e'en take the Commendations I give it my felf as fo many Jests more into the Bargain. Tho it might be an affurance to reasonable Men that I am not vain-glorious, fince throwing my Book into the World without my Name, no Honour can redound to me, who am entirely unknown. It may be my Obstinacy in concealing my self will give some a greater curiofity of knowing the Author, but all their endeavours will be

will think me under an Obligation to tell them my name, fince I am an equal Stranger to theirs. If there is any Body to whom I owe so much Complaisance as to reveal my self, it must be very intimate Friends, who know how to construe my designs, while others wou'd only upbraid me with having

vain; and I hope none of my Readers

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fpent my time in trifles when I had so many

weighty matters upon my Hands.

While Francion was running on at this rate, Raymond liftned very attentively to him; I must confess indeed, says he to him. when he found he paus'd, that you have the most generous and noble Notions that ever! remark'd in any Man, and I cou'd hearken to your Discourse all the Day long; and you advanced fo many admirable Topcis just now. that those who read you cannot enough con. gratulate their own Felicity and your Favour. I am extremely obliged to you, reply'd Francion; but without jefting, Prefaces are always necessary, and sometimes unavoidable: Many indeed never read them, and yet there it is that you must look for the Caliber of the Author, and the drift of his Work. Once a Gentleman told me when I ask'd him why he pass'd over the Preface, That he had read one, and that was enough, for he believ'd they were all alike; and that there cou'd not but be a great affinity between the Title and the Treatife. If any Man that reads my Book defires a share in my Value, he must not serve me so. That I shall be sure to do (added Raymond:) But pray tell me what is your last Book? Why, a whimsical thing enough, reply'd Francion; I have finish'd it, but have not writ one Line of it; however it is a very severe Satyr against some Persons that I have just Reason to speak freely of; and fince the Style and Method are uncommon, and the Nature of the whole such as no Title can sufficiently express, I have call'd it the Book without a Title, which may

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may as properly be call'd no Title; yet I have pitch'd upon it for the Title, because it suits well enough with so fantastical a Work. The Purport of it is to describe the Life and Conversation of some of the most eminent Men, who wou'd pass upon the World for grave, serious, stay'd, good Men, yet are nothing but so many Hypocrites and Impostors: And pursuant to my Intention of Title and no Title, I will have a Dedication and no Dedication; for on the second Leaf of the Book there shall be in Capital Letters, to the Nobility, and under-

neath that, to the Nobility again.

You'll tell me 'tis no great Present indeed, the recital of abundance of Impertinences that I have taken notice of in my time; but fince they give me no handle to treat of better things, why may not I write freely what they as publickly act? I shou'd derogate from my own Character if I did not deal frankly and plainly; and if I had leifure I cou'd swell it to a mighty Volume, by characterizing so many who by their continual Follies (not to call them as yet worse) seem to court the preheminence in my Book. And if those whom I draw to the Life in my fatyrical Entertainments are not as ready to laugh at their own Character as I am in Company, they will get nothing by it, but more loudly to proclaim they are the Persons meant; and when they have thus taken it upon themselves, I may freely name them all afterwards at large: why then shou'd I trouble my Head to court the favour of fuch who

who have fo justly render'd themselves the Oblique of Mankind, and who may thank Fortune indeed for having given them Titles of Honour to cover so many enormous Failings. For you must consider that I look upon the World as a vast Comedy, and only respect the Persons in it proportionable to their well acting that Part which is allotted them. For a Plowman that is an upright honest Man, is preferable to a Prince that is a Villain: Virtue alone ought to constitute the Price and Value of every Man. Not but that I must own too that there are amongst you feveral whose Merits vye Lustre with their noble Births; but when they take care to make themselves more conspicuous to the World in that exalted Station than hitherto they've done, I shall not only dedicate my Books to them, but shall be a willing Sacrifice to their Interest and Advantage.

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This is the Epiftle Dedicatory that I defign to address to the Nobility, which is hardly an Epistle, neither at least not Dedicatory, because it is a Negative. Upon my Word, Francion, (faid Raymond) this is merry enough, and daring too: Men of worth cannot be offended at it, because it no ways relates to them: But when will you let about it in good earnest? In a Day or Two I think, (reply'd Francion) but I don't intend it for the Publick no more than my own History, which I shall begin as soon as the hurry of all my Affairs is over; for I can do nothing under any the least Restraint; I write a Sheet, and lug out my Lute by the Ears . from

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from his. Hut, and solace my self with a Tune; these are the agreeable Interludes in my Comedy; were I not then highly to blame to transmit to Posterity Things so little thought on, and fo crudely digefted? If I have committed those Overfights formerly, I am forry enough for it now, and will let none but my most intimate Friends see what I compose hereafter. I shall think my felf happy enough (added Raymond) provided I be of that number, as I question not but you will reckon me. By my Troth, worthy Friend, (reply'd Francion) you give your felf very ferious Airs about a Matter that no ways merits it; for to delude you no longer, I am none of those mighty Scriblers you think for; those things belong to the Gentlemen that have slept upon Parnafhs, and are grown grey upon the verdant Banks of Aganippe, not to one inured to the Confusion of an Army, and the horror of Drums. A pleasant come-off indeed, (cries Raymond) don't think to prevent your Promile by fuch an humble Confession of your incapacity. Well, (fays Francien) I am all Obedience when Count Raymond commands.

The World had a more advantageous opinion of Francion's Parts than to believe a word of what he said in that Affair: However, the present Posture of his Affairs was such as made him rather a Subject to write on, than allow him Leisure to compose any thing himself; and as Hortensius was eternally the same proud, conceited, arrogant,

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Coxcomb, they all resolv'd, Raymond, Buisson, Audebert, and he, to play him some pretty Prank for their mutnal Diversion; and to facilitate the Matter, they got sour High-German Gentlemen of their Acquaintance, and that were arch Wags too, to join with them in their Plot, for Hortensius had never seen them. One Day when they were most of them together, in bounces Audebert, well, what, Gallants, the King of Poland is dead it seems, cries he, and the States have sent some of their Nobles here; they arriv'd this Morning, and every Body is solicitous to know which of the Princes of Italy is

the Man they pitch upon.

Every one feem'd furpriz'd at the News. and protested 'twas the first word they heard of it; one nominated this Prince, t'other whom he thought the gallantest Man, a third wou'd have it his Man: Thus they were all divided. Du Buisson wou'd needs profer himfelf to take a turn in the Town to pick up Intelligence; the Company thank'd him, and Politick Chat went on, till just as they were fetting down to Supper, Francion, Dorini and Hortensius, at Raymond's House, in comes Buisson with a very compos'd Countenance; well Gentlemen, says he, I have very extraordinary News to impart to you; every one feem'd impatient till he related it; at last, continues he to them, 'tis true, there are Polanders come hither, not to chuse a King, as was at first surmis'd, but to congratulate one whom they had already chofen; and we were all wide in our Imaginations XI.

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tions concerning the Italian Princes, for after all it is a French Man that they are come to pay their Homage to; a Man of such profound Learning, and constancy of Mind, as may re-establish Justice amongst them in its genuin Splendor, and by the fagacity of his Counsels may promise Victory to their Arms. I spoke with one of their Retinue, and he told me his Name was Hortenfius; and that the whole Kingdom was highly fatisfy'd with having a Man to reign over them that was dekended in a direct Male-line, from an antient Consul of Rome. Why this can be no other than you Sir, continued he, turning himself to Hortensius. But is it Matter of Fact, reply'd the Pedant very hastily? Let me die fit been't, (added Buisson) and you will possibly see the Truth of what I say by more ionvincing Circumstances than what I cou'd learn, and that suddenly too. Upon this every one discours'd very seriously of the whole matter, and after many Encomiums upon Learning, they all expres'd a wonderfil deal of Satisfaction at their Friend's fo glorious advancement, infomuch that the poor Pedant was ready to leap out of his skin-

They had hardly half-supp'd when a Coach, and Equipage on Horseback, came rattling to the Door, and they knock'd like mad two or three Times in a half Moment: Petron, Francion's Gentleman, was immediately detach'd to see what was the Matter; he came lying back again, Gentlemen, says he (quite out of Breath as it were) here are some

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Polish Noblemen that enquire for a French Lord, call'd Hortenfius. This is you, (crie Francion immediately to Hortenfius) no doub of it, says Audebert. I am asham'd we supp'd fo late, fays Raymond, with all my Heart every thing is in such Disorder I blush. How tensius was just going to drink, but in the height of his Transport let the Glass fall and spilt the Wine; well, if it be broke (fays he with an equal disdain and precipital tion) the Matter is not much; but how came I to be thus undrest to Day? What will these Grandees say to see me in such a Pickle? Why did they not fend me notice a little sooner, I cou'd then have taken Orders for a better Appearance, and Raymond cou'd have lent me his embrois der'd Cloke. No. no, says Raymond, it will be better for you to appear a little after the Mode of their Country; fo all of them rose from Table, and the Servants took a way, and fet things a little to rights. Ray mond fetch'd out a short Cloke of a Role colour'd Sattin, and lin'd with Furn, such as fick People wear; here, put this on, fays Raymond to Hortensius, they will pay you the greater Reverence when they see you thus accourred; for as their Climate is colder infinitely than ours, they all wear Furrs. The scoundrel Pedant was so transported with the Thoughts of his Grandeur that he did whatever they bid him; he fet down in an elbow Chair, and all the Company flood round him bare-headed, to persuade the Polanders of the Distinction of his Quality. Raymond

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Raymond whisper'd him in the ear to get his Latin ready against they came in; for, doubtless (continued he) they will address themselves to you in Latin, because it is as samiliar to them as their Mother-tongue; and I am persuaded, that the principal motive they had to chuse you was, their being affored how good a Grammarian you were.

They had no fooner put themselves in a politure of Respect, and made an end of these Instructions, but up came the four Germans in Polish Dreffes, with fix Flambeaux before them: the Man of the most majestick Appearance amongst them, represented the Amaffador, and he advancing to Hortenfius. made him a profound Reverence, and afterwards the other Three did the like; then after a preliminary Cough, and a rhetorical stroke to each individual Whisker, he began this Harangue: Morouo Ladillao Rege nostro. Princeps Invictissime, which he pronounc'd with a more elevated Accent, Poloni divino Numine afflati Te Regem suffragiis suis elegrunt, cum Te Justitin & Prudentia adeo milem defuncto credant, ut ex cineribus Ilius quasi Phænix alter videaris surrexisse. Nunc engo nos tibi submittimus, ut habenas ligni nostri suscipere digneris. At the end of his the Ambassador made a florid Panegyrick pon Hortensius, where he shew'd himself qually a Man of Wit and Letters too. Amongst other Particulars, he told Hortenfius, but what chiefly mov'd his Countrymen to pich upon him to fill the vacant Throne, and acceed fo glorious a Monarch, was an antient Prophecy

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Prophecy much in Veneration amongst them: wherein it is particulariz'd, that a learned King should make Poland the most flourishing Country in the World; and by his incompa rable Works, that were justly the Admira tion of all Mankind, he was judg'd by every body to be the Man. This Ceremony ended Hortensius return'd their Civility with a very grave Nod, and said, Per me redibit aures Atas: Sit mihi Populus bonus, bonus ero Rex He would say no more at that Juncture, as deeming it very deregotory from the Granden of Princes to be talkative, fince one word of theirs was more than a thousand of their With this most gracious Answer the Polanders withdrew with nothing but Marks of Wonder and Satisfaction; one of them, as he went out, cry'd aloud, O mira culum mundi! O Rex Chrysostome qualis Pac tolus ex ore tuo emanat! Another of them said, O alter Amphion quot urbes sonus tua vocis adificaturus est! Thus they retir'd with nothing but Praises and Prophecies, that he would undoubtedly be the Glory of their Kingdom- Francion reconducted them, no a little pleased to fee how naturally they had acted their Parts: He was no sooner return'd from waiting on them, but Buisson, coming out of a brown Study, where he feem'd to have been for some time, throws himself down at Hortensius's Feet, and with an earnest Tone of Voice, said to him, O mighty Prince, be pleas'd to look upon your very faithful Servant; and fince you have put a Spoke in Fortune's Wheel, let me be one of your

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your Creatures, and graciously bestow some Place upon me, that I may live comfortably the rest of my days. Here Francion pull'd him very roughly away, faying, I wonder at your Confidence to importune his Majesty so foon; I should think you might have waited till he had been in his own Territories at least; as the his Majesty would, like the generality of Crown'd Heads, give any thing that is ask'd, without confidering what, or to whom: He has his own Subjects to oblige, and must not hazard their Good-will, by any particular Fondness of his own Countrymen; let them by your Services see that you deferve something more, than that you were born in the Country with their King. Buisson does not mend his Manners (says Hortenfius very soberly) I will pronounce him mworthy of any thing, tho he should beg it; and that Francion merits something, tho he hould defire nothing.

This being over, they deliberated whether Hortensius should go back to his Lodgings or not; Raymond was of opinion, that it would not be proper, because of their smallness; farther alledging, that since the French would think themselves all honour'd by this Election, and therefore every one of them that was then at Rome, and could make any figure, would come and pay their Devoirs to him, to make the better Impression upon the Minds of the Polanders; and with this he lest him in possession of that Apartment, with a Servant to help to undress him: They were hardly out of the Room, but Hortensius,

to shew his Authority, calls for Audeberry and when he came, he told him that he must tarry that Night with him by his Bed-fide because the Weight of his present Affain would break much of his Rest. Audeben was glad of this, for being a little malicion in his Nature, he hoped, by keeping him awake all Night, and filling his Head full of extravagant Notions, he should make Horten hus downright diffracted by next Morning and then their Farce would be fo much the more diverting. Friend Audebert (faid Ha tenfius) did not you take notice that the Pa landers faid they had several Prophecies con cerning me? Nor indeed are they at a mistaken; if you would consult our Epheme rides. I question not but you would make notable Discoveries. When we were at Paris don't you remember John Petire Almana and Larivas; I am of opinion that they ha an eye to my Affairs, for they faid that then should be wonderful Alterations towards the North, and the Humble should be exalted Now what is more evident, than coming thus far for a King; and for my Humility you are my witness, that I was always re markable for being fo. This is but Justicen your felf indeed (reply'd Audebert) and with we had the Sibyls Books, or Jouchim the Revelations of St. Bridget, the Prophe cies of Merlin or Noftradamus, where w could not fail of finding fomething to ou present purpose: however, if they did no dream of your Kingdom, yet fince you have it, no matter. Oh, but they would be

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use to me (answer'd Hortensius) in the Management of all my Affairs; besides, if I. knew what would befal me hereafter, I could order matters accordingly: therefore. if you expect any part in my favour, run and fetch me the Revelation of St. Bridget. my Landlord has one, I was reading in it the other Night. Audebert, to carry on the Whim, went and bought one, to shew his readiness to please him, and pretended his Landlord was gone ill to bed, and would not be disturb'd. How! disturb'd to serve me (fays Hortenfius snappishly) that Rascal Audebert, shall never have any Preferment under me; and yet I once intended to make him my head Cook, because he dresses a Sallad very well. Then Audebert read to him several of the Prophecies, which Hortenfius gave all possible Attention to, and if any thing bore the least proportion with his Adventure, that he would read himself over and over twenty times, and mark it with his Pencil. At last Nature got the better of their Curiofity, and after having fallen upon their Candles and their Book (they were so heavy with Sleep) and being no longer able to make any Remarks, Hortensius went to bed, and commanded Audebert to lie with him: But he modestly told him, that was too great an Honour, he was not used to that Familiarity with Princes. Well, well (faid Hortenfius) you shall do it for once, because I have not yet been crown'd, and I advise you not to let flip the Opportunity: so to Bed went Aude-VOL. II.

bert, and they slept both of them, as if it had

been for a Wager.

The next Morning Audebert got up and dress'd himself, in order to wait upon Hor. tensius when he should please to get up : the Servant and he both help'd drefs. him, but when it came to the putting on his Shirt. Audebert pretended that Ceremony belong'd to him, because the King of France has his Shirt always put on by the Person of the greatest Quality that is in his Bed-chamber; but in pulling off Hortensius's foul Shirt, there was fo powerful a Hogo came from his Carcass, that it almost struck Audebert down. who began now to repent of his Quality. Hortenfius perceiving some Diffatisfaction in his Face, and imagining from whence it might proceed, faid, Well, Audebert, this being a Prince alters us strangely; methinks smell like Alexander, for Historians say he was of a rank Odour. Then, indeed (reply'd Audebert) you smell from Head to Foot, like mighty Men; for if your Arm-pits smell like Alexander, your t'other end smells like Darius, for he had formerly been a Letter-Carrier. You are a Wag, Sirrah (fays Hortensius) but I forgive you, inasmuch as Kings have always their Jesters about them to make them merry. He had hardly done speaking, when in come Raymond, Francion, Buillon, and Dorini, to pay their Devoirs to Horten fius, and know how he rested: He told them, the greatest part of the Night was passed away in reading of the Prophecies of St. Bridget, and he shew'd them what he had mark'd

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as speaking of him. This gave them all fresh Assurance of Merriment enough; and as he had been used to greater Extravagancies of his own, than any were in the Romances, they knew nothing of this Adventure would

seem wonderful to him.

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While Francion was gravely discoursing with him about the particular Hints that were in these Prophecies, Buisson interrupted them. and faid; Sir, your Highness, an't please your Majesty, pray which of these Terms must we use to you, for I would be particular in my Respects. After my Inauguration (reply'd Hortensius, with a Smile that mark'd an inward Satisfaction) you must use the Appellation of Majesty, till then your Highness will do well enough. That must not be done by any means (answer'd Raymond) with humble Deference to your Majesty's Opinion; for fince we know you are chosen, we cannot but give you the Title. Well, Gentlemen. (says Hortensius) if it must be so, be it so: But, Buisson, what would you have more? Why, an't please your Majesty, then (says Buisson) I would desire to know if when you are in the Throne, you will not execute Justice impartially? Who doubts that? (replies Raymond:) Well, but what of that? (lays Francion:) Why, (answers Buisson) if he punishes Vice as he rewards Virtue, some certain Bailiffs and a Tooth-drawer are in great danger of being fent for over to Cracow and hang'd. I tell thee, Buisson, I will imitate the King of France, and pardon Injuries done to me when I was Poet Hortensius: and K 2 to

to let you fee how much I am improv'd by reading, I give you, my Friends here, all I have, after the Example of Alexander, and keep only Hope for my felf. At this rate I delign to continue; so that he that writes the History of my Government, shall have matter enough to make it the most celebrated Piece that ever was: And for your part, Andebert, you are a sensible and a curious Man. I will entertain you by me to write down all my Maxims, my Sentences, my Apothegms, or facetious Sayings; and you shall lie at my Bed's feet, for if I wake in the Night, and ruminate upon some weighty Matter, my noble Thoughts and extraordinary Flights will be totally loft, which will be a great weakning to the Republick of Letters; and I am politively resolved to speak nothing but Wit: What, an't please your Majesty (says Buisson) if you want the Chamber-pot: hold your prating (says Hortensius) I don't speak to you. Our Friend Audebert shall keep a Journal of all my wife Sayings; the privatest Family that is, keeps an Account of their Expences, and shall the Meditations of Princes be over-whelm'd in Oblivion? Well, Audebert, I will enlarge your Patent, you shall be my Historiographer. But what Salary? Encroach not upon Generofity (reply'd the King of Poland, with somewhat a displeased Tone) I must see the Condition of my Treafury, before I grant any Settlements. At this Raymond told him, he would quickly have an Opportunity of fatisfying his Curiolity in that point, because they had invited

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vited the Polanders all to dinner. This he approv'd of very well, being defirous to learn what Humour they were of, and so proceeded to equip himself in a more magnificent manner by much than the Day before: however, over his fumptuous Apparel he wore the fame. short Furr Cloke as formerly, the his Hat was tack'd up after the exactest. Method of

the Poliff Nobility.

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He was no sooner gone down into the great Parlour, but the four Germans, dress'd up like Polanders, came in, and faluted him with the profoundest Respect imaginable; and tho much entreated, as modestly excus'd themselves from sitting down at Table with their Sovereign; but Hortensius taking the upper end, and several places being left empty on each hand of him for Distinction sake, the whole Company took their places towards the lower end. There was no discourse at Table but in flattery of the new King of Poland; every word he faid was admired as an Oracle, and they push'd the Humour so ingeniously and so far, that Hortensius believ'd every thing; nay, his new Hiltoriographer was order'd by the Company to rife every minute from Table to write down Sentences; and had it not been in some measure to oblige them, and maintain his own Character, he had so many in his Dinner, that he had rose a hungry from a very fumptuous Entertainment. The Cloth was no sooner taken away, but a great many French Gentlemen, that Raymond had made privy to the Affair, came in to wait upon Hortensius, and pay K 2 him

him their Devoirs as a King, and their Countryman. In the mean while Dorini went to Nais, to acquaint her with the whole Defign, and defire her leave to permit all that Company to spend an Hour at her House: she readily consented to it, as being of a gay Temper, and her Kinsman Dorini came and told Francion of it; whereupon he address'd himfelf to his Polish Majesty, and ask'd him if he would vouchfafe the Honour of a Vifit to one of the most celebrated Ladies of Italy. Hortensius was very willing to accept of that Diversion, so they had three Coaches made. ready for the whole Company. But the King of Poland was for quitting his little Furr Cloke, because the rest of the Polish Noblemen had none on; but Raymond, who had still some Influence over him, notwithstanding the Pride and Obstinacy of Hortensius's Temper, gave him to understand, that that would argue a Levity in his Majesty; and that there ought to be a Distinction between the Sovereign and the Subject, and at present that would be a very peculiar one: so into the Coach stept our Polish Majesty, with his Nobility, and Audebert, whose Charge required a continual Attendance at his Master's Elbow, because of registring his Apothegms, 'The rest of the Company follow'd as Attendants; every body's. Eyes were upon these strange-dress'd Gentlemen, and most concluded it a Masque that was going to dance somewhere, yet wonder'd it Thould be at such a distance from Carnival-time.

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Nais receiv'd them very gallantly, and had invited some Ladies of her Acquaintance to take part of the Droll, and see the new King of Poland, who was so civil in his turn, as to refuse a Chair till all the Ladies sat down: as for the Men, they stood out of refpect to the Fair-Sex, and to honour in appearance so puissant a Prince. Nais, addresfing her self to Hortensius, said, she was very glad to see so great a pitch of Honour and Dignity conferr'd upon a Man, that, without doubt, would make the World happy: Here we see the Care (continued she) that Providence takes of Mankind, fince Scepters are made the Reward of Virtue and Wisdom. And what is equally worthy your Reflection, Madam, (answer'd Buisson) is how things grow like Pyramids turn'd topfy-turvy; Rivulets become vast Seas, an Acron a mighty Oak, and our King, that was yesterday nothing, is now a powerful Prince: he is the reverse of Dionysius; for of a King he became a Pedagogue; and our Pedant that was, is now a magnificent Monarch—Learn to speak with respect of Princes, (reply'd Hortensius;) but Youth will be giddy, rash, and impertinent. I deny not the Meanness of my Extraction, but you needed not have mention'd it: what is past, should be forgotten, as tho it had never been at all; we ought to believe Fortune is overfeen sometimes. How many great Kings have been taken from the very dregs of the People? What was Tamerlane but a Swineherd? Agathocles was a Potter's Son; and that his People should see the Elevation of his Condition, K 4

Condition, did not make him blush at the meanness of his Parentage, he had Earthenware always fet on the Sideboard-table a. mongst his gold and silver Vessels. Every one knows Aufonius was a good Author, and he in a Copy of Verses has, Fama est sictilibus canasse Agathoclem Regem, &c. But without going fo far backwards, one of our Kings of Poland was a Day-labourer, and his wooden Shoes are kept fill in the Treasury, in perpetual Memorandum of it: However, this is not necessary, and those that know me, know I came not from any such abject Parentage; nay, who knows but in time it may come to light, that I am far another Personage than . what they take me for? How many People, pray, (continued Hortenfius, with somewhat an affur'd Tone) have been long thought nothing but Shepherds Sons and Shepherds Daughters; but at last have been prov'd the Children of mighty Kings, and famous Heroes. All Romances are full of those Contingences, and the Incidents of my Life are fo many and so wonderful, that I make no doubt but in time I shall be proved to come. of the Race of Princes, who having had some wonderful Dream of my being in time a mighty King, as now I am, expos'd me in my Infancy, fearing my future Grandeur might prove prejudicial to their Ambition or Authority; but Heaven won't be eluded, its Inspiration cannot lie, and my Heart suggests to me more and more that I am of some Royal Family; for I am sure no Man ever defired so much to be a King as I did,

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Your Polish Majesty is highly in the right

(fays Francion) and we may not be long with-

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ont full Affurance of the Nobility of your Descent, for the Year of the grand Jubilee is now at hand, then all People will come toconfession; and as Princes do marry sometimes privately, they will more readily do Justice in an Affair of this nature, fince your acquir'd Dignity will make them proud of your Alliance. I have been credibly inform'd. that the last Jubilee there were seven sovereign Princes own'd their Children that they had turn'd out of doors, after they had made away with their Mothers. O Nefarius (cry'd out Hortenfius, as aftonish'd) Prob Deum aig. hominum fidem! But I find no Sentiments in my Soul that make me suspect I ever came from. the Loins of a Man that could perpetrate an Act of so execrable a Ferocity. But taking notice that his Historiographer Audebert was engaged in discourse with Buisson, he made him several figns with his Head and his Hands. to commit to writing his remarkable Sayings. At last he said to him, pray observe, here passes curious Matter for profound Speculation; I have omitted nothing but the Latin, an't please your Majesty, and as it was Assonius's, I thought --- What! As me no. Affes (fays Hortenfius very haughtily) Aufo-I faid - learn to speak correctly; must I be always instructing you in the Latin . Tongue? And with that he repeated the Verses over again for Audebert to write: down, and at the end of every three Words. repeated them again, faying, have you done? K S

Still as if he had been dictating an Exercise to his School-boys. Well (says Buisson) I know but three Words of Latin, Simia semper simia—— Take but notice (says his Polish Majesty) of this arch Wagg. Yesterday, when these worthy Noblemen made me a tender of their Crown, I thought I wanted nothing of Royalty but a Jester, but now I find I am provided. These Repartees caus'd a great deal of Laughter amongst the Company; for the the Ladies did not understand Latin, yet every one had a Friend to interpret it to them, as Francism did to his adorable Nais.

But, to put Hortenfius upon some diverting Subject, Nais told him, that the had been affured he had begun several ingenious Romances, and defired to know if he would not continue them. He told her very gravely, he had now other Affairs that tended more to the Benefit of Mankind, and had no time but for Action: he must extirpate the Ottoman Race, and gather fresh Lawrels from off the Idumean Plains, therefore resolv'd to be at the head of a very formidable Army as foon as ever he came into Poland. Pray then remember me (says Buisson) I only beg a Troop of Horse by Sea. Well, well (says Hortenfius) you shall have it; tho I fancy you had better put in for the Place of Merry. Andrew Royal.

Francion apprehending that the King of Poland might be too far exasperated by the Gibes and Jeers that Buisson put upon him, chang'd the Discourse, and defir'd his Majesty to honour the Company with a small Sketch

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of what Method he would use in the Administration of his Affairs. To oblige the Ladies (fays Hortenfius) and give these my Subjects a Specimen of what Government they must live under, I will first let you know (and here he beckon'd to Audebert to be ready to write) that my Kingdom confifts partly of Swordsmen, and partly of Men of Letters; for as a grave Man observes, to make a People happy, they should have a Philosopher for their King, or at least a King that is a Philosopher: here he look'd over his Shoulder to see what Audebert was doing; therefore to repel a little the martial Spirit of the Cossacks, I will have a Regiment of Poets from Paris, that shall establish an Academy for Poetry and Romances; and as others treat only of Love and Arms, mine shall run upon Taxes, Imposts, Excises, Courts of Judicature, Elecquestion not but the Tricks, Shifts, Cheats and Briberies, that are used in all these Posts of a Kingdom, will afford as great Variety, and as much Matter to dilate upon, nay, and as profitable Mythology, as any of the Tales of Cassandra, Clelia, Cleopatra, or Artimenes. My Captains shall write Romances of Battles and Bloodshed, my Nobles of Honour, my Gentry of Love, and the Merchants of Thus, in a little time, by the industry of the Pen, all Men will become wife, and all wise Men valiant; and with that he tipp'd the nod upon Historiographer Audebert. But with humble Submission to your Majelty (lays Nais) there should be some care taken about

about Commerce, for Money we know is the very Vitals of War. It may be, Madam, (added Buiffon) his Poliff Majesty intends his wife Men shall live upon Meditations, and the Warriors upon the Spoils of their Swords; and who would drive a Trade, that could fublift as plentifully without it? Wilt thou never learn Manners? I know thou canst not with Discretion: (reply'd Hortensius with a disdainful Air) You have a Troop of Horse! No, you shall have a Pied Coat and a Fool's Cap (added he with an angry Countenance.) When Nais interposing, said, your Majesty should have more Compassion for his Infirmities, fince very wife Men, in the opinion of the World, would appear very weak in your Company; and she did not doubt but his great Care and Capacity would provide for all things in their proper Sphere. You speak like a wife Woman, Madam, (reply'd Hortenfius) and I am confident you had the Goddess of Beauty for your Mother, and the Goddels of Wildom for your Nurle; and with that he look'd hard upon Audebert. But, Madam, (continued his Polish Majesty) as you were faying, for the promoting and encouraging of Trade throughout my Dominions, I will put out an Edict, whereby Wit shall be current Money, and all my Subjects merry Companions. If a Man has no Money, for an Epigram he shall have a modest Breakfast, or if it be Evening, a pint of Ale and a Pipe of Tobacco; for a Song he shall have a double Proportion; for an Ode a Day's chearful Expence; and for a Poem a Week's Entertain-

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Entertainment, washing and lodging. With these collected Pieces he shall pay his Chandler, Butcher, Brewer, Baker, and Landlord: for a Novel, or short Romance, the Author may command an entire Suit of Clothes; the longer the Work, the better the Suit : and thus shall Wit be rewarded, Commerce improv'd, Mens Understandings enlighten'd, and all Necessities supply'd. As for the executive part of Justice, because Men are but Men, and therefore will be jeering, I will have it good and expeditious; for if the matter of Fact is not evident, the Parties shall draw Cuts for it: in matters of but small Moment. the wifest Man shall have it, because I will always encourage Wisdom. For the Promotions in my Army, no Man shall be a Captain that can't say Amadis de Gaul without Book; no Man shall have a Regiment that has not writ three Romances in Folio, for by that time they must know something; and as for subduing the Turks, I have so many rare Inventions of fiery Chariots, Bombs fill'd full with Stars, Carcasses of Comets, Petards of Constellations, flaming Saddles and Bridles: In a word, I will out do Caligula in Thunder, and so terrify these Barbarians, that they shall all throw down their Arms, and fubmit to me as fomething infinitely superior to Mahomet. I'll have Machines of polish'd Crystal, to reverberate the Sunbeams in their Eyes, and make them blind; and I intend to contrive them fo that they shall have the same Effect by Night, only by burning a Faggot behind them; the Horrors

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Horrors of their Confusion will only heighten the Acclamations of my Army; thus will the Terror of my Arms be spread over more than Christendom in one only Campaign.

Every one was highly pleas'd with the No. velty of his Inventions, and might juftly affirm they never heard the like in their Lives before, and but from him cou'd never expect so much again. But Audebert, that at Bottom was as great a Wag as any of the Company, faid, well, this Alteration of a Man's Condition brings a mighty Alteration in the Mind too; now my Master bravely resolves upon all the Toils of War, and yet when I knew him first he protested he wou'd never go into an Army, unless the Guns were charged with Cypress-powder, and Sugarplumbs for Bullets, and prim'd all. with Paulvil. Well, well, said Hortensius, then was then, and now is now; besides, when Heaven makes us Kings, it gives us Hearts of Kings; my Cause is just, therefore I need not fear; besides, I can do like some other Princes, fend my Armies abroad, and tarry at home my felf: My Head is to guide what their Hands must act.

In the interim the Ambassadors were laying their Heads together; and Francion, that was their Interpreter, acquainted the King of Poland that they were a little diffatisfy'd with his Resolution of making so universal a Change in the Administration of Affairs; for that their Countrymen are extreamly jealous of their Rights; and that nothing shocks them more than the Appre-

hensions of Innovation. When we come there, fays Hortenfius, we shall see what's to be done; tho I question not but if they are such Scholars as the World says they are, nay, if they but understand Latin, I fear not convincing them as easily as this worthy Assembly, of the validity of my Reasons, and the Benefit of my Inventions.

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One of the Ladies that came to wait upon Nais was very curious to know if his Polift Majesty had no thoughts of marrying; which Francion imparting to him, Hortenfius faid, he did believe indeed there were some nice Ladies in Italy that had a Mind to be a Queen, but he lik'd them not; he were resolv'd to have a Daughter of England or Denmark, that had Virtue and a Maidenhead, as well as Wealth and Honour. This being communicated to the Ambassadors, they faid he need not have made that Exception against any Wife, for it was the Custom of the Country, for Reasons that they defired to be dispensed with for naming, that whenever their Kings married one that pass'd for a Virgin, all the Men of the first Quality were oblig'd to lie with the Queen the first Night. That's abominable and infamous, (cries out Hortenfius) and I'll never fuffer it; besides. I have read twenty Books that treat of the Polish Affairs, and never met with one Word of this Custom: you must not look upon a Man's Picture, says Nais, to know whether he has a wry Nose or not, you must look upon his Face; so that if your Books

Books are wrong, that fignifies nothing to the Constitution of the Government. The Embaffadors affured him that the Noblity wou'd never consent to the abolishing of such a Custom as that was, because it tended to their Pleasure in the Enjoyment of a fine Woman, and to their Interest if their King never marry'd, in as much as theirs was an elective Crown; which they presum'd might be the Original of that Custom; for by keeping their Kings fingle they were more at leifure to follow the War, and cou'd not make an Interest whereby the Crown should in time come to be Hereditary. The Polity of the Thing was commended on all Hands; but the Women fided with Hortenfius for the lying with his own Queen the first Night at least. Buisson told him he need not be very scrupulous about that Matter, but e'en marry when he lik'd, for he wou'd find all Women alike; and that when his royal Confort shou'd be in Gemini (for he had studied Astronomy) he wou'd certainly be in Capricorn.

Thus the Assembly broke up, and took their leaves of Nais, except Francion only, who tarry'd behind: There was such a concourse of People flock'd about the Coach to see this Monster of a Monarch, that it was admirable; some laugh'd at him, others wondred, and Hortensius took it all as so much incense to his new Grandeur; and being very well pleas'd with his own Person himself, he imagin'd every Body else wou'd be so too. As soon as he came Home, he lock'd himself up with his Historiographer

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to fee what he had entred into his Diary. and correct what Mistakes he had committed. Francion diverted his Mistress with the account of all-Hortenfius's Extravagancies; and tho in his presence they were forc'd to put a restraint upon their Mirth, yet now they were at liberty they laugh'd their fill. But as they had other Business together, they quickly shifted the Scenes of their Converlation, and from laughing fell to makine love. Nais was fo fenfibly touch'd with Francion's Protestations, that in the Transport of her Mind she put her Hand in her Pocket, and pull'd out Floriander's Picture, and gave it him, withal affuring him that she wou'd not harbour any thing that shou'd make him believe she thought of any Man but himself. He made some difficulty of taking it at first, and vow'd he was no ways jealous of her; for as the had done him the honour of giving him her Word, he cou'd not but be satisfy'd; however, he kept the Picture, and gave it to his Friend Raymond when he came home. Tho Nais was absolute Mistress of her self, yet she wou'd not but consult with her Relations about her Marriage; and the they were somewhat averse to her matching with a Stranger, yet they feem'd to approve her thoice, because she wou'd do just what she lift, and not what they shou'd advise. Francion had been to visit some of them, but they were not to be so soon persuaded, notwithstanding Dorini was his Friend in the Matter, and introduc'd him to them. However, Matters were carry'd on so far, that

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the Wedding was concluded to he kept in fix Day's time. Our Lover thought it very long, and to make the tedious Hours slip away with less Anxiety and Diffatisfaction, he was forc'd to have recourse to Hortensius's Maggots; having met him at night, he made him fun in the same State as he had din'd, and after. ward put him to Bed with the same Ceremony and Respect. The Ambassadors ask'd him when it would be his pleasure to fet forwards on his Journey to take the Reins of the Poliff Government into his own hands, for they languish'd extremely after his Prefence? He told them whenever they would, but Francion interpos'd, and humbly intreated his Majesty to do him the Honour to be at his Wedding, which would be now in five or fix Days; and after that was over, he would wait on him thro' France, as likewise all the French Gentlemen that were at Rome, then he would travel like a King indeed, and have a numerous Army instead of an Equipage.

King Hortensius was resolv'd to be at the Wedding, what Arguments soever the Ambassadors urged for the Necessity of his beginning his Journey; and after many Remonstrances, he told them flat and plainly he would tarry to see Francion married, thou cost him ten of his best Provinces. At this the Ambassadors turn'd about, and were trooping off without Ceremony or Civility, as taking his Answer in contempt of their Crown and Country. Hortensius made them be call'd back again, and ask'd them what made them so dissatisfy'd? They told him, that

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hat fince they had met with him, and diftharg'd their Duty to him, both as Ambassafors and Subjects, they expected to be lodg'd in the House with him; for it reflected upon hem, that he would still be waited upon by is own Countrymen, and not by his Subects and Vaffals, when there were fo many of them there for that intent and purpole; lledging farther, that by the opportunity of being often at his Elbow, they could better lave the Means of practifing his Inclinations, nd thereby infinuate themselves into his Faour and Good-will. If that be all, (fays the king of Poland) here bring me my Robes, Gentlemen, I will go and lodge in the House with you, fince there is not room here; and with that dress'd himself, and went along with them home, where they honour'd him with the best Bed in the House. The next norning, putting on their usual Clothes, they march'd off without beat of Drum; and paying their Landlord but half his Money, told im, their Companion that was in Bed would htisfy the rest. When Hortensius was awake, the Master of the House went up to him, and sk'd him if he was not to defray the Expences of those Gentlemen, as well as of himelf. Hortensius said he was not going yet, out they are gone (reply'd the Master) what, s there not one Polish Gentleman in your House? (says Hortensius:) How, Polanders? Here never was but four Germans (reply'd the Master) and I tell you they went away this morning early; and as they had respected him as their Mafter, he look'd upon him for his

236 The Comical History Book XI bis Paymaster. In the middle of this Dispute between Hortenstus and his new Host, who should come in but his old Landlord, who had trac'd him out from Raymend's thither, and call'd him all the Villains and Cheats he could think of and would have his Money for his Lodging and other Charges, ay marry would he; and with that lays hands upon the Furr Cloke, at which the Master of the House seizes the rest of Hortensius's Robes; and while they were confulting how to dispose of them, in comes Audebert, who spoke to the Man that came to Raymond's to enquire for him, and · suspecting there might be some noise about Matters, hasted after him to Hortensius; and when he had Diversion enough in the Affair, he told both the Landlords that Hortenfius was an honest Gentleman, and would pay them: however, he would fee them both fatisfy'd, if they would leave him his Clothes, Ay, but (fays Hortensius) prithee tell them that I am a King, and that you are my Historiographer, and that I can confer Honours and Places upon them, that will make them respect me so much the more. We'll wait a fitter Opportunity of managing those Matters (fays Audebert) get up and drefs.

As soon as Hortensius was ready he put on a Cloke like other People, and wou'd not wear the Furr'd one, because he had no Polanders attending on him; and on they jogg'd, Audebert and he, to wait upon Raymond and Francion, and all the way they went Hortensius was very pensive and melancholy; and being come into the Room to

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Raymond and Francion, he made heavy Complaints of the base usage he had met with from the Polanders, and without being able to ascribe any tolerable Reason. The Reason is evident enough, reply'd Francion, vesterday you drew up a new form of Government, and they are the People of the World the most tenacious of their old Rights and Customs; and besides that, you hou'd have taken a noble House for them, and furnish'd it according to your own Digaity, and given the principal Person amongst them your Picture fet round with large Diamonds, and golden Chains and Medals to all the others; this is what Princes do nowadays; this wou'd have shew'd a generous noble Soul; you wou'd have won their Hearts for ever. I don't remember (replies Hortenfius) in all my reading to have met with this Method you prescribe. Don't tell as of musty, old, moth-eaten Books, says Francion; the best Book you can read is Mankind, and there you will find it neverotherwise. I scorn the Follies of the Fashion, lays Hortensius, I steer my Course as the Antients did; and as I had nothing to give, fo they shou'd have waited till I had an opportunity of demonstrating my Gratitude: But pray your opinion upon the whole: Indeed I am much afraid, says Francion, that being gone in so much haste away before you, they design to mis-represent you to the Government, or else chuse some other Perfon as they go along. What if I wrote a Letter to the Government to let them know

of

of my coming, and prevent their proceeding to any farther. Election that may be prejudicial to my Affairs? That will be in vain reply'd Francion; for as they are deputed to chuse, so you must have been presented by

them, and them alone.

This cut Hortenfius to the very Heart but Raymond comforted him up with tel ing him what Cares and Troubles attended a Crown, how the Subjects enjoy their Rest and Ease, and Tranquility; whilst King's Breast is eternally torn to Pieces with Fears and Jealousies, Factions at home, or formidable Enemy abroad : he is betray'd by his Cabinet-Council in the times of hi greatest Need; Parliaments will grant no Supplies, but to the Money-Bills they tack one for diminishing the Prerogative, and en larging their own Authority; is it not better added Raymond, to be free and eafy, as you were ten Days ago, merry with our Friends and Master of your self, than a Slave to every Minister that can advise or may betray you? Your General fights a faile Battle your Army is routed, your Exchequer drein'd, your People murmur, and you are almost undone; your Admiral takes wrong Measures, your Fleet is sunk, your Enemies invade your Country, take your Towns, and then turn you out of Doors: Remember, Hortensius, that Seleucus told the Messenger that brought him the Crown, that he that knew the Miseries it cover'd wou'd not stoop to take it up.

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This Discourse was very moving and efficacious upon the Mind of our late Monarch: and to diffipate some small Clouds that were not quite blown away, he took up a Book, call'd The Contempt of the Vanities of the World, and diverted his Thoughts a little. while the rest of the Company had theirs in

various other Subjects.

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Francion finding the dejected Spirits of his Pedant wou'd not, for some time at least, afford any matter of Mirth, he betook himfelf to the endearing Conversation of his beloved Nais; and to make the most they cou'd of Hortensius, he inform'd the Players of all his ransactions in the College, which in a little time they digested into Form, and acted it at Nais's House, where Hortensius saw it, but had too good an opinion of himself to be-

lieve he was the subject of the Farce.

The next Day the same Comedians acted mother Piece at Raymond's House, but of a very different Nature; it confisted of several Languages, tho so blended together, that any one that understood the Italian Tongue was at no loss to comprehend it. The Day after there was a Performance by Actors of a more distinguish'd Character that had a mind to tread the Stage. Francion, Raymond, Audebert, Buisson, and two other French Gentlemen, had perfected themselves in an Invention of their own, and play'd it at Nais's. The whole was made up of Songs that all of them knew, and which they had to disposed, as to be so many Discourses Dialoguewife: Tho all of them written by the most cele-

celebrated Pens, and set to Musick by the most accurate Masters of the Age. The Incoherence of some of the Songs made the next Diversion to that of the Harmony, be cause it appear'd so much the more odd, and out of the way; tho some of the phlegmatic Italians did not relish it by any means, a having no great Judgment in the French Verification. But to make them amends, the next Day Francion entertain'd them with Comedy that all Nations might easily under stand, for every thing was said by Signs and as he had acted it once before at Paris in a very little time he taught all his Com

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panions their Parts perfectly well.

Tho much of his time was spent in the fort of Gallantries, yet he was not withou leisure Hours to pass away at his Charmer Feet. The Day being now come for figning and fealing of Writings, all of them wer invited to Supper at Nais's; not forgetting Hortenfius, who seeing every Body dispos' for Mirth and Gaiety, forc'd himself to bei a good Humour, tho at present they did no pay him the Homage he had lately had, whe King of Poland; and resolving to push Win and Wit about, he fill'd a Venice Glass tha was made in the Fashion of a Gondalo, h held it up, and faid, the Philosoper wa doubtless in the right on't, that said that the Vessels were safest that were upon dr Ground; and beyond all peradventure meant such as they were; seeing Audeber going to drink, he cry'd out hastily, have care, don't put good Wine into a bad Cask what

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what, reply'd Audebert, do you think I am going to pour it down your Throat? Hortenfius finding he was worsted at his own Weapon, waved that Subject, and attack'd him another way? look you here, Audebert, fays he, there are three Partridges. the there were but two in the Dish; I deny it, fays Audebert; I'll prove it, replies Hortenfius, and this brought some Eyes upon them : There is one, fays the Pedant, pointing to one of the Partridges with his Knife. and there is two, fays he, pointing to the other; now (added he) One and Two is Three; at which the Company were pleas'd to laugh; and Hortenfius lang, Fo triumphe: When the Fit was over, fays Audebert, by your leave, Mr. Doctor, there is nothing beyoud Demonstration; with that he takes one Partridge and gives it Buiffon, and the other he put upon his own Plate; now, Horrenfius, added he, pray make free your felf with the third; this put the Pedant doubly out of Countenance, for being not only out-witted. but depriv'd of his dividend in the Hollow bit. for he was no small Epicure when at other Peoples Tables; and the Company return'd the laugh to his disadvantage: However, as Revenge is fweet, and his Belly demanded htisfaction for the Injury it sustain'd by his pinion of his Wit, I must do my self Justice. lys Hortensius aloud, and the time will not e long first I hope; however, to shew my memies I am, in perfect Love and Charity with them, I'll drink their Healths, and so all'd for a Glass of Wine; it was hardly VOL. II. down

down his Throat when another Course being ferv'd upon Table, it happened there was a Dish with four Pigeons just before Hortenfius, with that he brilled uplike a Cock in the Pit, and wiping his Mouth, Audaces fortuna iuvat (cries he) and taking up his Fork, Facile est jam copia Regni. Every one sat expecting what wou'd come of this, but were not long puzled to guess: For he took one of the Pigeons and gave it to Two of the Gentlemen that had jeer'd him, with repeating one and two is three; then he gave another to Audebert and Buisson, repeating still one and two is three; then he took the other two, and put them on his own Plate, faying one and two is three; at this every one was pleas'd, they at the Fancy, and Hortenfus in his double Portion: The Table was too long for every Body to see it, but the Laughter waked their Cariofity, and when the Affair had been related to them, they applaud ed Hortenfius's Wit; but he cramm'd on, and for in return to all their Encomiums, faid Magnus ingenii Largitor Venter. When the Defert came in, Hortenfius observ'd that nex to him was only dry'd Apples and Pears but on the other fide there was nice we Sweetmeats; so after a small pause, well, protest 'tis admirable, (fays Hortenfius, look ing upon the Window where the Sun shone that that vast and glorious Body of the Su shou'd move so round, and round, and round and round, and at every time he faid fo, h Natur gave the Dish of Sweetmeats a turn, as if on Grief ly to demonstrate the motion of the Sun hony

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Book XI. of FRANCION. 243 till at last he got the best on the side next

himself. But Audebert suspecting a Trick. let him go on with his Show, and at last faid, why there is something more particularly wonderful, and that's the nocturnal Motion of the Sun, he moves, and moves, and moves. and moves, till the next Morning we find him just as he was the Morning before; and while he was speaking, Audebert turn'd the Dish round the Backway till his own Sweetmeats came before himself again, and making a jeering Bow to Horrenfius, faid, Magnus ingenii Largitor Venter. This had put the Doctor quite besides himself if he had not almost gorg'd himself with the best of every thing before, and wou'd have been a greater Trial of his Fortitude and Refigna-

tion than the Lofs of the Kingdom of Poland. Gaiety and Love duly reliev'd each other. and Francion acquitted himself so gallantly. both amongst the Ladies, and amongst the Gentlemen, that he gain'd as great a Value and Veneration from the Italians as he had mongst his own Countrymen. Hortenfus. hat wou'd let slip no opportunity of shewing is Parts, had hardly the Patience to hear the infi Tune play'd, but still in Raptures shew'd low much he was pleas'd, and at last cry'd ot, all the motions of our Souls are but arts of Mulick; Humility is the Bass, Pride the Treble, Anger is the Tenor, Revenge he Counter Tenor, Prudence beats Time, lature is the plain fong, Art the Quaver, rief is the Stops, and Friendship Sym-

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This Whim of Hortensius diverted the Company a little; and to make a little more Sport with his Vanity and Self-conceit, they all very earnestly desired him to oblige them once more with a particular of his appropriating the Parts and Qualities of Musick to the Affections and Passions of Man's Soul, which he very readily consented to, believing that they all admired him, and so indeed they did, but not as he pleas'd himself with

thinking they did.

The Company being now broke up, and Hortenfius, with the rest of our gallant Frenchmen at Raymond's House, Francion ask'd him what was his opinion of Nais? And if he did not envy him the Felicity of fo charming a Mistress? Hortensius, who had not Manners enough to forbear speaking what he thought, told him very bluntly, that a Widow was but a second-hand Diffe at best; and that a young Cavalier as he was. shou'd be able to chew his own Meat, and not wait for his Meal till another had spit it out upon his Plate; besides, upon every little Pique or Difgust the Ghost of the former Husband is conjur'd up to be a Witness how good and how loving a Wife she was; ay he would have dy'd, poor Man, God refl his Soul, before he wou'd have given me an angry Look, or debarr'd me of any thing had a Mind to, let it cost never so much and this Peal the rings in your Ear, when the can't wheedle you out of any thing that he Pride has a mind to. There is no Fear, fay Raymond, but Nais will find that in ou Friend

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# Book XI. of FRANCION. 245 Friend Francion as will quickly thrust her for mer Husband out of her Mind. For my part (says Francion) I don't see the disadvantage of marrying a Widow, they are experienc'd in all the endearments of Love; they are Proof pieces that did not split in the first Firing. A Wife I cou'd not be without; and if one Man has had her before me, I have had a thousand before her, put that and that together. However, nothing cou'd disswade Francion from this Match; he was satisfy'd of his Felicity, and had Prudence enough to bear it, if any thing shou'd fall out more than he expected.

He grew weary with the rambling Life he

had led for fo many Years past, and reflecting

feriously upon Matters, he found it was more than high Time that he should take up and

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### COMICAL HISTORY

OF

# FRANCION

### BOOK XII.



S these two real. Friends were discoursing over their Affairs, on a sudden came in to them one Seigneur Bergamin, that Francion had been acquainted with some Time, and had a kindness for,

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because he was a very jovial Fellow; he receiv'd him kindly, and wonder'd he had made himself so great a Stranger to him, for

Book XII. of FRANCION. 247 he had let slip some favourable opportunities of merriment that cou'd not now be retriev'd, and so gave him a short account of their Diversions, as well of their own acting, as of that more particularly relating to the King of Poland. Bergamin was not so ignorant of what pass'd at Rome, but that he knew the greatest part of that Farce, and faid he was heartily forry his other Affairs had depriv'd him of fo many happy Hours. Well, favs Francion, fince we can't recal what is past, let us make the most of what's to come: Put you on your usual facetious Humour, and I question not but we shall have laughing enough still. Thus far Francion was in the right, for Bergamin was one of the pleasantest Men in Rome; he had formerly belong'd to the Stage, but cou'd fettle to nothing long; he had made himself so perfect in his Trade, that he cou'd act a whole Comedy himfelf without any other help than change of Clothes; his prefent way of subfifting was by frequenting Whores, and fuch fort of Cattle; he diverted them, and their Cullies, and himfelf too, and wou'd pimp for any Body that was generous. He had Wit at will; by applying himself to no Body in particular, he had no Patron, nor no Pension, so of Consequence pretty poor. He was one of them that dine well fometimes, but never sup; because the great Ones there never fup in publick, and for his own Kitchen it never had any Fire in it. Formerly he had liv'd: plentifully in Francion's Company, but by some accident had discontinued the Acquain-

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Acquaintance to both their Difadvantages, and at prefent feem'd a little cloudy, and out of order; and after the first Civilities were paft, he told him he wanted a word with him about a very urgent Affair; and taking him to the Window, Raymond kept at a distance from them, not desiring to know more of his Friend's Affairs than he was willing to communicate to him. Bergamin ask'd Francion, if he had not lately feen the charming Emelia, an Italian Lady that he had got acquainted with fince his being at Rome? Francion ask'd him in return, if he did not know what every body knew at Rome, and that was that he was going to he married to Nais ? And that after the figning of a Contract he did not think it expedient to visit any other Ladies. What you have promis'd to Nais, fays Bergamin, I know is publick enough; but it is not more binding than what you have promis'd Emelia, tho not before so many Witnesses; for the first Obligations put it out of our Power to engage our felves a fecond time. You surprise me mightily, says Francion, in talking thus to me; and you furprise me infinitely, replies Bergamin, in pretending to be furpris'd at what I say. I am in no manner whatever under any Obligation to Emelia, fays Francion; the pretends you are tho, replies t'other, insomuch that you can't marry Nais, as you imagine. Bergamin faid this with a very compos'd Countenance, and Francion took all for a banter; prithee dont put your Tricks upon Travellers; I was born before yesterday; but my

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#### Book XII. of FRANCION. my Friend Raymond shall participate of this

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Raymond came very gladly up to them upon the first Summons, and was very uneasy to fee they were so serious, both their Countenances remarking fomething extraordinary. This Bergamin, fays Francion, is the pleafantest Dog I ever came near in my Life; he wou'd fain persuade me that I promis'd Emelia Marriage. Raymond, that had heard fomething of the Lady, smil'd at it. But Bergamin affur'd them over and over again that it was so; and that Nais had confess'd it to him, and her Mother desir'd the Favour of him to wait upon him, and acquaint him with it, hoping he wou'd not be fo ungenerous, and not only that, but perjur'd; and here he shew'd the strength of his Memory in repeating a thousand fine Things, which his own pregnant Wit apply'd very home; and to this he added a certain Air of an Actor. with the Gesticulations of an Orator, that if it had been upon any less serious Subject, it had been a perfect Farce in it felf. Francion cou'd not tell whether he shou'd laugh at him, or be angry with him; however, he told him that the more he talk'd of that matter, the more he shew'd him how excellently well he cou'd counterfeit. He told Francion he had play'd those Pranks to others. but he did not pretend to put upon him; and tho he wou'd talk no more of the matter now, yet he shou'd suddenly hear of it in both his Ears, and after another-guise manner: with that he went away, very much dif

difgruntled to fee that because he was us'd to lye sometimes, he shou'd be thought inca-

pable of ever speaking Truth.

By his going away they saw he was in earnest; for if it has been only a Banter, he wou'd have put it all off with a Jest; when he was gone, Francion, (says Raymond) you can't but know if there is any thing in this or not. Any thing, reply'd Francion, I protest there is nothing in this or not. Any thing, reply'd Francion, I protest there is nothing in the World in it, unless they defign a Cheat; and I matter it not, I am above them.

The next day Francion went to wait upon Nais, and going into the House with his usual freedom, one of her Servants stopt him, and told him his Lady was not dreft; fo he waited a little out of respect; tho as Matters were between them, he thought they might have admitted him tho she had been in Bed. Francion growing impatient, went forward, but another of her Domestics told him that Nais wou'd fee no Body that day, Sure you are mistaken, Sweetheart, says he, either you don't know me, or pretend ignorance; it may be your Lady will fee no Body to day, but pray ask her if she don't except me from other Visitants; Word was carried up, and another Servant return'd in a Minute, affuring him from their Lady, that she wou'd neither see him nor any Body else that day; but afterwards she wou'd see others, tho not him. Francion was fo incens'd at this Message that he cou'd have found in

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#### Book XII. of FRANCION. 251 in his Heart to beat the Fellow, but for his Lady's fake, whose Livery he wore. first he thought it was the Infolence of the Fellow; but upon fecond thoughts he . cou'd not surmise the Fellow durst do it of his own Head; and fince it was an express Order from Nais, he cou'd not but submit to it: He ask'd every Body the Reason, but no Body cou'd inform him; he thought afterward it might be only a merry Maggot of his Mistress's, and if he shou'd go away without seeing her, 'twou'd turn the Jest entirely upon himself, as well as seem a Coldness in his Desires; then he resolv'd to break through all Opposition, and go to her very Chamber-door; for if the pretended to be diffatisfy'd with his Presumption, he had the Means in his Power of making her ample amends, if it cou'd be suppos'd he had not a Right to fo much Familiarity, after fo very publick a figning of the Contract. But if on the contrary she begins to repent of what the had done, the Rashness of such an Action will but exasperate her against me, and give her a plaulible Handle of Male-treating me: and if her Mind is alter'd, why shou'd I trouble my Head any farther? Francion's Spirit fluctuated long upon the Billows of Incertitude, but at last he took Advice of his Reason, and seem'd not much disturb'd at the Message, and went away; but as he was stepping out he told the Servant, that his Love indeed had put upon his Memory, for

now he recollected himself, his Lady had told

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him the Night before that fhe wou'd fee no Company that Day, and particularly had defir'd him not to come; he was forry for the trouble he had given them, he faid, and to troop'd off. When he came home he' was in such an agony that Raymond cou'd hardly comprehend any thing more than that there was a mistake or an affront, or some fuch thing; but he cou'd gather nothing certain from Francion's Discourse, he was in so great a Confusion. However, Raymond told him, that Women were very dark Riddles at best, and he shou'd not make himself so uneasy till he cou'd dive farther into the Mys. tery; and that his best way was to make his Application to Dorini, or some other of Nais's Relations. But that which vexes me most is, (says Francion) after this indignity put upon me by Nais, every Body will take upon him the Liberty to affront me, as Bergamin did last Night. That refreshes my Memory, (says Raymond to him very calmly) and I am of Opinion that his Discourse last Night and this Morning's Adventure are very near related, as having but one and the same Cause; therefore by our Friendship I conjure you to tell me upon what account this Fellow Bergamin comes to have so intimate a Cognizance of your Affairs, as to be politive you had promis'd Emelia.

It is certain amongst Friends, as we are, there shou'd be no Secrets, for it were impertinent in me to expect the benefit of your Advice if I made you a Stranger to my Affairs, no more than a Physician can prescribe

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Remedy for he knows not what Disease; I confess I was extremely in the wrong yelterday in keeping you in the dark when we discours'd about Emelia; but you may imagine that it was the fecret shame of confessing I had injur'd Nais by converfing with other Women, after things had proceeded fo far between us; but pray, continued Francion, is her Empire so despotick that I can't look any where else without a Crime? Besides, what Account shou'd I be able to give of the Deportment and Manners of the Roman Ladies if I had not convers'd with them? And as the difficulty consists in getting acquainted with Women of any Reputation, I was resolv'd to fee if it was not possible. The difficulty of obtaining enflames the defire to posses; I persecuted Fortune till she shew'd me some of them either at Church, or by an accident; and I must own ingenuously, Raymond, that of all the Women I ever faw in my Life none ever charm'd me like Emelia. At my first coming to Rome I met with this Bergamin, in Company with some of our Country men; for I told you before his occupation was Pimp and Buffoon, and no body hardly cou'd be merry without Seigneur Bergamin. The pleasantness of his Temper you know was Recommendation enough for him to me: but having a vast deal of Wit besides, I never thought him frequently enough in my Company. One Morning he met me just as I was going out to hear Mass, and drew me infentibly along to a certain Monastry, where I saw two Women, one Itooping.

stooping beneath a Load of Years, and sup. ported by another that might be her Daugh. ter; but she was so exquisitely well shaped, and had the noblest Progression that possibly cou'd be. I thought Bergamin, whose business it was to have an universal Acquaintance, might peradventure know her; but it feems he did not, or faid so at least when I ask'd him: However, he promis'd to dog them home; and if I wou'd stay a little for him he wou'd bring me some News of them presently. After a tedious waiting, and almost defpairing to fee him, he pops in upon me behind, and told me the Parties liv'd not far from that Church, and he wou'd shew me where; but the Reason that made him tarry fo long was, that just at the very Door he met an intimate Acquaintance of his, a very honest Man, and he spent the more Time in chattering with him, because he was in the best Condition of satisfying his Curiosity in reference to these very Ladies; for he was by Occupation a Solicitor, and it feems this Lady has a great Cause depending, and, as Luck wou'd have it, his Friend was employ'd in it. But as we Italians, continued Bergamin, are jealous and fuspicious, I durst not dive any farther into Particulars; but his Name is Salviati, and he is a merry Grigg; fo that if you please I will bring him some. Night or other into your Company, and over the Liberty of a chearful Bottle we will see what may be done.

With this he took his leave of me, because he was engaged he said to dine with a Per-

Book XII. of FRANCION. fon of Quality; as these Cattle all hang upon the two Extremes. The next Day he came in very good Humour to me, happy Tidings danc'd in his Eyes, and Joy fat on every Feature; he told me he had, fince he parted from me, met with his Friend Salviation who discoursing with him about the Hardship that the Lady suffer'd, as well by the Murder of her Husband, as the Detention of her Right, and the miserable Difficulties People have to struggle with that go to Law with Men of Friends and Money too, I pity'd the Lady's Misfortunes, and wish'd, lays he, I were in a Capacity of serving her with all my Heart; but now a happy Thought comes into my Head, fays Bergamin to Salviati, there is a Gentleman that honours me with his Friendship, and with that, says Bergamin to me, I spoke of you; this Person, continues he, has great Interest amongst the Nobles, and tho a Stranger, may do you more Service than some Cardinals; I wish you wou'd cultivate his Friendship, and question not but it wou'd redound to all your Satisfactions; he offer'd to wait on me hither, continued Bergamin, that instant, but I told him 'twas not a seasonable Hour; and that he might improve his Time by acquainting Lucinda, who is the Widow, of the fortunate Rencounter of so powerful a Friend, and withal prepare her to give the Gentleman a short, but full, Relation of the Particulars of the murdering her Husband Fabio; for the blackness of that Fact wou'd mightily lessen the validity of their Pretensions in the matter

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matter of the Estate. He promis'd me very readily he wou'd, and so we parted. What think you now, Francion? Says he to me; don't things look with a pretty good Face? I hugg'd him with all the Transports of Joy imaginable, and thought nothing too much for him. You fee, fays he to me afterwards, how warily we must move in this Country; for notwithstanding I offer'd him your Friend. fhip and Affistance, yet I never took any more notice of Emelia than if there had been no fuch Person living. I will not fail in the point of Discretion, answer'd I; and as for the Interest you promis'd on my behalf, you may depend I wont make you a Lyar; fo he took his Leave, and promis'd to fetch Salviyour House, (dear Raymond) for fear you shou'd suspect some wickedness was going forward by my continually being visited by these Italians; and if I had confess'd it to you. you wou'd have upbraided me with my Levity towards Nais, and oppos'd my Pleasure. You wrong my Friendship in that, answer'd Raymond, for as I never was an Enemy to Nature, till your Hands are ty'd up I am no ways against your using them: Nay, if you were actually married, you are not the first Man that has loved another Woman befides his Wife: But these Intrigues shou'd never make Differences amongst Friends, But to go on with my Story; fays Francion, I desir'd Bergamin to tarry for me with Salviati at a certain Church, which he was of Opinion wou'd look more like an accident. We

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We met fo, and tho I faw he was mighty full of his pretentions to Bulinels, yet I invited both to dine with me, and with many entreaties at last we prevail'd with Salviari; before Dinner was done Bergamin began to enquire after Lucinda's Cause, and told Salviati that he believ'd I cou'd be very ferviceable to her: he told me 'twou'd be an Act of great Charity, and that he wish'd it lay in his Power to do more for her than he had done; but indeed he had given her all the Assistance that his narrow fortune wou'd permit, even to the incommoding himself in some other Circumstances; and that he cou'd never expect to see a Farthing of it again, unless the was so happy as to carry her Cause; which how just soever he cou'd not promise himself to do, fince their Adversaries were powerful, and she had neither Interest, Friends, nor Money. I told Salviati that I had particular acquaintance with feveral Cardinals, and I made no question but they wou'd serve me in any thing I ask'd, that carried the Face of Justice or Mercy with it. I question not, Sir, fays Salviati, but they will do more for you Strangers than for any Italian; we are always with them, Witnesses of their Grandeur, if we are not of their Goodness; but for foreigners they are very ready to ferve them, because it extends the Honour of their perlonal Character, even where their Dignity is in no esteem. This was but a coarse retrun Ithought to the Civility of my Offers, but I consider'd he was no compleat Courtier; and to give him a less disadvantageous Opinion of

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my Person, I took an opportunity of telling them I did not use to dine in such Places; and only condescended then to have a little more Freedom with them, than I cou'd in. dulge before a crowd of my own Domesticks; this brought them to a more humble Degree of Acknowledgments for the Honour I did them; and Salviati told me if I wou'd give my felf the Trouble to see Lucinda that As. ternoon, she wou'd be infinitely obliged to me; and having the Particulars from her own Mouth, I cou'd the better state the Case to those whom I shou'd honour her with moving in her behalf. I was highly pleas'd at this Proposition, as hoping in the Visit I might have a fight of the charming Emelia, tho her Name was never mention'd in all our Discourses. Bergamin left us, as having nothing to do in the Visit, and I went along with Salviari to Lucinda's; the House was but small, yet it was neat and pretty enough for a small Family : Salviati went in as freely as if he were at Home, whereby we forpris'd Lucinda and Emilia with her, and I must confess to you I never was so taken with any Body in all my Life: I cou'd not keep my Eyes off of her; but she slipt away presently into another Room. Salviati acquainted Lucinda that I was the Person he had spoke to her of in the Morning, and that thro' my Means they had more Hopes of succeeding according to wish. Lucinda receiv'd me with a great deal of Humanity and had a good share of Wit; in her Face there were still some noble remains of a glo rious

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rious Youth; . she told me the whole Story from one end to the other: how her Husband had a long and vexatious Suit depending against one Toffar, and that he was murdered upon the Road between Venice and Padua; the People that did it were taken, and at their Execution accus'd his Toftat of hiring them to do it; that the was come to Rome to profecute him, and did not question if she had any Friends but that she might hang him, and recover very considerably for Costs. and Charges. I renew'd my Offers of doing all that I cou'd for her, tho I hardly knew Head or Tail of what the related, my mind was fo far taken up with Emelia's Charms; but Lucinda happen'd to give me an Opportunity of speaking about Emelia; for she infinuated, that the was not very folicitous how her Cause went, provided she cou'd get Justice done upon that Villain that caus'd her Husband to be so barbaroully murther'd, that the World might say she did not spare for Cost to bring him to condign Punishment; is for the rest she had enough left for her Life, and the had but one Daughter, and the was upon the Point of going into a Nunnery, and then wou'd be provided for. I ask'd her if that was she I saw; she told me yes. I made answer there were several very good Gentlemen that wou'd gladly take so deserving a young Woman without any Fortune. know not Sir, fays the; but the is of a very noble Family; and as her Circumstances are so differing from her Birth, if she can't match as she shou'd be. I think a Nunnery

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been long enough, I took my Leave, and afterwards made no Ceremony of talking to Salviati about Emelia; he gave me to understand that she was going into a Cloyster, as foon as her Mother cou'd get up amongst charitable Gentlemen wherewithal to defray the expences of it; I told him I had rather give twice as much to marry her well, than any thing to turn her out of the World;

Salviati smil'd at my saying so.

I no fooner parted from my Solicitor but I posted the best of my Friends, and never went about any Affair in my Life with fo much Chearfulness and Alacrity; after having made some Progress in it, I went to Lucinda's to give her an account of what I had done in her Affair; she thank'd me very courteoully and faid the thou'd for ever be oblig'd to me for the generolity of my Proceeding; this general Return to all Favours was hardly over, but Emelia came into the Room, and being a little out of Countenance to see me there, The made a motion to go away again but her Mother beckon'd to her to come on, which infinitely overpaid all the Pains I had taken, and the Expences I had been at; I spoke to her but very little, and prais'd her not much, according to the Custom of the Country, tho I took Care to let her see what Disorders the had caus'd in my Breaft. I tarry'd as long as possibly I cou'd, and made a thoufand propositions to her to drill away the Time, and made new Promifes of foliciting fome Persons of Quality in her behalf. Non

is charming I must own, but Emelia is fe beautiful, that when I don't see Nais I can think of nothing but Emelia. To marry I knew wou'd be Madness, her Poverty was apparent, her Expectations a Law Suit. which when or how it wou'd be ended was uncertain; however, to manage matters swimmingly, I thought I must make my approaches that way, and told Salviati he must not suffer her to go into a Cloyster. for the did not do it out of Devotion, but Pride, because she cou'd not marry fo great as the wou'd; and that there were feveral Persons of Quality wou'd be glad to have her without any other Dowry than her Virtue and her Merie; and this I infinuated to him as if I spoke for my self for one; but being us'd to a more particular Commerce with Women in France, I cou'd not brook this Italian reftraint; and the one amorous Glance of the Eyes expresses more amonast them than Hours of prattle do in other Plan ces, yet I cou'd not be fatisfy'd without writing to her, and I got Salviati to deliver it; but for fear of intruding too far upon her Modesty, I did not make a downright Declaration of Love to her, but by way of Narration told her how an amorous Shepherd did; thus it speaking to no Body, cou'd not be censur'd if discover'd. And where a Man writes to shew his Wit, 'tis no matter what is the Subject, if the Piece be fine in it felf. I made an Effort to charm my fair Charmer, and had an Italian Master to correst it after I had made a rough Draught. because

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because as yet I was not mafter of the natural Beauties of the Language. My Solicitor in Love more than Law, told me the next day, that Emelia feem'd very much pleas'd at my Letter, infomuch that I took the liberty to write two or three, one upon the back of another; for Salviati and I were now become great Cronies, and he managed Af. fairs fo successfully for me, that at last he brought me a Letter from Emelia, short in. deed, but obliging as a reasonable Man could desire. She permitted me to pay her a Visit at night when her Mother was in Bed, because the was not very well, and you may imagine I did not fail in the Affignation, without any Reflections upon what might be the Confequences of it. I found the Door only put to. and went into a lower Room, without any other Light than the Moon, and there was Emelia: it was not fo very dark, but I could fee I had that ravishing dear Object of my raging Defires with me. I return'd her all the Thanks that words could express for fo fignal a Felicity as that was: she told me, I' ow'd it more to my Importunity than her own Defign; but fince I had done them the Honour in appearing so publickly in their Cause, she could not answer it to her self, that I should complain of ill usage from any of the Family; therefore the let me see her, to let me know wherein her Mother or her felf had given a disgust. I told her with all the moving Rhetorick I could, that those that suffer will always complain; and as I lovid her to Idolatry, so I could not enjoy one

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one easy moment from her Feet. From one subject we came to another, and at last to her going into a Nunnery; I told her, that was the last Refuge of Age and Disdain: she affor'd me, that the was in the fame mind fill, for the could not flatter her felf with the Imagination that any Person of equal worth to her Birth, would marry a young Woman so unfortunate as she was. I must not mince the matter to you, Raymond; I did tell her then if the would but give me her Affections, I would endeavour to put a fudden Period to all her Misfortunes, and make her the easiest Woman breathing. This was all; and the wishing that I meant to marry her by it, swore to me she would return my Love with all the honour imaginable. I kis'd her Hands a thousand times, and once indeed her Lips, but no more; I put my Hands in her dear Bosom two or three times. and was for going farther, and taking all at once; for why should we let slip a favourable opportunity of being happy? It is better being fure of a thing to day, which to-morrow we may miss. But it would not do, she told me she would never see me again, if I treated her after that manner; and that I ought to be satisfy'd with the Risque she run in leeing me, fince if it should ever be known, it would be a Stain upon her Reputation the longest day she had to live. Understanding it was high time to retire, I went out, and never heard the least Soul living stir in the House; so that if they were not all fast alleep, they must needs have been of the Plot.

I never told so much as Salviati of my Affignation with her; I am fatisfy'd enough with my own Felicity, and care not if no body knows it. He might suspect Emelia had a kindness for me, because he had deliver'd me feveral Letters from her: one day indeed he told me, the was very ready to give me the last Proof of her Good-will, fince she was glad she had met with a Man of Quality, that was able to maintain her in a condition equal to that of her Family, for Intentions upon Religion were Necessity, not Choice. I made answer in ambiguous Terms; that he might construe as he pleas'd: and by this detain. ing them, in hopes I should be brought to Matrimony in time, I fancy'd I might meet with a favourable opportunity of crowning my Love.

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I wrote again to Emelia, and she answer'd me again with another Appointment. The Liberties she had permitted before, I made bold with again, but she seem'd more referv'd, and told me I did not use her like a Gentlewoman; if my Passion was so very impetuous, I should go to her Mother and ask her confent. I told her Love indeed was violent, but Matrimony required o great deal of mature Confideration; I was but a Stranger there, and by confequence could not be fo eafy in my Fortunes as if I was at home; that before I enter'd into fo expensive a State of Life, I ought to regulate my Affairs, fo as not to be oppres'd with the growing Charges, before I knew how at an Hour's warning to fupply them: and more, that the I was partly

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partly at my own Disposal, yet my Friends had a natural Right over me, and I ought to communicate my Deligns as well to them for their Advice, as to prevent their making any Propositions for me, when occasion should prefent it felf at home. She told me, if I had that value for her as I pretended, I would ask Advice of no body but my own Passion; and as for Charges and Expence, she was none of those that would ruin their Husbands in unnecessary Vanities: she could wait his leisure for making a figure, and had no Eyes to any thing but his Person, and a comfortable Subfiftence, which she look'd for more in his Tenderness and Affection, than an outward Affluence of worldly Goods. She grew colder and colder to me ever after, and I found by her Deportment, that the suspected When I went to the House about my Design. their Affairs, to concert what Methods were best to take, in order to bring the Cause to a Hearing, I was given to understand, that the Adversary had demurr'd to their Plea; and having no longer any prospect of succeeding with Emelia, I was less importunate with my Friends in their Service; and Nais growing dearer and dearer to me, as the feem'd to vahe me more and more. I gave my felf up entirely to her, and laid afide all Thoughts of Emelia. At this instant our worthy Friend Hortensius help'd by his Drolleries to divert my Thoughts, and the whimfical Mirth we had in his Conversation, left me no time to think there ever was such a Person as Emelia. As I met Salviari by accident two or three times, he ask'd how my Love went forward. Vor. II. M and

and what made my Visits so rare of late at Lucinda's? I answer'd him very indifferently, that I was not for importuning any body; and fince the Lawyers had got a knack of hanging up Causes so long, it was next to Impertinence in me to follicit my Friends for their Assistance, in an Affair that no Man could tell when it would come to a Trial. I am of opinion he suspected something of the matter, for he has never open'd his Lips to me about her fince, and I have shunn'd him as much as possibly I could, that he might have the fewer Opportunities of doing it; and I have not heard Emelia nam'd of a long while, till Bergamin spake to me of her yesterday. How I receiv'd his discourse, you are witness, as well as what Pretentions she can make to me, having heard the whole Intrigue, with every the minutest Circumstance in it.

If there be nothing more in it (fays Raymond) than what you tell me, I know not what Claim she can lay to you: however, they may give you a great deal of Trouble in it, more perhaps than you are aware of; for you being a Stranger, the Law will be against you, and if there was any Trick intended, you may be fure they had Witnesses so conveniently posted as to over-hear all you said, tho they were not visible to you; and, after the manner of this Country, fuch fort of Cattle won't stick to swear any thing against you, in favour of their Friend, who, doubtless, must make an Acknowledgment to them afterwards for this important piece of Service. He was of opinion, he faid, that the furest way to go to work, was to get Berga-

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min of his fide, which a little Money would do; or otherwise, as he was privy to the whole Intrigue, he might turn it all to Ridicole, and make him the Jest and Laughingflock of all Companies he was fent for to divert. I can't apprehend that (reply'd Francion) because he would not expose the Family. tho peradventure he would me, and both must go together; but what such mighty matter of Mockery is there in it? I desir'd to see Emelia, I did it; I importun'd a nearer Commerce, I obtain'd it; I had as much liberty as Virtue could permit, and think my Time well employ'd, and my Money well laid out; for we may have a pleasant Chace. tho we don't kill our Game. Besides, the Expence was nothing; once indeed Salviati ame by, while I was looking upon fome Genoa Damask, and having pitch'd upon a Piece, and agreed for the Price, Salviati faid, believe it will look neat and airy in a Waftecoat, under a Flesh-colour'd Spanish Drugget. that I have just bought, and with that order'd the Mercer to cut him fo much off. which he made me pay for: and his Comrade too had many such little winning Ways with him: but if they had not affisted me in my Pleasures, I could not refuse Mankind what they do really want, and I can spare; for I how no other Benefits in an opulent Fortine, than the enjoying our felves, and helping of others. You are in the right of that (ays Raymond) we ought to have some Comaffion upon those merry Fellows, that help to pass away our time with more Satisfaction and Content. M 2 While

While they were discoursing over these matters, Dorini came in, and addressing himfelf to Francion, all's loft, (cries he) and Nais is so extremely angry with you, that nothing can reconcile her to you, and all her Love and Value is turn'd into Hatred. Contempt, and an implacable Enmity, and the will never have any thing more to fay to you. Then it was her Commands (fays Francion) to refuse me the Door? Indeed, as I never deserv'd it, it was dirtily done. First hear her Reasons (says Dorini) before you pass Sentence. Last night, somewhat late, there came two Venetian Ladies to defire to fpeak with Nais; and the prefuming it might be some body to implore her Friendship, because she has several near Relations that are Magistrates, order'd them to be brought up, being willing to serve any body, but much more to to her own Sex; but the Iffue was far different from what she expected.

found a sudden damp strike thro' every Vein, and more than guess'd the Cause. Donini perceiv'd the Alteration, but took no notice of it, and continued his Relation. Lucinda taking Nais aside, told her, she was highly concern'd that she had no sooner Information of what pass'd between her and you, because she would have waited on her sooner, and put a stop to it, because you had already promise Marriage to her Daughter; adding farther that she hoped things were not past Remedy and that Nais would scorn a Man that had put so manifest an Affront upon her. Nais that

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that could lay nothing to the Woman's Charge, because they liv'd in a very modest Reputation, was hardly able to credit them neither; till at last, the Daughter, Emelia, hew'd her your Letters, wherein there were fo many Marks of a real Love, and fo much more tenderly expres'd than any thing in what she had from you, that she could no longer doubt it. Lucinda told her, moreover, that you had feen her Daughter without her Consent, and in those private Visits you had given her full Affurances of your Intentions to marry her: This provok'd Nais to the last degree, tho she is a Woman of too much Spirit to let it appear. Emelia said but little, because she was all the while in tears, as much lamenting her own Indifcretion, as your Perfidiousness. Nais requir'd no farther Arguments to convince her of your Treachery and Baseness, and told them she would be no hindrance to their Happiness. and for her own part would never fee you more. Nais waited on them down stairs, and thank'd them kindly for their preventing her proceeding farther in an Affair that would have given her fo much Concern and Confufion. I believe the rested but little all night, for day no sooner appear'd, than she sent to speak with me; but some other Affairs of great Consequence compelled me to wait longer than she defired, or I my felf expected: however, as foon as I came, she told me this Story with all the Transports of Fury, Rage and Vexation imaginable; and withal, that you were but just gone from her House; M 3

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but she thought she could not see you now without a Crime, much more give you Ad. mittance into her House without a greater. She never speaks of you but with the Epithets of base, ungrateful, perjur'd, monstrous, abominable, and treacherous, and is refolv'd to cancel all that she has done concerning the Marriage. And I must deal fincerely with you, I know not what to fay or do in the matter; she lays as much blame upon me, nay, more than upon you; for 'twas my giving such a favourable Character, and introducing you to her House, my folliciting your Interest, and perfuading her to marry you, that was the occasion of every step that has been made in this Affair, to your Advantage, and her Dishonour. Emelia has left her one of the Letters, which I read; and, if my Eyes are my own, or my Senses, 'tis certainly yours.

Francion having very patiently heard him out, said, I don't deny that I writ several times to Emelia, or that I did see her, it may be, when her Mother did not know I did: but what of all this? Don't you know me? (honest Dorini;) don't you take me to be the very same that ever I was? Or are you alter'd from what you used to be? You know we have lived hitherto with all the freedom of Pleasure that Wine and Women could afford: I think 'tis time enough to alter my course of Life when I promise Nais at the Altar that I will; when it is my Duty, it shall be my Delight, and till it is, it shall be my Delight to do what I will, and where I can. When

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When first I had the honour of your company (reply'd Dorini) at Raymond's in France; was no ways shock'd at your loose way of living; but then you were a fingle Man, now you ought to turn over a new Leaf, and be sober. I grant all you say, Dorini (says Francion;) and pray, by a Parity of Reason, where is the Perfidiousness of my Commerce with Emelia, in respect to your Kinswoman Nais? I was contracted to her but last Night, fince that Solemnity pass'd between us, can any Man lay any thing to my Charge? If they could, I were unpardonable; and what was antecedent, has no more reference to the Integrity of my Proceedings with Nais let it be two days, or ten years fince: but 'tis to be fear'd that you have continued your Addresses to my Kinswoman, after your having promis'd t'other. That I deny, for I never was formally promis'd; in the violent Heat of a Man's Passion, what will he not lay for one Kiss more, or one more particular Favour? I thought you knew the World better, than to take any notice of these Transactions. But what say you to a formal Contract under your own Hand? fays Dorini, Did the thew Nais any? reply'd Francion: No, that they might be unwilling to produce there, for fear Nais should say that was all Forgery, and so tear it to pieces, then they had been depriv'd of this material Conviction against you. However, we can't but appose (continued Dorini) that you have enjoy'd the fair Emelia, and that will make against you. I don't say I would not have M 4 done

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done it, if she would have permitted me, nor that I did do it; tho if I had, I should make no difficulty of owning it to Raymond and you: and as for its being of any prejudice to me, I am of opinion it would only make the worfe for them, that would yield fo foon to an unknown Person, therefore must be a convincing Argument that the really was a vicious Woman. But admitting it had been fo, I don't fee why Nais should have the worse opinion of a Man for taking a favoura. ble opportunity of enjoying a beautiful Woman: she would not have a Man insensible. like Stocks and Stones; if Nature don't make us Men, Matrimony will never do it; but that you may judge your felf, I will tell you the whole Matter between Emelia and me.

Francion having run over the Intrigue Word for Word almost as he told it Raymond a minute before, Dorini confest that he faw no great matter of blame to be collected from that Commerce; however, he forefaw a great deal of Difficulty in bringing Nais to believe it; and as fhe was a very politive Woman, she wou'd certainly break offall; and the most that he durst undertake to do, was, that there shou'd be as little noise about it as possible: but that for his own Part he wou'd never appear in any thing against his Interest. Raymond, for whom Dorini had a great Veneration, defir'd him to continue his Friendship in the behalf of Francion, it being the only Proof he defir'd of his efteem, or his return to Raymond's. vs. f'nob L. moy flaiHe

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This unlucky and unexpected accident put Francion very much out of humour, for Nais was a very good Match for him; he was forry to lose her, but mad to lose her so with Difgrace: But Raymond willing to divert his Spleen, bid him have a good Heart, and bravely resolved to bear all Disappointments; if Nais wou'd not have him, he might find others as good that wou'd for Women are a very plentiful Commodity every where; and to take the thing rightly. all things confider'd, the Match was not fo advantageous for him as he fondly fuggested ; to leave all his own Friends, Relations, Neighbours, nay, his very Country it felf and live amongst a parcel of four Italians, jealous as Hell, and treacherous as the Devil. that will poison you for a very Look, and can never love any thing but what is of their own growth. Raymond was more vehement in his Advice because he really lov'd Francion's Company; and the he cou'd not betray his Friendship, and dissuade him from marrying, yet he had now a fecret Satisfaction that it was broke off, because he propos'd a great many happy Hours together. which cou'd not have been if the March had gone on. Francion feem'd to approve of what he faid, and they refolv'd to go out, it being too foon for Dinner; fo not knowing what to do with themselves, they went to Church.

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The first they came at serv'd their Turn: and tho there were but very few People there, yet where-ever they went they were croud. ed, and cou'd not fee why; at last going to a private Altar in the Church that hapned to be somewhat dark, Francion felt some Body's Hand in his Pocket; and as he was always apprehensive of such Cattle, so he was generally pretty circumspect; he narrowly mist the Spark's Hand, but in half a moment he was thro the Press, and out of Sight. He cry'd out Pick-pocket, and bid one of his Servants follow him, but all in vain; however, putting his Hand in his Pocket to feel, he mis'd no Money; and told Raymond that it was well he had been too quick for the Spark. and fav'd his Purse; which if he had lost, he must own there was no fort of Misfortune that had not befaln him that Day. So having done their formal Devotions, they refolv'd to take a turn about the Town to pass away a melancholy Hour, and get them Stomachs to their Dinner. They were no fooner out of the Church but every one fet upon Francion, What do you want? Sir; what do you buy? Sir; very good Lace, or Linen, Silks, Sattin, Damasks, or Brocades, Sir; pray walk in, Sir, and fee what you want, Every one pull'd him, and haul'd him, and amongst the Crowd he observ'd several of the same Scoundrels that were about him in the Church, which he did not know what to think of; but to put an end to the Importunity of the People that were still forcing him into their Shops, he went into a Perfumer's.

Book XII. of FRANCION. 2
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mer's, and ask'd for some Cypress Powder pulling out Money to pay for it: he was not a little surpris'd to find he had three times as much as he knew of; Well, fays he to Raymond, recommend me to the Pick-pockets of Rome, for either Money grows in my Breeches, or they have put in, instead of taking out; why, our Cut-purses at Paris are but Fools to these, continued Francion: A Man may make a Shift to live here pretty well at this rate. Don't brag too foon, fays Raymond, this is but a trick to draw you in; some other time, when you expect the same Civility, they will take all they find; and fince you are their Pursebearer, they may put their Hands in your Pocket are freely as in their own; or it may be they have robb'd some other Gentleman, and lest it shou'd be taken about them, have convey'd it into your Pocket, and will doubtless call you to account for it one time or other. The words were hardly out of his Mouth, when four Fellows came briskly up to him, and told him they must know how he came by that Money; and that they had Orders to carry him to Prison for that and several other Crimes and high Misdemeanors. Francion told them he had done nothing to incur the Censure of the Law ; and as Raymond was going to rescue him with his Servants, half a dozen Serjeants came in to oppose them, and secure the Prisoner; besides, all the Shopkeepers were up in Arms to aid and affift; and People must be very cautious how they oppose or resist the Officer in the Execution of his Office, for it is very severely punish'd; and it may be the best; if not

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not the only good, Custom in that abomina. ble, curfed, Cut-throat City. Raymond having proceeded to nothing extraordinary, wou'd willingly have gone along with his Friend; but upon second Thoughts he believed he shou'd be more able to serve him by being at Liberty than sharing a Jayl with him. The Officers feiz'd upon all his Money, Good and Bad, Gold and Silver, and haul'd him away. Francion desir'd them to use him a little civilly; but the Prison being a great way off, and they afraid he shou'd make his Escape, wou'd not hazard any thing, tho they were enough to eat him; not knowing what might happen by the way, they thought it was good to be fure, and fo run him into a Spunging-house: Raymond cou'd not at first devise whether it was Nais had arrested him, or Emelia, but thought neither of them ought to have done it so abruptly. Francion being brought before a Judge, his Money was laid upon the Table, and the Quadruples were found to be all counterfeited; the Judge made answer very gravely, he did not like the Looks of them, but they must fetch a Goldsmith and have them weigh'd. One was brought immediately, who said they needed not be at that trouble, for any Man might fee that they were worth nothing at all; however, to observe the Decorum of Forms in the Administration of Justice, the Pieces were weigh'd, and cut, and what not, but never a one of them was worth a Penny. Francion was pretty well fatisfy'd that nothing was laid to his Charge but what he was en-

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tirely innocent of; for at first he apprehended it might be done by Emelia, who pretending a Promise of Marriage, might thereby constrain him to do her Justice, and prevent his running away from her after he had dishonour'd her. As they said nothing to him of that Matter, he told them as to the Pieces there needed not such a Pother, for he no fooner cast his Eyes on them but he faw they were all bad; but how he came by them he cou'd not imagine, unless some Rascal or other had put them in his Pocket about half an Hour fince, when he was at Church. That's pleasant indeed, says one of the Serjeants, Men use to put Money in other Peoples pockets! But that it is so you see, says Francion, for the rest of my Money is good, and there is only these Quadruples that are counterfeit. That's right enough, fays another Rascal of the Company, the good passes off the bad; befides, what is more evident, fays a third Hell-hound, he has got all the good Pieces, by laying out a small matter from Shop to Shop, and changing away his bad great Money.

Then there started out another of the Gang that pretended to be the Informer, and told the Judge, Sir, you must understand that this Person here counterfeits a great deal of Money of all sorts, which he distributes to particular Fellows that belong to him, and they disperse it about, and pass it off for him; by buying Goods, which they sell again for good Money; and they keep Correspondency with Usurers, Merchants Prentices, and Gamesters, and

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these he gives Allowance to for passing away his bad Money amongst their good, whilf it is yet fresh, and not so readily to be dis cern'd. At this Francion took upon him to justify himself, and call'd the Fellow a Vil. lain and an Impostor; and told him he cou'd not prove one Word of all that he alledg'd against him. As time shall serve, says the Fellow, you shall find I will prove it too plain for your Satisfaction, tho you have impudence enough to brazen it out with Denials. is not the first Time, an't please you my Lord, added the Informer, that this Man has committed the like abuses; for he past once at Genoa for a Gentleman and a Merchant too, and pretended there that he had lately receiv'd a confiderable Sum of Money from several Hands, and sent to all his Neigh. bours round about him, one after another, to borrow their Gold-Scales, and filed all their Weights alike, to the Proportion of a light Pistole that he had, and then return'd every one their Scales again; then what do's this same Spark, my Lord, but files all his own good Pistoles to the same Proportion, and so pass'd them away amongst his Neighbours, who being not sensible of the abuse of their Weights, took them all for current; till at last one of them weighing, as he thought, a fuspicious Piece, found it even more than Weight, which raising some Curiosity in the Man, he try'd it from House to House, and every one found them more than Weight, tho they question'd them at first Sight; however, comparing them with others of their

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their own, they found the fault lay in their Weights; and wondering how so general a mistake shou'd come, they seiz'd the Maker of their Scales for an Impostor, and Vender of bad Weights, in concert with Clippers and Coiners to cheat the Tradesmen: but the Man knowing his own Work, shew'd 'em where the abuse had been practis'd, and upon several Considerations how such a villanous Trick shou'd be put upon all of them, at last one of a longer Head than the rest, told them it must be done by that strange Merchant when he borrowed their Scales some time before; fo with the Filings of good Money he got so much Ore as he mixt with his artificial Alloy, and made counterfeit Money with, and doubtless these were some of them. For he never stays long in a Place. but runs round the World, thus changing his Name and Function in every thing but Cheating. I call his Face to mind now very well. continued this impudent, perjur'd Wretch, and have feen him feveral times in feveral Disguises, and shall let them know that we have got the Villain at last. I cou'd tell you many more of his Tricks, but those Particulars I will referve till he comes to farther Trial.

Francion stood amaz'd at the Impudence of this Rascal, that could lay such things so calumniously to his Charge; and told the Judge, that he never was at Genoa in his Life-time, nor went by any other name than his own; that he was a Person of considerable Quality in France, and very well known to feveral

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eminent Gentlemen in Italy, as well as in great Esteem amongst the French Nobility that were then at Rome. That peradventure (faid the Informer) might be, that he had infinuated him. felf to some of the French, because they are a gay, eafy People; and no doubt but they would speak well of him, to save the Reputation of their Country, as much as that he never durst put his tricks upon them. Francion defired that all the People that ever he dealt with in Rome, who were many in number. as well as for confiderable Sums, might be fent to, to know if ever he chang'd or paid away a bad piece of Money fince his Refidence at Rome; and that for his Expences, his Banker could justify what Bills he had remitted to him, which were answerable to his way of living. His way of living is indeed very extraordinary, and gains him great Friends, my Lord (fays the same Informer) but not good ones; for when the extravagant young Gentlemen of his Country have wasted and fquander'd away their Fathers Allowances in Whoring and Gaming, then they have recourse to this Man here, who, adding Extortion to Knavery, makes them give him Notes for ten times the Value receiv'd, payable at their Father's Death, or at the day of Thus he supplies them with his bad Money, and encourages them in their Debaucheries. He made an Entertainment once for some of the Rakes of Quality, and after a splendid Supper, he serv'd up himself in Person a Bason, as if they were to-wash their Hands; and what was in it but a vast

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heap of Money instead of Fruit? He desir'd them all to fill their Pockets, which they with a pretended Modesty refus'd; but he presting them so very earnestly, they told him they would not longer refuse what he so very generoully offer'd, and so every Man took two or three handfuls; but as there was a great deal of these vellow Sweetmeats left, he told them they ought to make an end of their Deffert, 'twas all brought in to be spent; and he had rather see his Guests empty his Dishes, than reject his Entertainment. However, one of them, more reasonable than the rest peradventure would have been, and asham'd to be as raking, as the other feem'd noble and magnificent in his Invitation, said, for his part, he had done extraordinary well; and it was a good fign at any Man's Table to see Dishes carry'd off with something in them, because it argu'd Plenty. there being enough for every body, and something to spare. After this, none of the rest would meddle with any more, but all rose and took their leaves, very well fatisfy'd with their Meal. No wonder, my Lord, then (fays the Fellow with a farcastical Smile) if these Noblemen and brave Frenchmen will upon occasion appear in his behalf; but all their Words are not to be valu'd in this Affair. We may meet with some of his Country (continues the Fellow) that came but lately from thence, and have not as yet been bribed in his behalf; these may tell us that he is quite a different Person from what he pretends here, and that will be Argument enough against

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against him in his way of living; for not having it of his own Patrimony, he must use unlawful Practices to acquire wherewithal to

live as magnificently as Princes.

The Magistrate, that had heard all this Informer's Riff-raff of Accusation, bid him hold his tongue; and, taking him aside, told him he did not do well at all to expose so nakedly the Practices of the Bench, for he not only alledg'd what might be, but what was impossible; for he had accus'd him of all the particular Villanies which had been upon the Bench for many Years, and that every body knew had been punish'd long ago. But as the Man knew he was hired to swear to a Lye, he thought it was no great matter what of how many Lyes he swore when his hand was in; and the blackness of his Accusation would make many of 'Francion's Friends backward in appearing for him; for if they could fix any thing upon him, it would redound to the Ignominy of all that appear'd in his behalf to vindicate his Honour, and be of fignal Prejudice to themselves too, if ever by accident they were so unfortunate as to fall under the Censure of the Law. The Fellow, to make the greater Impression upon the Audience, and give a greater Energy to his Rhetorick, had so many antick Postures all the while he was making his Deposition, that Francism could not forbear smiling, the the Fellow was swearing away his Honour and his Life. However, the Judge told him he would refer the rest till some other time, and Francion should be his Prisoner; so he dismis'd the People, ot

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People, ordering the Informer to prepare his Indicament according to Law, and not stuff it up with so many Impertinences that could never be prov'd, and fignify'd little if they could; but to stick close to some one matter of fact that was of Importance. He order'd Francion a Chamber, and fent him up some Dinner. He was very uneasy at his Misfortune, and by the Informer's Politivenefs, imagin'd that he miltook him for some other possibly of the same name, that had play'd those infamous Pranks; or that he might not be unlike somebody in the Face that was notorious for such Forgeries: but when he came to reflect on the Money convey'd into his Pockets, he could not but see it was a premeditated Design against his Life: however, the Consciousness of his own Innocence buoy'd him up in the midst of all his Calamities; and he knew the Friendship that all the French Gentlemen at Rome had for. him; would be of fignal Moment to him when his Cause came to be maturely consider'd.

Nor was he mistaken in their Friendship, for Raymond acquainted every body with it; and as none knew upon what account it was done, they were all at the greater loss which way to move to assist him. One of Raymond's Servants follow'd the Serjeants at a little distance to observe where they carry'd him, that his Master might afterwards come or send, as occasion presented; his own had lost him in the Street, playing by the way, or loitering, so that not one of them was with him when he went into the Persumer's.

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They were not only fatisfy'd with knowing where he was, but they fet Spies at every Corner of the Street to see if they remov'd him from thence. It was presently nois'd abroad that he was accus'd of clipping and coining; and his Friends that knew him incapable of so base an Action, made their application to all the Men of note that were any way of his acquaintance, and remonstrated to them how much it was every Gentleman's Dury to shield so much Innocence and Merit. Several Persons of the most distinguish'd Quality of Rome promis'd their affistance, but they cou'd not procure him his liberty; however, they defir'd them all to be easy, fince he was under no great Restraint, and in no scandalous Place; so they all waited on Raymond home, and consulted what was to be done the next Day. There was Audebert, Buiffon, and two or three more, and amongst the rest, Hortensius crying out, O tempora! O mores! and in a lamentable Plight for his dear Francion. Justice, fays he, is by no means well 'administer'd in this Age; they never trace falle Money to its Original, but every one paffes it that takes it, so at last it comes into the Hands of honest Men, and they must suffer for others Abominations. That's not the Business, says Raymond, Francion knows Money too well to take such in-Payment, but it was put into his Pocket this Morning while we were at Church, and I can justify it before any Magistrate in the World. Every body's Hair stood on end at the thoughts of so base a piece of Villany;

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Villany; but Hortenfius fell a declaiming against the Impostures of the Age, with so many pleasant Invectives that the Company cou'd not forbear laughing, and wish'd Francion himself had but heard them to divert part of his Melancholy. This gave farther occasion of many facetious Things, as well as remarkable Reflections, notwithstanding their real Concern for their Friend's Misfortune. Hortensius cou'd not be without his Puns, and faid, that Clippers, as arrant Rogues as they were, feem'd very intent upon their Devotion, for they were continually going in procession round the Cros: but Audebert faid, 'tis not that, my worthy Doctor, but they rather shew their Contempt of Letters, a Calamity that you have long, tho not enough, deplored, and that proves their inveterate Ignorance, for you shall not see one Piece of. Money in ten that has half its Letters on it. That makes against you both, fays Buisson, for it is an Argument that Clippers love them, for they always take care of them.

Raymond finding them upon the merry Pin, wou'd tell them a short Story: There was a certain Person, says he, in our Town that was accus'd and convicted of coining; insomuch that no Man wou'd speak a Word for him, till at last a mettled young Fellow stood up and alledg'd to the Judge that the Prisoner at the Bar had done nothing but what he ought; because that he was very much in debt and cou'd not pay his Creditors, therefore he coin'd Money to have

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wherewithal to fatisfy their Demands; and in coining of Money he did but what he ought, because he ought Money. The Quibble pleas'd every body but Hortenfius, who fell a criticizing upon the Equivocation, and wou'd not allow it to be a good Story by any means. because he owed good Money he said, and he coin'd bad. But Raymond told him, that fuch like Stories as were told only for a pleasant surprize shou'd never be examin'd into; for he knew it wou'd no more bear Water than his Procession round the Cross, because there was a great deal of Money clipt that had only the Arms of France on the Reverse, and not the Cross. Well, well, fays Audebert, when Hortensius is King of Poland he will take care there shall be none of these Abuses committed in his Kingdoms, Don't pretend to be witty, Audebert, reply'd Hortensius, if it had pleas'd God to raise me to that Cacumen of Grandeur, I wou'd have shew'd my People both my Justice and my Learning; for instead of plunging the Malefactors in boiling Oil, as is the Custom in some Countries, I wou'd have melted Gold pour'd down the Throats of all Clippers and Coiners, as the Parthians did by Marcus Crassus, as I have read in the Epitome of Lucius Ftorus, as well as in my Historical Dictionary of the Lions Edition; and the Hangman shou'd say while he was doing it, as Thomyris, Queen of the Scythians, did to Cyrus, making him swallow Mens Blood, take thy fill of what thou lovest. This is a very scholastical Punishment indeed, says Audebert ;

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Audebert; but I don't remember, good Master-Doctor, that Crassus was ever found guilty of Clipping and Coining; tho fince you are so happily fertile in the Invention of Punishments, what wou'd you inflict upon those abominable Villains that falfly accuse others of such Crimes, as our Friend Francion is for Example? The very same, says Hortensius; for they merit the same Miseries which they were hatching for others. I agree with you there indeed, good Doctor, and pray Heaven fend it may be fo. He wou'd have push'd the Topic farther, but as this turn'd all to Raillery and Jest, they sub-stracted so much of their time from more weighty Matters. Dorini came into them while they were feriously considering what was to be done for the Service of their Friend. and defir'd they wou'd fatisfy him what Frenchman it was that was apprehended for counterfeiting Money, never in the least sufpecting it was Francion. He had shew'd some Distatisfaction against him in the Morning indeed, concerning his Kinswoman Nais; however, he was very much concern'd for Francion's Misfortune, when he had understood it was he, and promis'd them very cordially to do whatever he cou'd to bring him out of this miserable Labyrinth. It being about Supper-time, some went home, and only Audebert and Hortensius tarry'd with Raymond. Dorini went presently to Nais, and told her the whole Story, whereat he seem'd very highly pleas'd, and said, it was sjust Judgment upon him; for the he had not counterfeited Money, he had counterfeited

ed Love, the most pleasing Band of humane Society; and the debauching of Friendship was a greater Evil, she said, than the debauching all the Species of Money in the Universe: he wou'd say nothing more to her then about him, for he found it wou'd be as yet to no

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While Raymond, Audebert and Hortenfius, were in the middle of Supper, the Serjeants came to fearch for Francion's Things, to see if there was not more counterfeit Money in his Trunks, or Impliments at least where. with to make it, that they might be brought into Court against him. They intended likewife to feize on his Servants, to interrogate them if they cou'd make any discovery, either by helping him to make it, or change it away. But coming in a great number, and that augmenting too by the curiofity of idle People, they made fuch a confounded hubbub that the Company took the Alarm, Raymond doubting their Defign, refolv'd to hinder their coming in if possibly he cou'd, and so batricaded one Door between them and the Officers. who had got into the outward Room, and might have made fure of the other, but their Hearts fail'd them, and never a Man of them all wou'd venture first in. It was pleafant enough, confidering the juncture, to hear their Debates: You are the elder Serjeant, says one, do you go in; you have the Warrant, says another to his Comrade, 'tis your Business: here, do you take the Warrant, fays that Fellow to a fifth Man, you are a young Man, and with that throws him the Warrant; keep it your felf, says he to him

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him again, you wou'd not let me have it at first, I won't charge my self with it now. While they were complimenting one another thus about their Manhood, and the Seniority of their Admission into their Offices, one of them that knew the House went to a Backdoor that was in a little Street; the rest that follow'd him push'd him forwards, as those in the Rear did them, so the foremost were forc'd into the House whether they won'd or no; they met two of Francion's Footmen. those they carried to the Judge's. But Raymond not expecting to be attack'd there. had made no Defence; and apprehending that they might seize him for a Confederate, because he lodg'd in the same House with Francion, he withdrew into his own Chamber with Audebert and Hortenfius, who was vomiting out heathenish Oaths against the Officers: by the right hand of Jupiter, cries he, why have not I the Strength of Hercules, and the Force of Antheus, the Hands of Briareus, and Medusa's Shield, that I might decapitate at one blow this Hydra of a Mob, and then petrify their Carcaffes as to many Monuments of my Manhood, and their nefarious Outrages? Thus was he running over his romantic Extravagancies in Terms that at another Time wou'd have been diverting enough, but now danger was too near to admit of such Modifications. The Serjeants were got into Francion's Chamber, which the Master of the House was forc'd to hew them; there they pul'd and hal'd every thing about, tore down the Hangings for fear any thing shou'd have been hid behind VOL. II. N

them, cut the Feather-bed to Pieces, suspect. ing Tools or false Money had been convey'd there to be more out of Sight; but finding nothing, they went away, taking with them two Portmanteaus and a Box. Raymond finding that they made no enquiry after him, presum'd they had nothing to say to him. therefore went undauntedly up to them, and ask'd them what they wanted, and wherefore they meddled with his Goods; they belong'd to him, he faid, and they had nothing to do to open them, much less carry them away, One of the Fellows, with an affected Gravity, desir'd him not to be so impudent as to oppose Officers in the Execution of the Laws of the Land; and while he was pacifying Raymond, the others run away with the Things, which Raymond perceiving, made after them; they caught hold of him, and he fwore, and blufter'd, and struggled, but they were too many; in the hurly burly Audebert rushes in with his Sword in his Hand, and a Case of Pistols, and Hortensius with the Bar of the Door, both of them with Eyes flaming with Rage and contempt: The Serjeants not knowing but they had fent for their Friends in at the Foredoor, and might be too many for them, run as fast as they cou'd away, and tumbled one the other down Stairs; those that were behind leap'd down all the Stairs at once, and fell upon the others, who cou'd not tell which way to get up again; there was none of that Ceremony in their going out as there was at their coming in, but happy was he that got foremost. The Landthan t lord told Raymond, he need not be in Pain ou'd

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about Francion's Things, for he had feen them open'd many a time, and he cou'd affure him that there was nothing in them that cou'd be of evil Consequence to him in his Affair. Raymond however follow'd the Serjeants into the Streets, and when he found the Coast clear. came back and made fast both the Gates to fecure himself; but going into his Chamber he faw a Man scampering about from side to fide of the Court, as if he wou'd, but cou'd not, find his way out; it was dark, but however, he cou'd discern so much that it was no Body belonging to the House, and thereupon concluded it must be one of the Serjeants Myrmidons; he went and caught him by the Collar, and dragg'd him into his Chamber. This Italian finding himfelf taken, defired to be let go, for he only came in with the Crowd, and was not concern'd with the Serjeants; he meant no harm: and what Good can you mean? fays Raymond, with an austere Countenance; don't you belong to them that went out just now? He was afraid to deny it: well, Sirrah, says Raymond, I'll make you pay for all the rest; and as long as Francion is in Prison you shall be kept Prisoner here; and that shou'd not be all neither, for he wou'd put him to the most hortible Torments he cou'd possibly devise, but they wou'd make him confets who was contern'd in this trick that was pur upon his friend. Raymond read in this Fellow's Face omething that spoke him a Rogue, and that leggested to him that he was deeper in the Plot han the others that came with Authority, and ou'd give him a greater Inlight into who was N 2 con-

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concern'd in the Conspiracy against Francion's Life and Honour; and the Fellow was afraid by his talking to him that he really did know something of his Life and Conversation, and expected if he did not confess ingenuously he shou'd be tortur'd without manner of Pity. After Raymond had threatned him very bitterly, and back'd it with a volley of Oaths, the Fellow began to relent, and faid, if they wou'd forgive him he wou'd confess all that he knew of the matter. Raymond bid him be quick then; but the Fellow trembled every joint of him, and quaked and shiver'd so he cou'd hardly utter one word distinctly; so he defired a little Patience, but Raymond wou'd not grant him a moment, supposing he only begg'd time to hatch a Lye in; the Fellow cry'd out bitterly, and the Landlord came up and defir'd Raymond to let him go about his Business, for those fort of Violences were not to be committed at Rome. mond told him those Violences must be committed at Rome, fince they had committed Ten thousand Times worse upon his Friend; and if he did not make an end of his Confession as he had promis'd, he wou'd tear him Limb from Limb. The Man of the House interceeded, the Fellow grew obstinate, finding he had some body to take his Part; Raymond swore, Audebert curs'd, and flung from one end of the Room to t'other; and Hortensius grew valiant, and bristled up so hard to the Man of the House that he was forc'd to leap down all the Stairs at once for fear of being thrown down them; so he went to his own Apartment, and thank'd God he had

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had preserv'd his Neck. Hort nhus came

back to Raymond's Chamber, andefound him. threatning the Pellow, whom his Servants kept fast hold of, and affuring him he shou'd not live till Morning. He first ask'd him who he was? He told him his Name was Corfegue, and that he had formerly been a Servant to one Valere a Roman Gentleman. Raymond recollected himself at that time, and remember'd that Francion had told him of one of that Name that was an implacable Enemy against him, The Fellow holding his Tongue here, Raymond bid him go on; but he defired time to gather his Spirits together, and be a little affured. Audebert told him he wasted more breath in begging respite than was requisite to reveal the whole matter in. He said then he only came to affift the Serjeants that were to fearch a House for false Money; that he was no Serjeant indeed, but upon such occafions he often went with them; and what they did they had the Magistrate's Commistion for. Raymond told him there must be fomething more in it than all that; for as he was no Serjeant, he cou'd not go with them but upon, some ill Design or other, the he wou'd not own it; he told Raymond that it was a common practice for Men of no business to go upon such Expeditions, and they feldom got more than their Charges. The Man being come a little to himself began to grow obstinate, which Raymond taking notice of order'd em to kindle a very great sire, and heat the Tongs red-hot, and the Shovel too; the one he said he wou'd put tothe soles: of his Feet, and with the other he wou'd

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pinch his Flesh off from his Bones; but Corfegue cou'd not imagine that any Man wou'd be so very barbarous to his Fellow Creatures. and fet up for Honesty and Conscience; protesting he had rather die than injure any Man; but must get his Living some how in a law. ful way, as he did in executing the Warrants of Magistrates, or managing Peoples business for them, and that was all the hand to depend on, God help him. With that Hortenfius cry'd out as loud as he cou'd bellow, if he was any way Accessory or Coadjutor in the Affront and Injustice that had been practis'd against Francion, there was no degree of Punishment in the World but what was too mild and too moderate for him: it was not enough, he said, to bind, him fast to dead Mens Carcasses, as Mezentius did; no, nor to put him alive into a red-hot brazen Bull, Phalaris the Tyrant did; nor yet to cut off his Eye-lids, and fmear him with Honey, and fet him out in the Sun for Wasps to sting to Death; no, nor yet to be put into a barrel stuck full of Nails and Tenter-hooks, and roll'd down a declivity, as the Carthaginians did Regulus; all these wou'd be so many Favours in Comparison of what he deserv'd. Then turning himself to Raymond, shall I fearch the Records of Antiquity, fays he, to fee what were the most exquisite Tortures that the very Barbarians used to their most abominated Enemies, that we may practife them here upon this nefarious Wretch? Raymond cou'd not forbear laughing at Hortenfius's earnestness to punish the Fellow that had injur'd their Friend; and faid,

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faid, there is no need to be at all that Pains. we shall try his Patience for him, I'll engage. Corsegue finding they only laugh'd at him, or with one another at least, did verily believe they only intended to frighten him a little, and began now to take Heart, fo that no Threatnings whatever cou'd bring any thing more out of him than what he had faid before. But the Shovel and Tongs began to glow, and the Servants had pull'd off his Shoes and Stockings, when Audebert said, in the mean time let us 'try a strain or two with a Rope till the other Things are ready; that may make him squeak, it may be: so Cords were brought, and they fasten'd them under his Arms, they ty'd him up to the Jamb of the Window, and an end of the Rope to each of his Feet; and as he hung fo in the Air, which did not incite Titillation much, all Raymond's Servants hung their whole Weight and Strength at both his Feet. which if it did not make him laugh, it did not make him confess. This is all triffing, fays Raymond, warm his Feet a little, fays he, with that they pull'd the Shovel out of the Fire, which was as red as Fire cou'd make it; and Hortensius, to shew his Zeal in the Service, catch'd hold of the Tongs, and ran at the Fellow with such a Fury, that he never staid to expostulate with him, but really burnt his Leg. Corfegue finding this was no Jest; and one of the Footmen brandishing the Shovel, thought he shou'd be a Fool indeed to be martyriz'd at this rate for not difcovering the Truth, cry'd out he was really in earnest now; he won'd declare the whole N 4

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they defired, and possibly more than they imagin'd. No more eating of your Words. fays Raymond, for you confess now that what you confess before was either not true, or of no Importance; and that you have some more considerable and important Secrets to reveal. Don't pretend now to tell us you have told us all. I will tell you all the whole matter, fays Corfegue, indeed; well, fays Audebert, then take him down, and let him stand a little more at his Ease. But will you promise to forgive me? And will they do nothing to me afterwards? fays the Fellow. No, fays Raymond, I swear it to you no Body shall touch you. I told you, fays Corfegue, what I was, and that was no lie; Valere is a Gentleman of very good Family, whose Father I serv'd many Years, and afterwards went to wait upon his Son, but got little or nothing under him; for my Master is not the Man he passes for in the World, his Estate being not so great as the Antiquity of his Family : however, I have that love for him, there is nothing I wou'd not suffer for his service, or in Obedience to his Commands, excepting Death; for my Life is dear to me, as you may believe, Gentlemen, otherwise I wou'd not betray his fecrets, as now I am going to do, to fave it. You must know he has owed this same Francion a grudge of a pretty while, and had contriv'd once before to make away with him, by shutting him up in a Dungeon, where he never expected he shou'd have got out; which made him wonderfully furpriz'd when he heard he was at Rome, and continued his Visits to Nais, who had some indness

ness for him. This so heightens his Jealousy and that his Rage, that I am not able for my part to express it. My Master lov'd Nais for her Merit, but much more for her Money, which wou'd have been a means of repairing his decay'd Fortune, and thus to lose her was a great trouble to him; and having fail'd in his other attempt, he was resolv'd now to take away his Life, and leave a perpetual stain upon his Reputation, and to that intent had him accus'd of Clipping and Coining. We have watch'd him daily from Place to Place, with the sharpest Pick-pockets about the Town, to flip bad Money into his Pockets, and we could never bring it about till this Morning; and we went to all the Tradesmen there about, and told them there were some French Gentlemen a little farther that were inquiring for their Shop, on purpose to make the Masters more eagerly press upon him to buy something; tho by accident he went himself into the Perfumer's, where pulling his Money out of his Pocket we feiz'd him. and carry'd him before a Magistrate that is my Master's humble Servant, and will do whatever he bids him: besides, they have hired another Man to swear God knows what Crimes against him; and to give the more Credit to the Accusations, I came here with a little strong Box under my Cloke, and it was fill'd with all forts of bad Money, and I intended to have hid it in Francion's Bedchamber. You were both gone abroad, and the Maid was sweeping the Rooms, and enquiring for one or another that belong'd to NS the

the French Gentlemen, they fent me from one Room to another to ask for my Friend. by which means I went all over the Chambers. and thinking this might be his Room, I hid my Box here, and suppose you will find it still at the Bed's-feet. But my Master did not think this sufficient, he gave me a leathern Bag full of the most curious Devices for forging of Money, and this I brought with me when I came with the Serjeants, and intended to have hid that too in the first convenient place I could meet with; but finding only a Garret proper to throw them down in, I went away to meet the Officers, as by accident, and acquaint them where to look for the Implements; but I mistook my way in the Court, where you found me; for my Companions were all fled before, and had left me behind. While he continued the latter part of his Story; they went and fearch'd under the Bed, and found the Box, but cou'd not open it for want of the Key; however, in shaking it one might perceive there was a great deal of Money in it; at last they broke it open with Hammers, and it was fill'd with all forts of counterfeit Money.

But while they were bufy about the Box, Corfegue desir'd their farther attention, and told them, if my Master shou'd ever know what I tell you now, he wou'd be the ruin of me, tho I think I did all I cou'd for him in exposing my self to so many Dangers for him; and since I have divulg'd his Secrets, I think I need not scruple telling other Peoples, tho

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you never made any enquiry after them; because I shou'd be forry my Master shou'd only be accus'd of Crimes that others have been his Accomplices in. You must know, Gentlemen, that Nais was courted by another Gentleman call'd Ergafte, a Venetian, who formerly was very jealous of my Mafter, and my Master was as jealous of him; but finding they were both of them flighted, and a stranger preferr'd before them, they ceas'd hating each other, and join'd together to ruin the other; and contriv'd it fo, that going to make a visit to a Friend of my Master's, that was Governour of a very strong Fortrefs, under pretence of visiting some very curious Things, he was order'd by my Master to be privately made away with. Afterwards a certain Fellow here, nam'd Salviati, a Scrivener, counterfeited Francion's Hand, and wrote several unmannerly Letters to Nais in his Name, thereby to make him odious to Nais. However, by we know not what Means, this Francion has made his escape, and come to Rome, while my Master and Ergaste were renewing their old Pretensions to Nais, and their old Enmity to each other; and finding all their Measures broke by his continuing still in Favour, they had a meeting and are resolv'd never to give over till they have destroy'd him. Now I have told you what measures my Master has taken to tuin Francion, or at least to make him fo infamous that his Mistress shou'd be a sham'd of having any Commerce with him: But Ergafte went another way to Work, as I upderstood

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derstood lately from Salviati; that is an infamous Villain, and one that he employs in all his Concerns. There is one Lucinda, a Venetian, come hither under pretence to folicite a Law-suit, but indeed to see if she cou'd pick up an advantageous Match for her Daughter Emelia. Formerly Ergafte and that Family were very great together, and every Body supposes he has lain with the Daughter, but don't care for marrying her because of her Poverty; not but that he wou'd willingly help her to a good Husband if he cou'd, as well to be freed from the Charge of keeping her, as that he really has a Value for her. And judging Francion to be naturally amorous, he question'd not but he'd like Emelia as foon as he faw her, because they say she is the beautifullest Woman in the World. The only difficulty was how to bring him to a Glance of her; and this was contriv'd by one Bergamin, a Buffoon, that pretended a particular Friendship for Francion, the better to betray him, for he was always a Creature of Ergaste's. This Man carried Francion to a certain Church, as if by accident, yet he knew Emelia and her Mother were to be there; he pretended ignorance for fear of suspicion: but to oblige Francion he wou'd follow them home to fee where they liv'd, tho he knew very well before; however, after them he went, and having tarried some time, came back again and acquainted Francion who they were; fince that he has contriv'd to bring Salviati into his Company, and he has carried on matters fo that

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that Francion faw her, and become very desperately in Love with her; nay, wrote her a great many Letters, that the same Salviati carry'd to her; nay, they say he saw her privately at Night, and then promis'd her Marriage. In this he went farther than ever Ergafte delign'd, for the utmost of his Malice was to have him visit Emelia so frequently. that Nais shou'd be incens'd against him, and come to reject him quite and clear. Thus has this unfortunate Gentleman fallen into every Ambush that has been laid for him; and this particular I had never learn'd, but that Salviati knew me concern'd against the common Enemy, and in deeper matters than he was himself; for he is a very close Fellow; and I believe he had hardly told it neither, but he was merry, and told me he had din'd with their Enemy Francion, and so the whole came out; which if it were fo, 'twas the best spent Money that ever Francion laid out in his Life. I believe. Which hope

This was all Corfegue had to say for himself, or against his Master and Ergaste: every Body present were amaz'd at the rascally Contrivances of the revengesul Italians; and wish'd the Judges were but made sensible how matters stood, that the wicked Practices of these People might be punish'd, or Francion at least set at Liberty; however, they promis'd each other to tell every body the whole Story to clear Francion's Reputation. Raymond told Corfegue that he cou'd not be throughly satisfy'd with him, unless he wou'd promise to say as much before the Judge as he had done before them.

302 The Comical History Book XII them. Sir, (fays the Fellow) then I shall never get into my Master's Service again; 'tis enough fure, Sir, to have betray'd him to you: No, 'tis not (reply'd Raymond) for if we acquaint the Judge with what you have own'd to us, they will not believe one word of it, unless you declare it your self in Perfon: for did not you tell us the Judge was your Master's Friend, so that if you don't fwear here by all that's good and facred to maintain the same Truths before the Magistrate as now, you are not free from the danger of being put to death; but if you do it, I promise you very solemn. ly, for my own part, to put you in such a Condition, as you need never trouble your Head about your Master's Service, nor fear his Displeasure, for you shall go with us into France, and be very well paid for that small matter of Pain we have put you to.

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Raymond said this so freely and naturally, that Corfegue rely'd upon his Word, and swore to him that he would do every thing just as he desir'd him; but Audebert taking Raymond aside, told him, you see what a Villain this is, there is no depending upon any thing he swears: when he is at liberty, he will deny every tittle of it, or before the Judge 'tis the same thing; don't you see what the Italians are capable of? That there are not such bloody Hell-hounds of spiteful Devils upon Earth as they are: That there are more unheard-of Villanies practis'd every day in this cursed City of Rome, than in all the World besides in many Ages. We must have

it under his hand (continues Audebert) otherwife we shall bring our selves into a Snare by accusing great Men, and can make nothing out against them afterward. Raymond lik'd his Reasons, and call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and made him write, that he did confess that he got false Money put into Francion's Pocket, at his Master's Persuasions: and besides that, had carry'd a Box full of fuch fort of bad Money, together with the Implements of Coiners, in order to accuse him falfly and maliciously, and to make him appear guilty. Then they bid him fign it, but he was mighty unwilling, till Raymond and Audebert began to threaten him as bad as ever; fo at last he did whatever they would. Afterwards they went into the Garret, where they found the Sack full of Implements and Materials for coining, which they kept by them to produce before the fudge.

It being now pretty late, Raymond made his Servants carry their Prisoner into a Chamber, and put him to bed, and have a special care of him. After having lock'd them in together, he and the rest of the Company went all to Bed; but sew of them slept much, what with the Reslection on the villainous Treacheries of the Italians, and an eager Desire of setting their Friend at liberty. When they were up the next morning, Raymond lest his Servants to guard the Prisoner, and desir'd Audebert to inspect them; so he and Hortensius went to Francion, and desir'd to speak to him, hoping by the News they

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had to communicate to him, to chear up his Spirits a little, in giving Affurances of a speedy and honourable Deliverance; but they told him he must not speak with him, which vex'd Raymond mightily: he defir'd to speak with the Judge, and that indeed was granted. He told him how they had a Person at home that came in company with the Officers of Justice, that had declared to them that the pieces of counterfeit Money that were found in Francion's Pocket were put in on purpose by Valere's Instigation and Procurement, who had been long a profes'd Enemy to him; and the whole Sequel of the matter was but fo many Branches of the same Plot, and all of Valere's contriving: and to affure him what he faid was true, he shew'd him the Paper that Corfegue had fign'd. The Judge faw they had detain'd this Man, tho his Companions never faid a word of it, imagining, in the Hurry of their running away, he had shifted for himself; therefore severely reprehended Raymond for meddling with those matters that belong'd to other Magistrates. By what Authority (says he) do you pretend to detain People, and extort Confession from them of what you please? This is irregular, and ought to have been done before me, or some other Magistrate. Pray who made you a Tudge? Raymond told him the Necessity of his Friend's Affairs made that requifite to be done, in order to clear him, which, without that Exigency, he would never have attempted: however, the Judge told him he had done wrong. I'll own it freely, Sir, (fays Raymond) and had

and pay what Fine you please, as long as I have got so sufficient an Evidence of the Cheats that have been put upon my Friend.

This Trial of Friendship was worthy of them both, and the Judge's Cognizance; but he was hired to do Injustice, and therefore could not be trusted with any Sentiments of Honour. Hortensius, at every instant, cried out, here's an Orestes, here's a Pylades, here's a Paragon of Friendship, do something for the Love of Virtue. The Judge said, he would have Corfegue discharg'd, and furrender'd to him, and thereupon commanded the Serjeants to go fetch him. Raymond faid he was not in pain about that at all, for he could not believe he would be so impudent as to deny his own Hand; and bid Hortensius tell Audebert, that he must deliver up Corsegue, which accordingly he did, and came after him to the Judges to fee the Issue of the whole matter: they told the Judge, that if he could give no great Credit to what the Fellow said, yet at least they were worthy of Belief. There are three Gentlemen of us. and five or fix Servants, every one Witnesses of what he confess'd concerning the Tricks that were put upon Francion; fure he won't offer to give us all the Lye. I must hear you all apart (fays the Judge). That signifies nothing, Sir, (fays Corfegue) for I own I told them all fo, and fign'd it when I had done: but it is not true for all that; I faid it only to fave my Life, and for the same Reason I wrote it afterwards.

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Thus the rascally Italian deny'd every thing again, being now under Protection of the fame Tudge he had accus'd, and who knew it was every tittle of it true. The French Gen. tlemen were confounded to fee fo much Impudence, and so much Perjury; but it is true they were at Rome, and so ought not to won. der at the blackest Villany. The Judge would not take any notice of what Corfeque had done, but pitied him for having been fo miserably abus'd, and promis'd to punish them very severely that had had any hand in it. Corfegue made heavy Complaints, and had not a Scar about him ever fince he was born, but what he swore was done by the Tortures they put him to last night; and to thew the World there is nothing fo infolently ridiculous as a wicked Judge upon the Bench, · he pretended Wounds when there was none; and faid, he faw the Marks of the Cords, where there was only a Scar of an old Cut. This made the Italians (who are the most invective and base People in the known World) rail every where against the French; and they were going to shut the Doors upon them to fecure their Persons.

Corfegue did not question but Francion and Raymond were in condition good enough to keep their word with him, and make his Fortune for him, if he confess'd before the Judge what he did before them; but he was apprehensive that he should never see that Day, for Valere, or some of his Relations, would murder him in his Bed; nay, peradventure the Judge himself, who knew him to

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he a Rogue, might trump up some old Matters against him, which added to this present Villany, which would be manifest by the clearing Francion, might go near to take away his Life. For the Raymond promis'd to forgive him, it lay in the Breaft of the Judge to call him to account afterwards: this made him so false and so obstinate, for he had weigh'd it all night long, and was more afraid now than when he hung up at Raymond's Window. The Judge consulted with another that was there to detain all the French, and try them as Accomplices with Francion; but as his House was not strong enough, nor big enough for fo many, he fent for a stronger Guard to carry them all to the common Prison. The Servant was hardly out of the Hall, when somebody rapt at the Door, and being let in, faid, they wanted to speak with the Judge: he was no sooner in the Hall, but our Judge chang'd Countenance. for he knew him; he went boldly up to the Bar, and read our Judge a Summons to wait upon his Superior in Person, with the Prisoner and the Cause. His Guilt started thro' his Skin, and one might read Villany and Fear in the very Heart and Soul of him; for this Method is never us'd but upon positive Affurance of foul Play, and that implies a very corrupt Judge. Francion did not wait for much entreating, nor the rest to go after This good piece of Service he stood indebted to Dorini for, who, tho he thought himself a little injur'd in the Person of his Kinswoman, yet would not let his old Friend, and

The Comical History Book XII. and the Partner of his Debauches, fink under fo unjust a weight of Danger and Scandal: he went to Lucio, the chief Judge, and told him how a very worthy Friend of his was impos'd upon, and that Caraffa had the Cause before him; and all Rome knew by what means he obtain'd the Dignity, and how unworthily he executed it, and with that gave him some small infight into the whole. He had been able to have proceeded more particularly, if he had not been gone out when Raymond fent him a Copy of Corsegue's Deposition, and a short Account of his Confession: however, he faid enough in favour of Francion, to prevail with him to summon the Cause from before Caraffa, and have it try'd before him.

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When they were all come before Lucio, he forbid Caraffa meddling at all in the Trial; Caraffa made answer, he yielded to him in that, and in all things else: however, he had done nothing but his Duty, for they had taken this Francion with his Pocket full of bad Money; that they had found more in his Lodgings, besides the Implements for Coining, and the like. When they came to open the Trunks, there was nothing at all but wearing Clothes; but the Box was the main thing that they all depended on, for Corfegue had told the Serjeants he would put it in Francion's Chamber, and they took this for the other. Caraffa was very earnest for the opening of this Box, and when it was, there was nothing but Memoirs of Francion's Travels, Letters, and such like Papers, and a choice Collection of French and Italian Books. Are

Are these your Implements for Clipping and Coining? says Lucio to him with a scornful Smile; are these pieces of bad Money? Which put him and the rest of the Accomplices be-

fides their Wits.

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The Informer, who had made such a Splutter the day before, stept forward, and acquainted the Judge with some part only of what he had alledg'd the Day before; for this Judge not being one of their Party, he was oblig'd to be a little more circumspect in his Allegations, and lay his Matters a little more closely together. However, as this Judge suspected by what he saw, and what this Informer advanc'd, that there was some underhand dealing at the bottom, he let him run on to have Matter of Exception against his Information. At last the Judge ask'd him very gravely, how long he had known Francion? What was his Method of living? and how they came acquainted? To all which Interrogatories he answer'd as he had been instructed in some things, in others what came next into his Head; then examining some more of the Witnesses apart, he found they disagreed mightily in their Accounts, and that this Informer really knew nothing at all of the Person he accus'd; and the only thing he had to prove that was material, was, that he was taken with false Money about him. Then Raymond stood forth. and told the Judge he would give him a particular Relation of the most remarkable piece of Villany that ever was practis'd, and that it was Valere that endeavour'd to have Francion

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accus'd of Clipping and Coining; and gave him likewise to understand what Corfegue had depos'd, and produc'd the Box of false Mo. ney, and the Sack of Tools, which he had taken care to have brought to him. Here, Sir, (fays he) are the Instruments of their Villany, which they hid in my House; for the Rogue they employ'd mistook one Chamber for another, and I catch'd him, and made him confess the whole matter of fact. Corfegue perfifted still that it was all extorted from him by Force and Threatnings, and defired that Raymond might be fin'd for the Violence used to his Person, and the Torments he had made him endure. Dorini was mightily furpriz'd at this Plot, but glad however that his Friend Francion would quickly be clear'd; and fo stepping to the Judge, told him, that to his positive Knowledge Valere had been a profess'd Enemy to Francion for some time; and that he had prevail'd with a Captain of his Acquaintance to make away with him, after having unjustly, and by treachery, detain'd him Prisoner in his Castle. The Judge defir'd him not to be uneasy, for he should see him do every Body exemplary Justice; for already he saw somewhat into the matter, more than peradventure he thought he did: for by comparing the Evidences he found them tardy, and emptying the Sack, he found there a Seal with Valere's Arms cut upon it, that, in the Hurry, had been swept off the Table with the rest of the Tools, without taking notice of it; which to him was Proof enough that the whole

came from Valere: and the weighing of this Circumstance, made Valere, in the conclufion, appear more black and criminal; for how could he get them made fo fuddenly? If not, it was a Project of a longer Growth; or should he not himself have made use of them formerly? For his Estate had been wasted a great while, and the Circumstances of his Family very indifferent, and Corfegue, and the rest of the Gang, were all his own Accomplices; for they had been try'd about fix Months fince for that Fact before Caraffa, and came off by virtue of Valere's Money. which was better than usually he paid away. Lucio suspected something of the matter then. but was willing to have some other opportunity of doing Justice, and punishing the Corruption of Caraffa. Valere's Crime was prov'd, and Caraffa's not unknown; there wanted only the adding of the prefent Abuses to the precedent; and, turning to Corfegue, Lucio told him he was a Villain upon Record; and, if he had the Impudence to deny in Court what he had confess'd before so many Gentlemen, he would put him to the Question, ordinary and extraordinary, and then fend him to the Galleys, Corfegue knew the Judge had Power to do it. tho Raymond presum'd upon it; and being afraid of fuffering what he could not go thro' with, and be constrain'd to confess at last, he very fairly confes'd it was all as Raymond had inform'd him, and that he had fign'd nothing but what was true; nor was there any possibility that Raymond could invent so many Particu-

Particulars himself, to make the other fign them afterwards. Lucio ask'd Corfegue where his Master got those Instruments of Coining? To which the other made very shuffling Excuses: however, Lucio had taken care to have Valere feiz'd and carry'd to Prison, where he order'd Corfegue and the Informer to be carried likewise; but the Informer finding part of the Plot discover'd, in hopes to fave himself, confess'd all his Accusation was a Forgery and a Defign, and he could not disown what Corsegue had confes'd before. Francion being thus clear'd, the Judge thought it his Duty to proclaim him innocent. and to discharge him. With that Salviati and Bergamin, who were likewise privy to the Conspiracy, and had crowded into the Tudge's, to hear how it would go with Francion, finding he was clear'd, presum'd he would not tarry long in a Place where he had been so miserably put upon, therefore arrested him at the Suit of Lucinda and Emelia, in order to oblige him to marry a Woman he had pretended Love to, or at least to find him very considerably for the Damage the fustain'd by his Pretentions, in putting by other very confiderable Offers. Salviati took upon him to speak, being a Man of Business, and told the Judge he must detain Francion on the behalf of a Lady he had promis'd Marriage to, Lucinda's Daughter, whom he had visited at unseasonable Hours, and could only make her amends by marrying her. Raymond desir'd the Judge to send for Cor-Tegue again, who could unravel this Mystery,

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as he had done the other. Lucio fent immediately, and the Officer overtook him before he was got half way to Prison: when he came into Court, Raymond ask'd him if he did not know Salviati? And if he did not do Bufiness for Ergaste? And if he had not told him how the same Ergaste had a Design to play Francion a Trick, by drawing him in to make Love to a Lady that Ergaste himself had lain with, and all out of defign to break off a Marriage that was negotiating between Francion and Nais? Corfegue, that could not avoid his own Misfortunes and his Master's, was under no Temptations to have another of the Plot go clear off, when they should be punish'd; and confess'd the whole to the Judge, as he had done before to Raymond. Lucio found out, by Emelia's Character, that she was but a loose Woman; and there was no great Tie upon a Man for participating of Favours she had been so lavish of before. Not but at best Salviati's Complaint was impertinent, and could come to nothing. Francion said he never did promise her any thing, nor had he ever any Commerce with her that was criminal before God or Man.

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Before the Judge could dismis Salviati's Cause, they were forc'd to give Attention to another more whimsical. A Serjeant sinding that Francion was arrested for an Affair of Gallantry, took the opportunity of desiring Justice against Raymond: He knew him as soon as he came in to the Judge's, but till Salviati had broke the Ice, he had not Considence enough to move in it; and folding

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both his Hands together, with a trembling faint Voice, begg'd Justice against that Gentleman there, for he had dishonour'd his House. I must acquaint your Lordship (says he to the Judge) with a very marvellous thing: I went out one day about my common Affairs, and coming home fooner than expected for some Papers I had forgot, I found this Frenchman playing with my Wife in her Bed-chamber, and she not quite dress'd. I took him always for a very civil honest Man, and he made an Excuse to enquire after a Gentleman's Cause, for whom I did Business, and going into my Closet to fetch the Papers to shew him, the treacherous Man doublelock'd the Door upon me, and fell a careffing my Wife, who cried out, poor Lamb, that he would ravish her. I could not get out of my Closet, and bid her unlock the Door; The faid the Frenchman held her: I kick'd and push'd, and shoved with all my might to break open the Door, or fpring the Lock, but both of them were fo ftrong, I could do nothing that way; but thro' the Crevice of the Planks I saw him ruffle my poor Wife upon the Bed, who was fo faint with struggling with him, because she was but weak to him, that she could hardly fetch her Breath. I call'd him all the names I could think of, and pull'd down an old rufty Sword, and run at him thro' the Crevice, but could not reach him, otherwise I had kill'd him, I am fure, I was fo vex'd. he had done he went away, and my Wife came and let me out : I hunted for this fame French

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frenchman, but he was gone; then I told my Wife if I could imagine he had done any thing with her Consent, I would murder her upon the Place, but she vow'd it was not with her Consent at all; nay more, that he did not get his beastly Will of her: but it may be in her Fright, she could not tell if he had or not; and till this day, my Lord, I never had a Conveniency of bringing him to Justice; therefore I humbly desire he may be order'd to make me honourable Satisfac-

tion, and receive corporal Punishment.

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Lucio, that knew the Character of this Man's Wife, and under what. Sign he was born, took no notice of the thing, but gravely told him, fince his Wife had affur'd him there was no harm done, he ought to have no Damages; not but that the matter of Fact was literally true. Tho Raymond was a Man of as much Presence of Mind as any Man, yet he was a little dash'd to hear his Intrigues laid open before a Magistrate. and so numerous an Audience besides: but to help off the Confusion, he turn'd about to Francion, and told him, fince he had fo.happily clear'd himself of both his Imputations, he hoped Nais would receive him into Grace again; then addressing himself to Dorini, he faid; fince you can fatisfy your Kinswoman upon what account Emelia made her Consplaints to her, and to what end all that Plot was laid, we hope you will do us Justice there, as you have stood our Friend here. Dorini affur'd them, that he was heartily glad for all their fakes that matters had been 0 2 fo.

so happily unravell'd, and only wish'd his Kinswoman knew it as well as he did.

While they were careffing one another. word was brought the Judge that two Ladies defir'd the Favour of his Ear: the other Affair being over, he order'd them to be brought, and it was Lucinda and Emelia. who supposing Francion a dead Man, being accus'd of Coining, were willing to fecure one Husband out of two Gallants; Salviati and Bergamin, who had no reason to make much haste to tell them the ill News of having lost their Cause, were still hearing what Causes would come on. Lucinda acquainted him, that Ergafte had had familiar Commerce with her Daughter, and had a Child by her Venice, tho it was true she miscarry'd; that the said Ergaste had left the Frequentation of their Family, because they were not very well to pass in the World, and was come to marry a great Fortune at Rome, and they desir'd he might give them Satisfaction for the Treachery he had us'd in forsaking her Daughter. The Judge told their their best way was to send for Ergaste, and not make the thing publick: they took this very favourably at his hands, and Ergafte was sent for to come to the Judge presently; and living but just by, he came prefently. The Judge told him the occasion of fending for him, and requir'd his Answer what he would do in it: he could not deny the Fa-miliarity with Emelia, but excus'd himself from marrying her, because she had had particular Intrigues with one Francion fince, and therefore

therefore he thought it unreasonable to have her impos'd upon him. But (fays the Judge) you ought to confider by what means it was that the had that Acquaintance; you procur'd it your self to do another Gentleman a Dic. kindness, because he was your Rival; therefore you must not reproach her with what your self contriv'd. Ergafte wonder'd how he came to know of that Intrigue, and was forry he had advanc'd any thing against Francion: the Judge told him he could flew him : a Man that would prove it all against him. and if he would not confent to marry her quietly, he would force him. Ergafte made : answer, that his proper Judge was at Venice, and Emelia ought to appear there. Lucio told him Justice was distributed every-where, and fince both Parties resided at Rome, he would find himself condemn'd by the Judges of Rome. Ergafte being conscious of his Promiles, and knowing the Power of the Judge, promis'd to do it in a little time; but Lucio > told him it admitted of no delay, and if he would not resolve, they would seize on his -Person. Whereupon the Judge call'd to Dorini, who was a particular Friend of his, and told him he was going to have a Wedding between Ergafte and Emelia; and told him the matter as succinctly as he could. Doring wonder'd to hear that Ergaste was returning to his old Mistress (he said), because he pretended to Nais, tho he had little hopes of succeeding there; for the she had never defign'd to have Francion, he was fure she never would have him, for she really hated his . Person.

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318 The Comical History Book XII. Person: this made him more readily betake himself to Emelia, who was charming, tho not rich, and he treated her with a great deal of Respect and Tenderness. Lucinda was very glad she had him for her Son-in-law. whom she always affected the most; as for her Defire of Francion, that, as she had been inform'd, might be effected even when she had no hopes of Ergafte. Then he generoully confess'd, that as he had a Pique against Francion, he had put it into Lucinda's Head to go to Nais with that Story; and that he employ'd Bergamin to pump Francion, whether he could be wrought upon to marry Emelia. Dorini, after this, defired the Judge to go along with him to his Kinswoman's, who was at some distance his Relation too, because he must resolve her in some Scruples concerning Francion. Having dispatch'd Lucinda, Emelia, and Ergaste, the Judge consider'd what was to be done more. The Serjeant's Complaint against Raymond was a Trifle, Salviati's against Francionfell of it self; and being Witnesses of what had happen'd, he and Bergamin went shamefully away. Corfegue was fent back to Prison, and none remain'd now but our French Gentlemen, who return'd their humble Thanks to Lucio for the Justice he did them; but more particularly Francion paid him all the Acknowledgments imaginable, as indeed he was infinitely oblig'd to him. Dorini told him what was concluded between Ergafte and Emelia, whereat he was very much pleas'd, but incomparably more so when he under-

flood they were all going to use their utmost

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Endeavours to make up matters between Nais and him. Lucio told him, that, for the generality, he made People come before him; but Nais deserv'd so much, that he would hear her Cause at her own House, and so Dorini and he went away together. Francion had leave to carry back his Trunks and Things, and he and Raymond, Audebert and Hortensius, who had been there all the while,

went home to Raymond's House.

Dinner was hardly over, wherein they had all their facetious Reflections upon one another's Accidents, when Dorini came to them, and told Francion that Lucio had fo far prevail'd with Nais, that she consented to see him again that Afternoon: He dress'd himself in order to fee his angry Charmer that had been, and was attended by all these French Gentlemen. Nais look'd very serious and referv'd, but he fear'd nothing from her fupercilious Air. You fee an innocent Person. Madam, (fays he) that has been very unjustly accus'd, and he comes to clear himself to you. Pray (fays Nais) don't value your felf too much upon your Innocence; for if you are without a Fault, I shall lose the Glory of pardoning you. Since you affure me of my Pardon, I will readily confess my self criminal; and you are in some measure so (says Nais) for you did love Emelia. I lik'd her indeed, as I do some fine Fruits to hang on the Tree; I did not defire to gather it: or rather as we love Flowers, and no more. You would not have me blind, and what Nature makes admirable, I cannot but admire;

320 The Comical History Book XII tho I think nothing beautiful, but inasmuch as it is like you; and if this is a Crime, I am willing to conform to any thing to flew my Obedience. You may fay what you like of that matter, but you'll hardly come fo clearly off of that as of your false Money. As Dorini had discours'd her in particular before, you must not be so rigorous (says he) but consider that Francion was not so guilty as you were pleas'd to think; if he went to visit Emelia, twas because you would not vouchsafe him a kind Look, and he only study'd to divert himself in those melancholy Hours. But as The had been inform'd there could be no Obligation between Emelia and him, feeing the was married to her old Lover Ergafte, therefore if she broke off now, when things had gone fo far, she would but make her felf ridiculous; and as Francion had very good Friends, she might provoke them to do something that might not be for her Honour, any more than her Satisfaction; so they made as it were a new Agreement. Dorini told them they must not defer their Marriage so long. because it gave so much time to their Enemies to countermine their Felicity. A Priest was fent for immediately, and they were contracted together, and were to be married the

When Francion was at Home amongst his Friends, he affur'd them for the future he wou'd be soberer than hitherto he had been; and that with Nais he thought he might ride in a safe Harbour, without floating any more upon the uncertain Waves of various Amours,

next day.

which

which so continually toss us in Storms, and frequently shipwreck us at last. The Inconveniences that attended his Love for *Emelia* made him resolve now to love none but *Nais*. He gave them all good Advice to leave off the Extravagances of Youth as soon as possibly, and avoid those many and great. Calamities that always attend Irregularities.

The next Morning every one was as gay as Gold cou'd make him; and when they were together lookt like a Constellation, and outbrav'd the Sun himself, in order to honour the Nuptials of Nais and Francion; Ergafte and Emelia were married the same Day, tho not without some regret on his side, lest Francion had been familiar with her; but as it was a Contrivance of his own, he must thank himself for it: Not but that his Destiny was more eligible than Valiere's, who was banish'd that very Day for Coining, that Corfegue and the Informer were fent to the Gallies. Bergamin and Salviati having done nothing Capital, were left to the Horrors of their own Consciences; and some of the Pick-pockets were hang'd. It not being the Custom to have many People at the Wedding of a Widow, there were none but particular Friends; and their Felicity is to themfelves, so we shall not attempt to describe it; 'tis enough to fay they were very happy, and have been so ever since. But as he was quite to abandon the Life of a Batchelor, fo he grew so reserv'd no Man cou'd know him again. As for Raymond and Buisson, notwith**standing** 

322 The Comical History. Book XII. standing his grave Remonstrances, they took their Pleasures as long as they staid at Rome. Audebert return'd the first into France, in the Train of an Embassador extraordinary that went home. He had fatisfy'd himself with feeing the Curiofities of Italy, and did not care for tarrying any longer there. As for Hortenfius, Nais got him to live with a Cardinal that was her Relation, where he was happy as Heart cou'd wish; and is not yet without some hopes of being King of some Place or other; for the Condition he is in now swells his Ambition more than ever: and he daily expects now fresh Embassadors from Poland, and that made his Conversation diverting enough. When Francion faw that Raymond and Buisson were leaving Italy, he took his fair Spoule and went along with. them into France, to carry her to receive the Compliments of his Relations; Dorini went along with them, and their Journey was very merry, and very pleasant. Franeion was very glad when he faw himfelf once more in the middle of all his old Friends and Acquaintance, and to them it was that he gave the relation of his extraordinary and unparallel'd Adventures.

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